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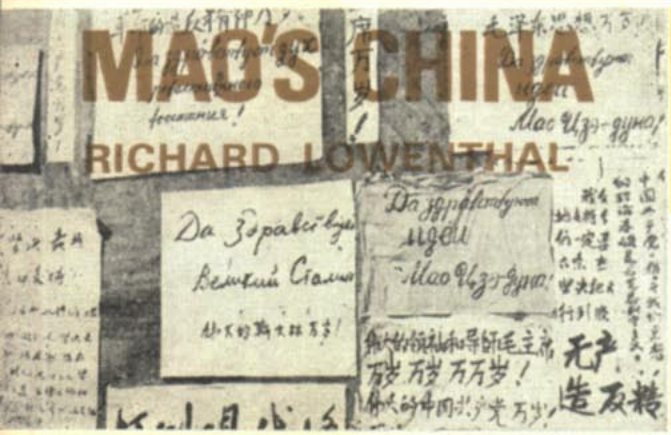

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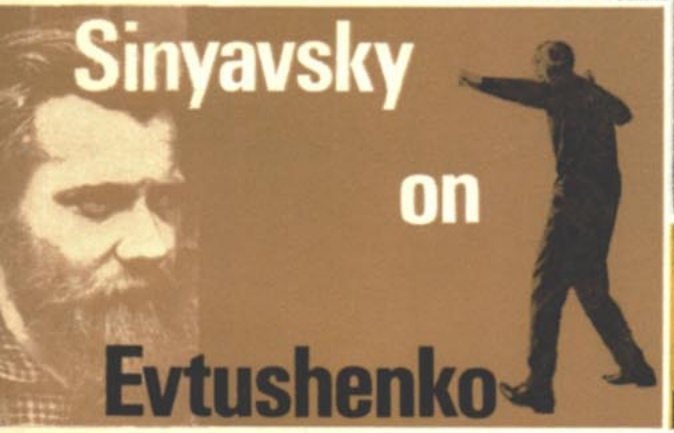

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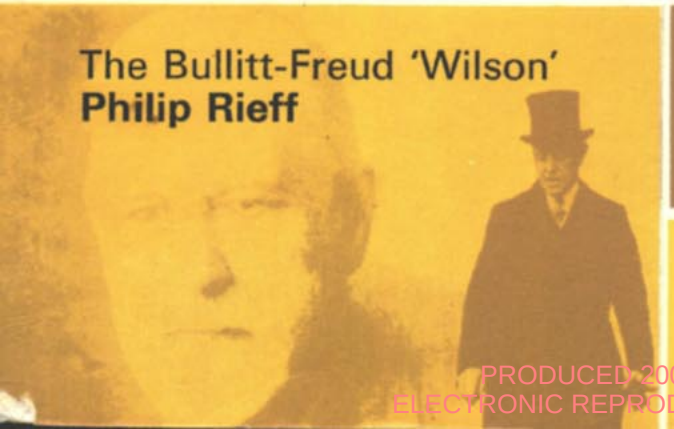

Leaves of Grass
Colin MacInnes

edited by
Melvin J Lasky
& Frank Kermode

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Encounter

APRIL 1967
VOL. XXVIII NO. 4

Edited by FRANK KERMODE *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1. Per copy: UK 4s.: USA & Canada $1: India Rs. 2.35. Back numbers: 5s. ($1). Annual sub.: UK 50s.: USA & Canada $10 (by air $11.50): India Rs. 28: Elsewhere 60s. Subscription & Trade department: Rolls House Publishing Co. Ltd. Breams Buildings London EC4 (Holborn 5708). US & Canadian subscriptions: British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street New York, N.Y. 10022. US newsstand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. 485 Fifth Avenue New York 10017 (MU 7-2645). Authorised as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for the payment of postage in cash. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © *1967 by Encounter Ltd.*

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Richard Lowenthal

Mao's Revolution

The Chinese Handwriting on the Wall

SEVENTEEN YEARS after the formation of the Chinese People's Republic, the founder of that state, Mao Tse-tung, has called on the "masses" to rebel against its constituted authorities in order to save the revolution. This central paradox of the crisis that is shaking the foundations of the Chinese Communist régime brings out its unique character. But it is only one of a series of paradoxes.

The Chairman of the ruling Communist Party and the Minister of Defence and Head of the Party's Military Committee are in open conflict with the Chief of State and the General Secretary of the Party. But so far they have neither been able to remove them from office by regular decisions of the appropriate organs of Party and government, nor been willing to announce their overthrow by a military *coup d'état*.

The opponents of Mao, with Liu Shao-chi and Teng Hsiao-ping allegedly at their head, are described as "people in authority" from whom power must be seized because they are "walking the capitalist road." They have been accused of putting up powerful resistance in various cities and provinces, of organising strikes and sabotage, panic-buying and a run on the banks, even of forming counter-revolutionary armed forces and committing acts of "white terror" against the followers of Mao. But these powerful opponents have throughout the crisis been unable to voice their views and defend their case in a single newspaper or radio station.

The "revolution" is described as "proletarian" and directed against the danger of "capitalist restoration." But throughout its course, Mao and his followers have not been able to produce a single capitalist as an example of the sinister forces they are fighting. The mass movement was not started amongst the proletariat but among university and high-school students remote from production; and the only indisputable cases of active opposition to the movement concern acts of mass resistance by industrial workers.

Finally, the proclaimed purpose of the movement is to ensure that the "dictatorship of the proletariat" will continue on the road to full Communism, and that China will not "change colour." But Mao has proceeded by mobilising his followers outside the regular organisations of the Communist Party which was supposed to exercise the dictatorship of the proletariat, and by replacing its established bodies with new, improvised organisations. Thus the Red Guards have been raised in competition to the established Communist Youth League, and the latter has been dissolved and its publications closed down. The "revolutionary rebels" in the factories of Shanghai and other cities have been organised to fight the "workers' militia" formed by the trade unions, and the unions have been dissolved as well. The administration of the "People's Communes" in the countryside is alleged to have fallen in many cases into the hands of individualistic, well-to-do peasant elements, and the "former small and middle peasants" are urged to deprive them of control. As a culmination, all these improvised organisations in each province or great city were told to unite and "seize power" from the administrative organs and Party Committees, replacing them by new revolutionary organs of government constituted on the model of the Paris Commune.

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CLEARLY, A POLITICAL upheaval of such dimensions cannot be explained as a mere struggle for power among individuals or factions in the Communist leadership. It is a truism that every political struggle is a struggle for power, and China is no exception. It is also true that in a dictatorship which lacks established constitutional forms for a change of government, the personal rivalries of ambitious political leaders are apt to be fought out with a ruthlessness unknown in states governed under the rule of law. It is at least plausible that Mao's age and the state of his health, by raising the problem of his succession, have been among the factors aggravating existing conflicts in the Chinese Communist leadership. But this leadership is not only held together by faith in their common cause and by decades of common struggles and sacrifices. Its members also know that they owe all their personal power to the victory of their Party, and that their future depends on the future of that ruling institution. That knowledge is the reason why in the bitter struggles for power accompanying the end of Lenin's, of Stalin's, and of Khrushchev's rule in the Soviet Union, none of the candidates for succession has ever dared to jeopardise the monopoly of the ruling Party by mobilising the masses outside its organisational framework. Yet the protaganists of the present Chinese drama have taken just this crucial step. This in itself is incontrovertible proof that they are concerned with a cause that transcends their personal power—that they truly believe that the future of the revolution is at stake.

To discover the meaning of this crisis we thus have to accept Mao's claim that the conflict turns on nothing less than the direction in which Communist China is to develop. We have to take his ideological statements seriously, not in the sense of taking them at face value, but of trying to identify the underlying issues by decoding the symbolic language of ideology. The Maoists are repeating endlessly that their movement has been organised to prevent the kind of capitalist restoration that has allegedly occurred in the Soviet Union, that it is directed against "a handful of people in authority who are walking the capitalist road," that they want to uproot those remnants of bourgeois ideology that are in contradiction with China's new socialist basis. What do they mean by that?

OBVIOUSLY, they do not mean— except for purposes of the crudest propaganda —that there is in China today any immediate danger of the restoration of private ownership of industrial plant, or even that a capitalist restoration in this literal sense has taken place in the Soviet Union. They know perfectly well that no such class of capitalist owners exists in the Soviet Union, let alone in China. But they see a deadly danger for the future of their régime in the ideas which Khrushchev first announced in the new programme of the C.P.S.U. adopted at the 22nd Congress in 1961 —the ending of the class struggle within the Communist states following the successful liquidation of the old exploiting classes, and the replacement of the planned transformation of society through repeated violent revolutions from above (as practised by Stalin) by an evolutionary policy giving priority to the raising of productivity and the standard of living. In the eyes of Mao Tse-tung and his followers, such a policy contains the double menace of consolidating an increasingly powerful, privileged upper stratum of bureaucrats and specialists on one side, and of infecting society with the capitalist spirit of material incentives on the other. They are convinced that such a combination must lead sooner or later, in one or another legal form, to the appropriation of the means of production by the "New Class" and to their use for private profit.

In Mao's view (as formulated in 1964 in his famous 9th and final commentary on the Open Letter of the Soviet Communist Central Committee), this danger of capitalist restoration will continue to exist to the very eve of the achievement of full Communism, *i.e.* in China "for five to ten generations or one or several centuries." The alternative, first formulated by Mao in 1958 (at the time of the "great leap forward" and the "People's Communes"), is a policy of "uninterrupted revolution"—*i.e.* not only of eternal vigilance but of ever renewed, irreconcilable struggle against the constantly resurging class enemy. The formula has a Trotskyite sound, but it can be based also on Stalin's practice: Stalin knew that a Party dictatorship cannot maintain itself during a long period of industrialisation and hardship unless it justifies the sacrifices it has to impose by recurrent campaigns against ever new internal enemies. In February 1937, at the height of the blood purges, Stalin even proclaimed the doctrine that the class struggle must become more acute as the construction of socialism advances because the defeated exploiters become

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more desperate. Ever since Mao's attempt to loosen controls in his "Hundred Flowers" campaign of 1956–7 let loose a flood tide of opposition to Communist rule, Mao has been convinced of the truth of this maxim of Stalin's. But where is the dictatorship to find the required internal enemy once the landowners and capitalists have been liquidated, and the peasants have been collectivised and communised? Mao has found him where Stalin found him in the middle '30s—in the ranks of his own party and state bureaucracy.

THE COMMUNIST RÉGIME in China has today reached a stage of development which is politically (though not yet economically) comparable to the state of the Soviet régime at the time of the 17th Party Congress in 1934, just after the conclusion of the forced collectivisation campaign. In China last year, as in Russia then, the seizure of power lay seventeen years back—long enough for a new élite of bureaucrats and technicians to have grown up under the new régime while the old élite of the veterans of the revolutionary struggle was aging. (In China, with its decades of civil war *before* the seizure of power, it is even older.) The conflict between the revolutionary veterans and the bureaucratic experts that is bound to arise at this stage confronts the revolution with a fateful dilemma. A victory of the veterans, most of whom have preserved their egalitarian Utopianism, would put the country's industrial progress in jeopardy. But a victory of the bureaucrats and technocrats with their typical indifference to revolutionary principles would be an authentic "Thermidor," a triumph of the profiteers of the revolution over its vanguard, hence a direct menace to "Jacobin" Party rule. Stalin found a horrible but effective solution for this dilemma: during the years of the Moscow trials, he conducted his blood purge in such a way as to side with the bureaucrats and technicians *politically*, but to tame them *institutionally*. The old élite was almost exterminated; the new one was intimidated by a few select executions—and then driven into the Party. The Thermidorian *coup d'état* was avoided, because the successful Thermidorians found their place (and their discipline) in the radically changed State Party.

Today, Mao is standing at the same crossroads as did Stalin thirty years ago—but Stalin's solution is not acceptable for him. What Mao sees as the "bourgeois degeneration" of the Soviet Union—the concentration on material success and material incentives, the rejection of egalitarian principles for income and status, the consolidation of the privileged upper stratum—all that did not, after all, begin with Khrushchev, but with Stalin's policies of the 1930's. Mao presumably understands that better than he can afford to admit in public. He remains determined to set his course to the utopian goal —to base the production effort during the period of sacrifice not on differentiated material incentives but on war-communist equality and austerity, to prevent the political victory of the bureaucrats and experts; and as the veterans of the civil war generation are getting too old, he is seeking to educate in time a new élite of *artificial veterans* from the ranks of the young. That is what he meant in 1964 when speaking of the need to train "millions of revolutionary successors." That was the purpose of the slogan calling on all sections of the people and all organisations to "learn from the Army," *i.e.* to transfer the spirit of military discipline, austerity, and community to economic life. And that was his aim in having the youthful Red Guards organised and trained under Army auspices.

MAO HAS attempted once before to leap directly into his egalitarian Utopia—during the creation of the People's Communes in 1958. As the Soviets predicted, the attempt led to severe setbacks for the Chinese economy. The reason is obvious: what Mao is seeking to fight as a symptom of capitalist degeneration is the very spirit of materialism, of professional specialisation, of calculating rationality in production and distribution without which no modern industrial society can take shape. The spectre of counter-revolution that is haunting Mao bears the familiar features of Economic Man. Mao's rejection of this human type is the basis of the attraction of Maoism for those romantic-radical critics of modern Western society and culture to whom Peking's primitive catechism appears as a last distant echo of the passionate critique flung by the young Marx against the alienation of working man under capitalism. But this same rejection also represents a grave danger for the future of China. For no country can solve its problem of development and modernise its production without an effort to transform its people into Economic Men.

It is not surprising that, after 1958, Mao's policy met strong resistance within the party organisation itself. It has long been known that

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at a Central Committee meeting held in Lushan in August 1959, the severe setback to agricultural and industrial production resulting from the "Great Leap Forward" and from the experiment of the "People's Communes" led to an open attack on Mao Tse-tung's "general line" by a "Rightist" opposition headed by Marshal Peng Teh-huai. The attack was beaten off and Mao's authority preserved; but the practical consequences of his Utopianism were then corrected step by step, so that a gradual recovery of the Chinese economy became possible. Today we know that even those pragmatic corrections were only achieved in protracted struggle against Mao's stubborn Leftist extremism, by a centre group under the new head of state, Liu Shao-chi, and the Party Secretary, Teng Hsiao-ping. During its period in control, that group is now said to have maintained an attitude of public deference to the great leader of the Chinese Revolution, but only "as a dead father is respected at his own funeral." As late as the Tenth Plenum of the Central Committee in September 1962, a speech made by Mao on the need for a new "intensification of the class struggle" was not even published. The majority of the Party leadership, though willing to keep him as a symbol of the common cause, remained determined to limit his power to initiate dangerous experiments.

For this, too, there exists a precedent in the Russia of the '30s. The Soviet Party Congress of 1934, known as the "Congress of the Victors," which mapped out a programme for promoting the recovery of the country after the horrors of forced collectivisation, showed a marked wish to lift the "state of siege within the Party" —in other words, to end the climate of arbitrary violence, now that the acute danger to the régime was passed, and to limit the extraordinary powers which Stalin had acquired in the course of his "second Revolution" in favour of a normal operation of the constituted organs of the Party. The Congress deprived Stalin of his title as "General Secretary," and it strengthened the Secretariat by adding, in the person of Kirov, an exponent of that oligarchy of *apparatchiki* who had consistently supported Stalin against all his political opponents but now wished to prevent the consolidation of his personal despotism. We know how Stalin managed to liberate himself from those institutional shackles: He bypassed the legitimate Party organs by his control of the secret police. He arranged first to have Kirov murdered by a psychopathic oppositionist and then took the assassination as his pretext for unleashing an unprecedented régime of inner Party terrorism. The blood purges of the following years—the victims of which included, together with the long-defeated former opposition leaders, the majority of the delegates of the "Congress of the Victors" and of the members of the Central Committee elected by them—served at one and the same time to turn the C.P.S.U. into a bureaucratic state party and to achieve the final subjection of that party to Stalin's personal rule.

Mao Tse-tung has, of course, used entirely different methods in order to break the institutional shackles imposed on him. In Chinese Communism, the security organs have always played a much smaller and the Army a far more important role than in the Soviet Union. Mao's famous dictum that "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun" reflects not only the experience of the Chinese Communists' rise to power by decades of civil war but also the experience of Mao's personal struggle to win control of his Party. When Mao was elected Party Chairman in January 1935 (during the early stage of the Long March) without the previous consent of Moscow, by an "expanded meeting" of the Politburo (*i.e.*, by a meeting of irregular composition not provided in the Party statute), this was done with the help of the military leaders of the Communist partisans who were personally loyal to him. Afterwards, it took more than three years before he could have the election confirmed by a regular plenary session of the Central Committee in November 1938.

Three decades later Mao has managed to postpone the next plenary meeting of the Central Committee after 1962 for almost four years, while stubbornly fighting his way back to effective power. He did so, on one side, by forming a close alliance with Marshal Lin Piao, the successor of Peng Teh-huai at the head of the Army; on the other, by using his externally intact authority for carrying out a series of campaigns to "re-educate the masses" in the spirit of his ideas. Apparently, his colleagues had left him in charge of ideological matters in general, and of directing the doctrinal side of the dispute with the Soviets in particular. He used this position gradually to shift the emphasis of the polemics from the issues of China's foreign policy and international revolutionary strategy, on which all the Chinese leaders were

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then agreed, to the problems of the alleged "capitalist degeneration" of the Soviet Union.

By the summer of 1964 the thesis that a policy of material incentives, differentiated incomes, and professional specialisation was dangerous "revisionism"—and that China would return to capitalism unless it eradicated this evil—had once again become official party doctrine. By the spring of 1965 all army ranks were abolished and the slogan "learn from the Army" was made a doctrine for economic life. By the autumn of the same year, the counter-offensive against the majority of the Central Committee was begun by the Army press with attacks on cultural "revisionism." At the same time the Army's Chief of Staff, Lo Jui-ching, who had fallen victim to "military professionalism" and lined up with Mao's opponents, was quietly removed. By the spring and summer of 1966, the "Cultural Revolution" achieved its first visible successes with the purging of some of Mao's opponents in the press and in the Peking party organisation. By August the plenary session of the Central Committee (apparently somewhat selectively attended) defeated the attempt of Mao's opponents to get the campaign under their own control; the first mass demonstrations of the Red Guards then followed and constituted a major breakthrough.

THE QUESTION REMAINS: why didn't Mao try to carry out a swift and thorough purge of the Party "from above" with the help of the Army? Why did he prefer to go the slow and extremely risky way of gradually increasing the pressure "from below" on the Party organs with the help of new, improvised mass organisations (even though the latter have behind the scenes been planned and organised "from above" with the Army's help)? Reasons both of expediency and of principle appear to have motivated this decision. On the pragmatic level, Mao had to take into account that the Army was by no means solidly united in support of his Utopian concepts, as the cases of Peng Teh-huai in 1959 and Lo Jui-ching in 1965 had shown. There must still be many officers, particularly among the younger generation and in the technical branches, who have doubts of the military value of a multi-purpose army used so much for ideological mass education, militia training, and agricultural production campaigns as to have little time left for improving its own military proficiency. Like the civilian technocrats, these military professionals tend to regard modern equipment and specialised training as more important than the study of the Maoist scriptures.

On the level of principle, one must remember that Mao, unlike Stalin, is not a cynic, but believes in his concept of the uninterrupted revolution. A leader who wishes to renew the ideological *élan* of his movement by fighting the danger of bureaucratic petrifaction and to imbue the young generation with his own faith cannot afford himself to act in a purely bureaucratic manner from above but must take the risk of mobilising the masses. The contrast in content between Mao's and Stalin's political decisions has determined the radically different form taken by the two crises.

But it is just this form which makes the outcome of the present crisis uncertain. Mao's fixation to the war-communist Utopia is certainly more than the individual stubbornness of an aging revolutionary whose world view has been shaped by the experience of repeated triumphs over apparently insuperable obstacles. It finds an echo in the mood of many of the old veterans of the Yenan days, and many young high-school and college students. It also constitutes a late, unconscious reflection of the resistance of a great nation, economically underdeveloped but intensely proud of its cultural traditions, against that partial submission to Westernising influence which effective modernisation requires. But the opposition to Mao's attempt to regain full personal power at the head of a new mass movement consists, far beyond the ranks of his opponents in the leadership, of millions of those on whom he seeks to impose new material sacrifices, as well as of growing numbers of those officials of state and party who regard the chaotic mobilisation of the new movement and the mass resistance produced by it as an acute danger to the survival of the régime.

At first, the Cultural Revolution was supposed to stop at the factory gates—but the hostility of the workers and of their organisations forced the Maoists to attack them even at the risk of disorganising industry. The strikes and other disruptions of production, transport, and supply, the panic buying and the run on the banks which the Maoist press and radio attributed to the cunning sabotage of the opposition leaders, represent much more likely the explosive, truly spontaneous reactions of the mass of the people to the general insecurity, to the

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fear of new hardships and the crisis of authority created by the Maoists themselves. Similarly, the reported acts of peasant resistance (*e.g.*, the distribution of food reserves) are a natural reaction to the attempt to carry the "Cultural Revolution" into the countryside and to withdraw the concessions made to the peasants after the commune disaster. The reported revolt of outlying Army units, if true, is the consequence of the attempt to use the Army in the service of the "Revolution" against the people. It is only logical that at every new stage of the "Cultural Revolution" some members of the inner leadership were "unmasked" as opponents of Mao, that the very same newspaper staff had to be purged again and again because more and more, even of those who supported Mao at the outset, were coming to be frightened at its consequences: the progressive radicalisation of the movement and the progressive isolation of its leaders mutually reinforced each other.

A POINT WAS THUS REACHED at which Mao had, in the name of Communism, virtually dissolved the Communist Party itself. But while the improvised groups of Red Guards and Revolutionary Rebels were able (with Mao's blessing and with the backing of the Army) to "seize power" from the established party and government organs in a number of cities and provinces, they quickly proved incapable of maintaining either continuity of production or public order. Political anarchy at the centre bred economic chaos and even led to military rebellion in the peripheral provinces. By February 1967, the risk that the dictatorship might break down under the double assault of the masses mobilised by Mao and of those resisting his measures could no longer be ignored. The appointment of General Hsieh Fu-chih, the Minister for Public Security, to take charge of the Peking "Commune" and the dissolution of a number of "rebel" groups for indiscipline announced the turn of the tide.

In fact, Mao has been forced to recognise that his improvised mass organisations can neither coalesce into a new, disciplined Party nor administer the country without the active cooperation of at least the bulk of the experienced cadres of party and government. The rebels have therefore been told that most of those cadres are basically loyal and must be accepted in the ranks of the new movement—be they ever so late in joining it. The "Paris Commune" model of administration has been abandoned. The new type of local and regional power is not to be based on popular elections, but on a "triple alliance" between the new organisations of the "revolutionary masses," the loyal majority of the party and government cadres, and the military. But it is clearly the latter—the only part of the state machine whose command structure has not been deliberately undermined by Mao—which will play the decisive role in the effort to integrate those heterogeneous elements. In every city or province, it will be the army command and above all the chief political commissar who will decide which of the old civilian cadres may be accepted as loyal, and which of the new "rebel groups" must be dissolved as "criminal" and "counter-revolutionary." After the dismantling of the bureaucratic structure and the fiasco of ideological revivalism, Communist power in China is once again reduced to its source—the barrel of a gun.

The breakdown of civilian political control has thus compelled Mao to do the very thing he had wished to avoid—to make the Army the supreme arbiter of the struggle for China's future. But will the Army be ready to reintegrate a party that has lost both its cohesion and much of its legitimacy? With the failure of Utopianism as a method of government before its eyes, will it continue to support Utopianism as a principle of economic policy? Even if the Army remains content with the role of enforcing the decisions of the political leader, will it not prefer to switch its allegiance to a leader who offers better chances of assuring continuity and stability? Or will Mao prove to have avoided a "Thermidor" only at the price of a more direct transition to a Bonapartist régime? At any rate, the prospect that the spirit of Maoism will continue to govern Communist China far beyond the lifetime of the founder seems a forlorn hope indeed.

THE BASIC ISSUES of the conflict which has divided the Chinese leaders and endangers their régime are domestic rather than foreign. On the original conflict with the Soviet Union in particular, all the Chinese leaders with the exception of the small group of Peng Teh-huai seem to have been united. Many opponents of Mao like Liu Shao-chi, Teng Hsiao-ping and the deposed mayor of Peking, Peng Chen, have taken an active and prominent part in anti-Soviet polemics. But there is much to indicate that the Soviet offer of a *modus vivendi*

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and a cessation of polemics (conveyed by the successors of Khrushchev to Chou En-lai in November 1964) has been a contributory factor in bringing the crisis to a head.

The attraction of that offer was that the Chinese would not have been required to withdraw from their ideological positions nor to submit to Soviet doctrinal authority. They were, in fact, offered a resumption of Soviet aid and a united front on specific issues (*e.g.* the war in Viet Nam) on the basis of an agreement to disagree ideologically. Chinese independence and dignity would have been effectively safeguarded and Chinese national interests served by such a pragmatic compromise; and this apparently was attractive to the group around Liu and Teng. But for Mao and his closest followers, the bogey of "Soviet revisionism" had by then become an indispensible ingredient in their *domestic* policy—hence any cessation of polemics was anathema to them. As we know, Mao was by then sufficiently in control to achieve the rejection of the offer and of any further proposals for a united front. But it seems remarkable that Soviet criticism of Peking's policies only became really uninhibited again after the first attacks on Liu and Teng had been published inside China—as if the Kremlin only then had finally lost its hope for a compromise.

In addition to the issue of a *modus vivendi* with Moscow, the heavy setbacks suffered by China since 1965 in the Communist world movement, among the Afro-Asian states and particularly in Indonesia, have probably contributed to the final paroxysm of conflict inside the Chinese leadership. The turning away of the Korean and Japanese Communists—and, in a less polemical way, also of the Vietnamese Communists—from a pro-Chinese to a neutral position in the Sino-Soviet dispute was a direct consequence of the intransigent rejection of any united front with Russia adopted by Maoist China. The setbacks and failures in Afro-Asia may similarly be traced to China's over-reaching attempt to commit non-Communist governments to its own attitude of simultaneous hostility to Washington and Moscow. There has been virtually no public discussion of these defeats in China beyond a few general statements that all great revolutionary movements must occasionally pass through periods of ebb tide. But it is not difficult to imagine the mutual reproaches that must have been going on behind closed doors.

On the other hand, there are no indications whatever that Mao and his followers would be willing to seek a way out from their internal crisis in aggressive adventures. Their characteristic combination of verbal militancy and practical caution in foreign affairs has not changed one whit in the course of the crisis. Everything points to the conclusion that they have a realistic estimate of China's present military inferiority in relation both to the Soviets and to the United States, and that they remain unwilling to risk the future of their régime by a premature head-on clash with one of the super-powers. They keep the frontier conflict with the Soviets simmering and seek to drive diplomatic relations with them to the breaking point, but they do not dream of a frontal attack. They send aid to North Viet Nam and denounce any attempt at peace negotiations, but they show no inclination to intervene directly against U.S. power, and there is evidence that they may have even advised North Viet Nam to be more cautious in risking the destruction of its own regular units by superior American forces.

FINALLY, China's internal crisis as such reduces her capacity for external action for the time being, and a victory of Maoism, by blocking the solution of China's problem of economic development, would also at the very least slow down the realisation of her enormous potential as a world power. It is only a victory of the "moderates" which, by enabling Peking to find a *modus vivendi* with Moscow and to co-operate in areas where Soviet and Chinese interests run parallel, would restore much of China's freedom of movement in world affairs and, to that extent, make her more dangerous to the West than she is today. Mao's present course, on the other hand, constitutes a danger only for the future of China, for the well-being of her people—and possibly for his own régime.

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Henry Miller

In Sickness and in Health

A Doctor's View of Medicine in Britain

AGITATION about rates of pay usually reflects deep-seated uneasiness in an industry, and recent events concerning junior hospital doctors have coincided with widespread expressions of alarm and apprehension amongst those concerned with the hospital service and medical education. It is paradoxical that this should occur during the government of a political party that regards the Health Service as its proudest achievement, and with a Minister of Health better informed, more sympathetic and more able than any of his mostly unmemorable recent predecessors. The fact remains that the long-suppressed frustration of even the least politically-minded members of the profession has come now to the surface and is widely and publicly expressed. Confidence in government intentions for the future of medicine is at a low ebb, and an appreciable minority of doctors is now convinced that it is official if unadmitted policy to let the service run down on grounds of expense. Even those more optimistic find it difficult to adduce evidence to the contrary and, most important of all for the future, to evince any personal confidence that the unsatisfactory conditions under which they have worked for so long will be radically improved during the working lives of their disenchanted juniors.

Why has this come about? It results in part from the evident inability of the service to keep pace with the ever-increasing demands of medicine that is steadily becoming more complex and more technological—and this failure inescapably implies a progressive relative decline in the service as a whole. It springs also from hope long deferred, and reflects professional chagrin at the contrast between the Labour Party's forthright denunciation of the low priority accorded to medicine by successive Conservative administrations, and its ineffectiveness in office: in this connection even the now shattered "National Plan" offered no crumb of comfort. Nobody expected miracles, but the present hospital building programme, now projected for most of us into an indefinite future, is inadequate even to meet the immediate needs of today. It does no more than scratch the surface of the problem. Worse still, the tone of recent ministerial comments on medical emigration, the dependence of the service on Commonwealth immigrants, and the building plan itself, suggests that the present administration has unbelievably inherited some of its predecessors' complacency in the face of problems of enormous magnitude and immediate urgency.

It is also unfortunately true that the Ministry of Health presents a most unprepossessing image to the profession. It was in the first instance ill-equipped and inadequately staffed to undertake the responsibilities for hospital organisation it acquired overnight in 1948, and it has signally failed to develop with their enormous expansion. The supremacy of the peripatetic lay civil servant in the Ministry of Health over the expert that is implicit in its organisation has been expressed in a striking failure to develop the operational research and the statistical services vital to the efficiency of any large organisation.

In Goethe's words the Ministry is "The spirit that denies." To the clinician struggling on hospital committees to maintain some sort of standards under difficult conditions, it is epitomised by the apparently uninformed rejection of carefully considered proposals for improved service

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to patients, based on intimate experience of local needs and conditions. The clinician is also well aware that the Ministry's medical staff enjoys no real responsibility in these matters, and that such decisions are taken—or much more often postponed—after interminable delays, by an anonymous layman who may have spent no more than a few months in the Ministry on his way up from Agriculture and Fisheries or on his way down from the Treasury. He is unlikely ever to have visited the city over which he exercises this potent suzerainty, and still less to have seen its hospitals, but enjoys an Olympian detachment hundreds of miles away from the gravely-ill patient whose bed is surrounded by buckets to collect the rain-water that drips through the ward ceiling, or the surgeon wrestling with a hazardous operation in an antiquated and unventilated theatre. Only such a Ministry could have conceived the circular recently sent round exhorting hospital authorities to improve the conditions of their junior medical officers—without spending any money to provide the married quarters that have been a crying need for years, or to improve the often squalid conditions in which these young people are forced to live as a condition of their exacting employment. Nor has it escaped the notice of the rest of the profession that even this belated solicitude on the part of the Ministry sprang not from any spontaneous concern, but from the residents' firm threat of withdrawal of labour.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING that a considerable body of opinion influential in the profession favours its rescue from the present stultifying combination of direct political control with the chill hand of the Civil Service in favour of its administration by a Public Corporation. But of course the real problem is *money*.

The Physical Environment

RECENT DISTURBANCES in the hospital service have mostly concerned staff problems. These are formidable enough, but in fact it is the dilapidated physical environment of medicine in Britain that is at the root of our troubles. Indeed it would be hard to find a more telling example of public squalor in an affluent society than the appalling physical conditions under which distinguished physicians and surgeons are expected to teach and practise 20th-century medicine in some of London's most famous hospitals. It bespeaks an extraordinary sense of priorities that such conditions are tolerated in a city rendered almost unrecognisable by an orgy of commercial building, and in a country where interminable homilies on impending national insolvency go hand in hand with the maintenance of expensive military establishments from Berlin to Borneo, and the outlay of astronomical sums on a melancholy succession of ill-fated weapons of so-called defence.

The plain fact is that nearly all our hospitals are hopelessly out of date and entirely unsuited to the practice of modern medicine. In many, attempts to employ modern methods of treatment may in themselves subject the patient to unlooked-for risks.

The magnitude of the problem can be illustrated by the present situation in one fairly representative part of the country:

The Hospital Board of the No. 1 Region covers the most northerly counties of England, and is one of fifteen similar hospital boards. It comprises twenty districts, each of which has at present some sort of hospital service. Teesside, for instance, a rapidly growing and industrially important conurbation, has at present fifteen hospitals. Many are inconveniently sited, most inadequately equipped, and some frankly decrepit. The consultant staff wastes an inordinate amount of time travelling from one to another of these hopelessly uneconomic units—time that should be devoted to the performance of its medical duties. Each of the twenty districts of this region urgently needs a new District General Hospital. The present cost of building such a hospital is £8,000 per bed. This is identical with the cost of reconditioning existing hospitals—a highly uneconomic and unsatisfactory exercise that has been carried out haphazardly and inadequately during the past eighteen years because of shortage of capital for new building. Each thousand-bed hospital will cost £8 million at present prices. If the twenty hospitals went up tomorrow the cost for this single Region alone would be £160 million. The danger of such a development can be assessed from the fact that the only new General Hospital built in the Region during the whole eighteen years of the Health Service occupied *twelve years* from planning to the admission of the first patient.

The annual capital budget of this Regional Hospital Board is between £4 and £5 million a year. Even if this money were spent entirely on new building it would be thirty-two years before the programme was completed, and one of our districts would have to put up with its present antediluvian facilities until 1997. In fact half this annual capital budget *must* be spent

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on shoring up the existing ramshackle hospitals. This has the effect of prolonging the proposed building programme to about sixty years—by which time any hospital built today should of course certainly have been demolished.

The reader must remember that the programme outlined above concerns only the General Hospital needs of only one of fifteen such regions, and no doubt the expenditure necessary to establish and sustain a comprehensive modern medical service will strike him as astronomical. But if he reflects that the capital cost of a new hospital bed on the scale outlined above, fully serviced and situated where it is most needed, is exactly the cost of running a bed in a poorly serviced, badly situated and inadequate hospital for as short a period as four years, he may reasonably ask whether the division of this representative Regional Board's present income as between £5 million on capital expenditure and £32 million on annual running expenses is sensible. Everyone concerned knows that the Health Service has been hopelessly undercapitalised from its beginning, and we are now reaping the inevitable harvest of national parsimony in the firmly expressed unwillingness of our own medical graduates to serve in such institutions. There are hospitals in this and every other part of the country so awful that they have not had a British resident for years, and I do not believe that they will ever do so again.

WHEN COSTS OF THIS DEGREE are discussed there are many who claim that they are too high to be met out of general taxation. But they are certainly too high to be met out of anything else. If the public was asked to pay a tax earmarked for medical services it might be paid without much complaint, and it is tempting to suggest some such *per capita* arrangement. On the other hand, as with other similarly financed social services, this arrangement would be bound to bear most heavily on that section of the population least able to pay, and it is not necessary to be either a committed egalitarian or an enthusiastic surtax payer to feel that contribution related to income is a fairer method of meeting the needs of a service that any of us may require at any time. The cost and complexity of modern medicine is such that the role of private practice can never again be anything more than marginal. To involve Local Authorities in hospital finance and organisation would be a backward step from the much more logical Regional pattern. With regard to a recent suggestion that the cost of treatment of injuries due to industrial and traffic accidents should be met by insurers, experience suggests that any such subvention would more probably be offset against Exchequer support than used to supplement it.

The ability of rich or influential people to opt out of the public educational system is one reason often quoted for its inadequacy. In medicine the situation is rather different. The patient who goes outside the National Health Service to seek treatment in a nursing home or private hospital usually gets a bad bargain. I would sooner be a patient in almost any kind of public hospital than in any kind of nursing home. No private institution can possibly furnish the range of services or the medical cover that can be obtained in even the average public institution. Nor does the size or scale of operation of the private hospital equip it to deal with serious or complicated disease. On the other hand, the influential citizen will probably secure admission to a major hospital. The politician, for example, is unlikely to seek treatment for his coronary thrombosis in the adapted workhouse patronised by his constituents, where financial and staffing considerations preclude the 24-hour medical attention and monitoring service that may so easily determine the issue of life or death.

Staffing

THE ADEQUACY of the present building programme can be gauged by any reader who takes a short drive round his local hospitals. The even more remarkable situation *vis-à-vis* hospital staffing may come to his notice only after his motor accident, when he finds himself vainly trying to communicate his symptoms to a Pakistani house-surgeon of indisputable charm but with a limited grasp of the English language.

The plain and appalling fact is that successive Governments have made no attempt whatever to ensure a national output of doctors adequate to man the service for which they were responsible. They trusted to luck that the widening gap in the staff they needed would be met from the Commonwealth—and so far, more or less, luck has saved them from outright disaster. The logistics of the situation are so transparent that the apparent negligence of those concerned seems inexplicable to anyone trained to professional standards of responsibility: however, in a recent broadcast, Mr. Enoch Powell—who

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ought to know—accepted it as a deliberate act of policy in the cause of national economy, and not as a result of those insuperable difficulties of communication between the Ministry of Health and the University Grants Committee that are occasionally quoted in extenuation. So far, the present Government shows little improvement on its predecessors in admitting the gravity of the situation or taking the urgent and radical action necessary to remedy it.

Medical emigration has a respectable ancestry and has enriched the subject since Graeco-Roman times at any rate, and probably longer. Furthermore, every teacher of medicine delights in his moral obligation to transmit his skills to doctors from less developed countries: most of us find this a most rewarding and stimulating occupation. But this is not the situation under discussion here. The present massive medical immigration from India and Pakistan is a hangover of colonialism, appropriately nourished by the English and Scottish Royal Colleges. Badly needed in their own countries, these young people come to us ostensibly for training, but are in practice often employed as nothing more than pairs of hands in hospitals ill-equipped and inappropriately staffed for post-graduate education. The fact that the hospitals of South Shields are still physically superior to those of Calcutta is no cause for self-congratulation.

Nearly half the junior medical staff of the Minister's peripheral hospitals comes from overseas, and in the less salubrious areas the proportion rises to two-thirds or even four-fifths. At a time when staffing problems already leave him with no choice but to curtail casualty and other vital services, the impact of the possible withdrawal of Pakistani and Indian labour can be imagined. Some hospitals would undoubtedly have to close, probably for ever. The risk is very real: the Indian Government is already busy plugging its "brain drain." Furthermore, the modern Indian is a realist, and our American allies are high bidders. Despite political reservations the outstanding Asian graduate already turns increasingly to the United States, where greater academic opportunity and better physical facilities are further sweetened by more generous remuneration.

Recent pronouncements on the "cynicism" and "selfishness" of British medical emigrants attracted by the better opportunities and facilities of North America are badly received from a Ministers whose hospitals are dependent on the similarly motivated immigration of the best medical graduates of less developed and even less adequately doctored countries. Or is medical emigration laudable when it takes place from Asia to Britain, but iniquitous when it takes the British graduate across the Atlantic?

It is possible that some method could be found to keep our medical graduates in Britain for a year or two after qualification. In an increasingly difficult situation the Government might have no qualms about imposing a selective restriction on this small and politically unimportant section of the community, but the effect of such a measure would be marginal and temporary. The purpose of compulsion could hardly be other than to enable the Government to escape its responsibility for making conditions here good enough to ensure the retention of our own graduates—a purpose unlikely to attract the enthusiastic support of the profession in its present mood. Furthermore, the effective practice of medicine at any level demands a degree of personal commitment incompatible with the status of a galley-slave.

THERE ARE OTHER alarming signs that even if action were to be taken now, present difficulties in staffing the hospitals are bound to increase to danger-point during the next few years. It has recently become increasingly difficult and sometimes quite impossible to fill consultant appointments in a number of especially exacting medical specialities where training is necessarily protracted. I have in mind such highly technical disciplines as neurosurgery, ophthalmology, and radiology, to which recruitment is an especially sensitive barometer of professional confidence. Within recent months a similar lack of applicants for senior appointments has for the first time extended even to general medicine, in which there is certainly no real shortage of available candidates had they wished to apply. Secondly, a steadily increasing number of final-year medical students seek permission to undertake their pre-registration appointments overseas, and practically always they opt for Canada or the United States. The opportunities and facilities they encounter there mean that very few indeed will return to a Health Service which many even of its own fervent supporters consider to be in a serious state of decrepitude.

Medical Education

THE PRESENT EVOLUTION of British medical education is based almost entirely on the views propounded half a century ago by a remarkable American educationalist, Abraham

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Flexner, the sixth of seven children of a Jewish immigrant from Bohemia, born in Kentucky in 1867. His brother Simon, the bacteriologist, subsequently became director of the Rockefeller Institute. Abraham graduated in arts at Johns Hopkins and became a schoolmaster. Within a few years his dissatisfaction with orthodox educational methods led to the establishment of his own school at Louisville, and he soon acquired a national reputation as a successful liberal educationalist of energy and originality.

After more than a decade of schoolmastering his first essay into larger fields came with his unheralded appointment by the Carnegie Foundation to investigate medical education in the United States and Canada. He travelled widely and observed percipiently. Although his visits to each school lasted no more than a day or two, he had little difficulty in confirming suspicions, already widely held, that the general position was profoundly unsatisfactory. In many instances it was frankly scandalous, the medical schools being nothing more than highly profitable commercial enterprises in the hands of cliques of local practitioners, innocent of laboratory accommodation or equipment and often only tenuously connected with a hospital. Published in 1910 as the famous *Bulletin Number Four* of the Foundation, his survey had an immediate and dramatic effect on medical education in North America. Institutions and individuals were indicted frankly and by name. It is a remarkable tribute to the adaptability of American institutions that within a year or two many medical schools closed their doors for ever, and that others were radically reorganised on lines greatly influenced by the enlightened example of the Johns Hopkins University recently established in Baltimore. The American vocabulary does not admit the category of the impossible, and our American colleagues are always stimulated by obstacles which we in Britain are only too ready to accept as mercifully absolving us from further effort.

In 1912 Flexner made a similar survey of medical education in Europe, intended less as a critical essay or an encouragement to reform than as an attempt to seek out what was good in European training that could be applied in America. However he found much to criticise in Europe; and, while his observations were apparently ignored elsewhere, they made an immediate impact on British medicine, and continue to exercise a potent influence in determining our unevenly evolving pattern of medical education. He was enormously impressed by the character and efficiency of the German university medical schools, which at that time led the world in scientific medicine. He admired the bedside teaching and the free access to hospital patients of the English system of medical education, but disliked its amateurism. Teaching in England was a secondary occupation of doctors chiefly concerned with extramural practice; he favoured the antithesis. Of organised clinical research there was practically none. The basic sciences were completely dissociated from clinical practice; their teachers lacked prestige and were inadequately remunerated. This situation persists today and is expressed in a chronic shortage of medically orientated basic scientists: it will be overcome only by the integration of pre-clinical with clinical education. To Flexner, the continued existence of hospital schools without pre-clinical and scientific institutes was already an anachronism, and it is a sobering thought that this outdated pattern is still with us in London. University College was the one hopeful English medical school, and even here teaching and research occupied little of the time of a clinical staff busily engaged elsewhere. No doubt because of its similarity to the Continental pattern with its formalised pedagogy, he had an *a priori* prejudice in favour of Edinburgh, but after inspection he regarded these virtues as dissipated by rigid traditionalism. Inbreeding he found everywhere. Although the universities were formally charged with medical education, they had little control over the appointment of their clinical teachers, but were saddled with instructors chosen by hospital staffs. Flexner regarded teaching and research as the equally important functions of the university, and was convinced that the time had come for medicine to take its place as a science among the other scientific disciplines. This implied the creation of university hospitals under the direct control of the faculty, staffed by men whose prime concern was teaching and research. He denied personal responsibility for the full-time principle, but it was implicit in his view. Furthermore, the academic clinical unit was not to be an extra grafted on to the existing hospital pattern, but was to take over the institution as a whole. In later years he was critical of the British compromise whereby the hospital, often with palpable reluctance, developed academic units as excrescences on its existing structure.

Flexner's views were naturally castigated by members of an intensely conservative profession, always sensitive to criticism, whose prestige and pocket were threatened. Eminent physicians were not lacking to point out that Flexner was neither a physician nor a surgeon, that he had no scientific training or qualifica-

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tions, and that besides being a schoolmaster he laboured under the additional handicap of being an American. However, amongst those primarily concerned with education his observations received serious consideration. He found a receptive listener in Lord Haldane, already commissioned to undertake an official study of professional education in England. To him, Flexner's insistence on professionalism in teaching, on the importance of research, and on the virtues of the German university system was especially welcome. But the outbreak of the 1914–18 war brought early developments in the direction envisaged in Flexner's report to an end, and it was not until 1918 that his ideas began to bear fruit.

How far major historical developments spring from the qualities of particular individuals and how far from general movements of thought is a perennial subject of speculation, but it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the development of academic medicine in Britain during the past half-century has owed much to the facts that Flexner was by culture a German and by profession a schoolmaster.

IT HAS BEEN SAID of Christianity that we do not know whether it works or not, because it has never been tried. In the same way most of the disappointments of Flexnerisation in Britain spring from the simple fact that money has simply never been made available to implement it. This situation has obtained even in times of prosperity. The universities have never been given the resources to establish the academic clinical units which Flexner envisaged as setting standards both in patient care and in investigative medicine.

IN THE MATTER of physical accommodation the teaching hospitals are for the most part in the same situation as other medical institutions of comparable antiquity. Most of their wards are fifty and many a hundred years old. They date from the time when the frock-coated physician or surgeon stepped from his carriage to make a formal round two or three times a week, and relayed the fruits of his often acute clinical observation to a small group of admiring pupils for a couple of hours, but was rarely in a position radically to influence the natural course of the patient's illness. At the entrance to such a ward there is a linen-cupboard, a sluice, a small kitchen, and perhaps a tiny office for the ward sister. There is rarely a room for the doctor to interview patients or relatives, still less to carry out the laboratory investigations for which he has been trained, to study the complex problems posed by his patients, or to conduct any kind of research. It is in wards such as these, appropriate for the medicine of the Crimean war, that he must struggle to offer a proportion of his patients the benefits of the artificial kidney, of assisted respiration, or of the continuous cardiac monitoring that is now part of the modern management of the acute heart attack. Not only is the enterprising young man with a scientific bent denied the opportunity of extending the fringe of knowledge in those exciting fields, but the inadequacy of the available resources poses agonising problems as to which patients are and which are not to be deprived of the benefits already yielded by the United States' enormous investment in these growing areas of clinical research.

In the matter of staffing, the teaching hospital enjoys a marginal advantage over the regional institutions. But where the staffing of academic units is realistically scaled to its purpose it invariably depends on the energies of the head of department in obtaining extra funds. In the best professorial units more than half the staff is paid from outside sources. In all departments financial considerations dictate a crippling inflexibility of establishment: it is exceptional for any British professor, however eminent, to be able to create a new established appointment for an outstanding man in the way that is customary in the United States. The knowledge that his parent department is run on a shoe-string is one of the most powerful stimuli to the emigration of the energetic and ambitious young medical scientist. Until a few years ago, for example, the annual departmental grant to the department of medicine of one British university was £100; and such grants are still entirely unrealistic in relation to the financing of the research programmes that are supposed to be an integral function of any active university department. If it were not that in my own hospital an enlightened Board of Governors subsidises research to the tune of £25,000 a year from its endowment fund, the academic clinical staff might as well spend its afternoons playing golf. But not all hospitals have enlightened boards of governors or endowment funds; these funds will not last for ever; and in any effective industrial concern research and development would claim at least five and probably ten times as much of its annual budget.

Post-Graduate Training

UNDERGRADUATE education is directed to furnishing a basic education in the

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science and practice of medicine. It is no longer expected to produce the erstwhile lowest common denominator of the "safe doctor" or the "good general practitioner." The direction the graduate takes after his final examination will be determined by the appointments he holds during the first few years after qualification, and the increasing technical demands of modern practice continually extend this period of post-graduate apprenticeship, especially for the majority of graduates who now aim beyond general practice.

In Britain this training period comprises a succession of often rather miscellaneous appointments. Each of these extends from six months to two years or more in duration, all are publicly advertised and won in competition, and all are paid at a lower rate than obtains in most European countries, to say nothing of the United States.

Although in many instances residence within the hospital is compulsory, residential facilities are usually poor, and while everybody knows that an increasing proportion of young doctors follow current fashion in marrying early, very few hospitals indeed have taken serious steps to furnish married quarters. Furthermore, the appointments are usually very arduous. These young men and women carry the heavy burden of direct twenty-four-hour responsibility for a large number of patients, many of whom are seriously ill. Release for formal post-graduate courses is often precluded by service commitments, time and energy for serious study are lacking, and, outside the teaching centre, opportunities to take part in research are exceptional.

Conditions in the hospitals of the United States are notoriously uneven, but in the good and the best the training of the next generation of consultants and specialists is approached very much more seriously and more professionally than anywhere in Britain. There are now more post-graduate than undergraduate medical students in the United States, and the posts their trainees hold over a planned period of several years are training posts first and foremost, with a service contribution that is truly secondary. Indeed its comprehensive and widely publicised programme for specialists in training represents one of the major activities and attractions of every important American medical centre. Our system of a miscellaneous succession of junior appointments has some advantages. It is in keeping with our national character, its competitive and democratic nature does not easily lend itself to nepotism, and it avoids excessive standardisation of the final product. However, to combine it with a disproportionate veneration for the wholesale ingestion and regurgitation of factual information that passes for higher knowledge and advanced training in medicine and surgery is less admirable. Our American colleagues pay more attention to the training and less to the results of examinations that can dog the British aspirant to a career in hospital medicine into middle life. It is possible for a country to lead the world in medicine without a galaxy of Royal Colleges and a plethora of post-graduate diplomas, and it is significant that enthusiasm for this latter system shines most brightly in the less developed countries of Asia.

Research

Effective prosecution of the research activities that are an integral part of the academic unit presents difficulties just as real, if not so publicly conspicuous, as those entailed by obsolete accommodation and equipment. In this connection the line has been held only by a progressive increase in Government support of the Medical Research Council. This is, however, a holding measure only, and contributes little to solving the long-term problem that the budgets of university departments remain quite unrealistic for the functions they are expected to perform. Within the limits of its budget—which amounts to about a penny a week for each man, woman and child in Britain, or about a twentieth of what it costs each of us to maintain a military presence East of Suez—the M.R.C. does such a splendid job that one can almost forgive the anodyne statements of its parliamentary apologists that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and that money is available for all worth-while projects. Since what is considered worth-while in this context depends on what money is available, the tautology defies contradiction.

If the council likes a project, it will probably be financed on a three-year or five-year basis. This may be all it deserves, but from the beginning it renders the temporary engagement of professional and especially technical staff very difficult. If at the outset or on expiry of a temporary grant of this kind the applicant envisages anything on a longer-term basis he is likely to be referred back to his university, where his request—probably a large one if it is realistic—is in competition with every other university

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activity for a slice of cake that is always too small.

What happens? Some applicants throw up the sponge or are too discouraged by the prevailing financial climate even to begin. Many hesitate to ask the university for financial support which they know can be given only by depriving their colleagues, both medical and non-medical, of more modest requirements. The most determined seek financial support from other than public funds. Even where such funds are obtained they often remain unclaimed; progress may be critically delayed because of a legalistic insistence that the lease of Crown land for the erection of elaborate and expensive research laboratories should be restricted to a term of twenty years—or even because of a reluctance to accept responsibility for the cleaning of premises provided and equipped for the public benefit, on public land, and at no public expense. At a time of little confidence in future Government intentions the universities also fear and sometimes have to decline gifts that carry with them even problematical obligations for the future. Nor is growing irritation on the part of private Foundations unexpected when they are continually solicited for the erection of buildings that should clearly be the responsibility of any adequately financed university or hospital authority.

CONSIDERING ITS ULTIMATE dependence on medical education and research, the Health Service has strikingly failed to make the contribution in this connection that might reasonably have been expected. Its failure even to develop the operational research necessary for its own efficient functioning has already been mentioned. One of the side-effects of political control and lay administration is that new hospitals are sited and specialist units opened, not on the basis of scientifically evaluated need, but as a result of guesswork combined with local political pressure.

Nor has the Ministry furnished the physical facilities within which medical research can be prosecuted in its hospitals. Hospital budgets and grants for capital expenditure are such that even today research is unbelievably regarded as something of a luxury. Meanwhile the Medical Research Council, no doubt driven to desperation by the continuing inability of universities and teaching hospitals to afford adequate facilities for the dispersed research that is an essential part of a vital educational system, is about to establish a central hospital for clinical research—a development that is certain to bleed still further the universities' slender contingent of clinical researchers.

WHATEVER MAY BE THE CASE with other classes of medical emigrant, the cause of the one-way flow of medical scientists across the Atlantic is related less to income than to facilities. The real income of the medical academic in the United States is not vastly different from that of his British counterpart. The expensively trained emigrant of this kind goes to the United States usually reluctantly, and not only because his present facilities are inadequate, but because the bitter experience of the past decade has gone far to convince him that adequate facilities are unlikely to be made available within his working life. He goes to escape the tedium of duplicating applications for essential equipment (and even for physical accommodation) to a succession of charitable Foundations, and with the well-founded conviction that if his new university cannot itself give him the tools to do the job, these will be forthcoming from one or other agency of the U.S. Public Health Service—an organisation which, unlike its British counterpart, has always accepted the prosecution of research as a built-in part of its function. Like many of my colleagues I have given up trying to dissuade my juniors from leaving to work in the United States. Medicine is more important than nationalism and will outlive the indifference of Governments. It is better that a good man should work where he can make his best contribution to the advance of medicine than that he should stay to be frustrated by a society too myopic to appreciate his potential.

The Decline of General Practice

FOR THE MOST PART the difficulties of the hospitals and of medical education and research are financial, and must be laid firmly at the doors of the organs of Government directly responsible for them. The problems of general practice are of a different order. It is true that failure to house it in the promised Health Centres—another instance of capital starvation—has maintained it as a cottage industry, but the ills of general practice go deeper than this and are historic. There is no unanimity in the profession as to its future. My own view is that it will survive in the rural areas,

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where geographical conditions render any alternative impracticable, but that in the cities it will give place to a domiciliary service based on general hospitals or polyclinics.

The forces that impel us in this direction are numerous and irresistible, and they operate in every developed country, irrespective of prevailing economic arrangements for the provision of medical care. The focus of medicine has moved beyond return to the hospital, with its special facilities for the care of serious illness. The general practitioner remains indispensable at present, and his role comprises the treatment of minor ailments; the recognition of serious illness and its prompt transmission to the appropriate source of specialised treatment; and the domiciliary management of those chronic diseases for which no effective treatment is possible. By comparison with hunting viruses or operating on the heart this is not a thrilling assignment, and although many students come into medicine with it in mind, the increasing difficulty of recruitment to urban general practice suggests that it may slowly die of inanition.

Although the British Medical Association has sincerely tried to establish itself as representative of the whole profession, its attitudes have been determined predominantly by its large general practitioner membership, and especially by the political activists common to all organisations of this type. Although public discussion of such differences has usually been muted in the cause of professional solidarity, many consultants and most academics are uneasy about B.M.A. policy generally, and especially about its unremitting and disproportionate preoccupation with professional remuneration and the extent to which this has overshadowed publicly expressed concern for the broader problems of the service. It is significant that general practitioners are the only section of the profession that has threatened resignation; nor are hospitals or university doctors likely to emulate this example. However, the practitioners can claim with some justification that such militancy is implicit in the state's virtual monopoly of employment, and that their recent substantial pay award demonstrates its effectiveness. Unfortunately increased remuneration in itself will contribute nothing to the radical reorganisation of general practice that modern conditions demand, and will increase still further the hospitals' critical shortage of junior doctors. The discontents of the practitioner arise from the prevailing uncertainty about his role in the medicine of tomorrow, and concern about professional prestige and satisfaction goes deeper than unrest about income.

THE COSY NOTION of the general practitioner as guide, philosopher and friend to the family never applied to more than a small part of the urban population, and today it is exceptional. The widespread extension of group practice, duty rosters, and (in London especially) commuting practice, has watered down the continuing personal responsibility that was the practitioner's particular contribution to medicine, and his main claim to society's special consideration. The disappearance of traditional general practice and of the personal doctor will be a loss, but it is one we may have to bear. Science takes the magic out of medicine. In the same way the consultant is no longer a charismatic figure who lets fall diagnostic revelations denied to the generality: he is merely one member of a highly specialised team, each of whom makes an essential contribution to the study and treatment of the patient's illness. In theory my senior surgical colleague and I make the ultimate decision about what we are going to try and do for the patient with an obscure brain disease. In fact the decision takes into account crucial evidence furnished by the radiologist, the clinical biochemist, the neurophysiologist, the physicist, the cytologist and others. Any of these may turn up the vital clue that solves the problem, and makes our decision virtually automatic. Except as members of the team we are worth nothing, but to work in such a team is as stimulating and as rewarding as to play an instrument in an orchestra. Despite what Mr. Powell has so charmingly described as "the deafening chorus of complaint that rises day and night from every corner of the Health Service" and despite the frustrations, irritations and limitations of the present hospital environment, it is as exceptional to find a man working in a good hospital team who is not passionately enthusiastic about his work as it is to encounter undiluted enthusiasm in a general practitioner.

Scientific & Traditional Medicine

THE FRONT on which medicine has so singularly advanced during the past quarter-century has been predominantly scientific, and based on the laboratory and the exploitation of specialised techniques. The steady expansion of this scientific sector, and its gradual erosion of the traditional part of medi-

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cal practice—so dependent on the vague diagnosis ("anaemia," "debility," "anxiety neurosis"), the placebo, and the physician's powerful suggestion or the surgeon's routine operation—is good for medicine and good for the patient, though not always comfortable for him. It is true that the highly technical advances so widely publicised in the Press and on television are directly applicable to no more than a minority of all patients: most of us are fortunate enough to suffer only from indigestion, piles, bunions, hernias, and similarly unglamorous complaints. But the permeation of the whole of medicine with the scientific attitude has an influence that extends far beyond the technological sector, and affects even the traditional practices which continue alongside those based on the direct application of scientific knowledge. The scientific approach has induced a healthy scepticism about time-honoured shibboleths, leading the doctor to cast doubt on the virtues of procedures previously regarded as unquestionable, such as prolonged rest in bed after a surgical operation or a heart attack, simple absence from work as a form of medical treatment—or the baffling prescription of light rather than heavy work for a patient recovering from a psychiatric illness. The submission of some traditional beliefs of this kind to controlled experimental evaluation has yielded unexpected results.

There are, of course, large areas of medicine where the contribution of science is as yet nothing more than marginal. Psychiatry is an outstanding example. Despite the popularity, especially in literary circles, of explanations not only of mental illness but of human behaviour in psychopathological terms, the concepts of this subject are entirely subjective and devoid of scientific validity. They amount to intuitive revelations and more or less plausible hypotheses, multiple, malleable, often mutually contradictory and self-cancelling. But the real successes of psychiatry, and they are dramatic indeed, have been the empirical triumphs of the experimental pharmacologist. The suicidal depressive takes his tablets and feels fit and well again within a few weeks, even though his elemental problems of love, hate, and reparation remain untouched by psycho-analytic hand.

The clinician is in essence always an eclectic, willing to employ any method that will re-establish the patient in his normal environment —because this is the meaning of cure. The most respectable physician will encourage one patient to accept his homosexuality and stop worrying about it, and another to seek help from Lourdes or Christian Science. Like the housewife's or the farmer's, his work is episodic. Only rarely can he pause to ponder or generalise; with each problem handled, or more often shelved, he must clear his mind at once to deal with the next. This is one reason why clinical medicine lacks the steady appeal of pure science for the first-class intellect. But the variety and excitement of his work often keep the doctor more alive than his colleagues in the purer sciences. He is a man of affairs: his ideas tend to be vague and untidy, but he is often flexible and tolerant, and usually slow to condemn, since he has seen so much.

IT IS A POPULAR fallacy amongst interested lay critics of medicine—from whom doctors can certainly learn a great deal—and amongst some theorists within the profession, that medical education is dominated by tradition and unduly preoccupied with rare and unimportant diseases, that it should pay more attention to sociology, psychosomatics, and interpersonal relations—and especially that it should concentrate on Health rather than on Disease.

The facts are otherwise. We know a great deal about disease and virtually nothing about health. Positive Health especially is a hypochondriacal delusion. The aphorism that by forty a man is either a fool or his own physician expresses a significant truth. Most of us have the sense to keep away from doctors unless or until a symptom of some kind indicates malfunction of our normal physiology. It is true that a few screening tests such as mass radiography and cervical cytology can make a contribution to the control and prevention of serious disease that justifies their widespread routine application to a healthy population, and that there are also a few frankly suicidal habits like cigarette smoking that are now indulged in only by that regrettable majority of the population that is deaf to the voice of scientific evidence. In general, however, Positive Health exudes an aroma of vegetable oil, all-bran, stationary bicycling, isometric muscle contraction, and weekly reading of the *Family Doctor*. At the professional level it implies the waste of valuable medical man-hours in the routine examination of corpulent but otherwise healthy business executives, interference with life-styles that suit the individual concerned but fail to measure up to the insecurely-based theoretical ideal of the kind of physician who is prepared to devote himself

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to such work—and dangerous therapeutic interference with physiological variations in blood pressure that may have actuarial interest but lack clinical significance. There are no universally applicable rules of health.

What is generally agreed however is that the student must be taught the normal structure and function of the human body, the nature of the external and internal stresses to which it is exposed, and the phenomena by which he can recognise the biological responses of the organism to these stresses in the form of pathology and disease. He must know first what is firmly known, and for the rest he must be taught to observe, collect, sift, and evaluate the profusion of clinical evidence with which his patients daily present him. Medical education can certainly be improved, perhaps especially by obliterating that sharp definition between its pre-clinical and clinical phases that is seen at its most startling in the student's overnight translation from one of the older universities to a London hospital. But it will be a bad day for the patient when the latest fashions in sociology and psychology displace the solid background of basic science in the training of his doctor.

The Future

THIS ACCOUNT of British medicine has dwelt on its deficiencies, and in all conscience these are grave and urgent. However there is another side to the coin. It is a plain statement of fact and not a roseate delusion that, taken as a whole, our health service is probably as good as any in the world. We have far fewer doctors relative to population than the Soviet Union, and our welfare services are exiguous by comparison, but so far at any rate our technical and scientific standards are higher. In new hospital building we lag behind Sweden and other developed countries—but our scientific output is equal in reliability and proportionately greater in volume. We are very far indeed behind the United States in research support and technological achievement—but we furnish the best we have in medical care to the whole of our population, and not only to those who can pay and for as long as they can pay. We have shorn illness of the financial terrors that exacerbate it in America; we lead the world in nursing and anaesthetics; we have nothing quite as appalling as the American State Mental Hospital at its worst; and we have made properly qualified specialist care freely available day and night to every member of the population that needs it, from Land's End to John o'Groats. The best the United States has to offer is the best in the world, but the worst is very bad indeed, and presents an unappealing combination of dubious technical adequacy with rampant commercialism.

The harvest of modern scientific medicine reaped during the past two decades has included the conquest of bacterial infections, such as tuberculosis, and of poliomyelitis; the virtual clearance of depressive illness from the chronic wards of the mental hospitals; and more important still, the effective freeing of millions of people from pain, discomfort, and distress which remains the central function of medicine. But a community that wishes to enjoy such benefits must make a firm decision that it is prepared to pay for them, and must accord a very different degree of priority to medical education and research, and to medicine in general, than they are receiving at the present time. What today's medical students are able ultimately to achieve and contribute depends almost entirely on the relative importance attached to medicine and medical care in the *milieu* in which they will work, and this is one important measure of any community's civilisation.

It does not require the deliberations of a Royal Commission to appreciate that, even if wholesale emigration can be checked and auxiliary workers widely utilised, the technological development of modern medicine requires an increase now of at least 50%, and almost certainly more, in our annual output of medical graduates. Something of this order would be necessary to furnish generally even the not extravagant standards of patient care found in a handful of the best hospitals. It would demand a 50% increase in student intake in 1968 to every medical school that could achieve this with an urgent programme of temporary building, and either creating several new medical schools or doubling the size of the provincial university medical schools where facilities for the training of many more clinical students are immediately available. This would certainly be quicker and cheaper than the building of new medical schools, and in terms of the wide range of medicine and surgery that could be represented it would probably also be more efficient. It is proportionately very much less ambitious than the vast programme of medical-school expansion already vigorously under way in the

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United States—a country not even committed to a comprehensive medical service. The need for immediate action on such lines if the National Health Service is to survive as more than a façade is beyond question. The continuing failure of Government to implement it exerts a deplorable effect on professional morale.

OUR FIRST PRIORITY must be an immediate, radical, and inevitably very expensive improvement in the often scandalous physical conditions in which an increasingly disillusioned and suspicious profession struggles with the problems of teaching and practising modern medicine. The little that has been achieved in this connection since the bright morning of the Health Service eighteen years ago is a terrible commentary on a miserable succession of impotent Ministries and uninterested administrations, and still we look in vain for radical improvements. The plain facts are that between 1950 and 1955 the percentage of the national income devoted to the Health Service steadily *declined* from 4·42% to 3·91%; it was 1963 before it had climbed back to the 1950 level; and only in 1965 did it show a significant rise, to 4·62%. Since these figures cover a period of previously unparalleled development in medicine and its techniques it is unnecessary to emphasise that they imply a serious relative decline. In terms of percentage allocation to medicine of the total national product, the figures are even more revealing. In 1964 the United States devoted 5·9% to this purpose, France and Germany 5·4%, Sweden 4·9%—and Britain 4·1%. At a time when an increase of more than £500 million in annual expenditure would be required to give medicine in socialist Britain the *relative* priority it enjoys under the ruthless capitalism of the United States, the complacency of Mr. Kenneth Robinson's party is an awe-inspiring political phenomenon.

It is the clear duty of the medical profession to present to Government and public the grim and sober truth that without a vast increase in national expenditure on the hospitals, here and now—and far beyond anything so far envisaged even on paper and for an indefinitely receding future—they will progressively run down, and the present inadequate service will shortly give place to one that is frankly third-rate. If the medical profession makes this grave situation crystal-clear to a Government and public that at present seem deaf to such considered warnings, there is little more that it can do. The expansion, development, and revitalisation of British medicine that are urgently needed will be an exacting and exhausting exercise for everybody engaged in it. If, after due consideration of priorities, the nation declares its unwillingness to provide the necessary resources, there will be many who will return with clear consciences to the comfortable cultivation of their professional gardens. The practice of medicine is a fascinating pursuit even in a declining civilisation.

IF GOVERNMENT DEPRIVES the physician of recourse to such individual salvation, and evinces a genuine determination to measure up to the needs—what then?

The radical improvement in the physical environment of medicine that has already been stated as our highest priority must be accompanied first by a strengthening and expansion of our existing academic units. These must become central and not peripheral to the major divisions of the parent hospital, breaking down the wall between full-time and part-time staff and providing academic encouragement, opportunity, and facilities equally to both. This fusion has already been achieved in occasional departments, and has a powerful effect both on morale and on output. Secondly, workers in the basic sciences must be actively involved in every aspect of a curriculum that is in essence clinically centred. Thirdly, academic units must be established in the specialities.

The extent to which such renascent developments will depend on laboratory support implies also the necessity for an energetic and comprehensive programme of training for medical biochemists, immunologists, virologists, and experimental pathologists, some medically qualified, probably more with training in science. Excellent facilities for training these essential workers are already in existence, and their full employment is held up only by financial stringency.

With all this must come a progressive breakdown of the barriers between the various branches of the health service, and an ever-increasing use of Regional Hospital facilities in every aspect of clinical education. It is only by pressing every potentially good and interested teacher of medicine into service that we can achieve the necessary increase in the annual rate of medical graduation that is absolutely imperative unless we are rapidly to become a medically third-class nation.

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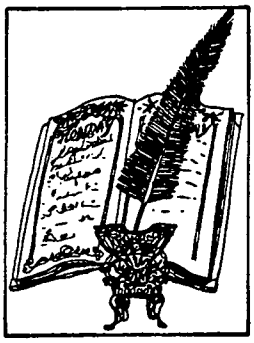

Column

IT SEEMED strange to sit in Claridge's and listen to Gideon Hausner talking about one of the most terrible crimes in history. I have always thought Claridge's the pleasantest hotel I know; surrounded by its comforts, and with drinks to follow, it was more difficult than ever to project oneself into the nightmare world which the name of Eichmann conjures up.

As Attorney-General of Israel, Mr. Hausner was responsible for prosecuting Eichmann; at Claridge's, he was answering questions about his book, *Justice in Jerusalem,* which is an account of Eichmann's trial. One question he was asked was whether the trial, and he himself in his book, had not distorted the truth by "demonising" Eichmann, that is to say, by representing him as the personification of evil rather than a mere subordinate who carried out his orders mechanically and automatically and lacked the imagination to understand what they entailed. The second view of him is of course the one which Eichmann himself would have liked the prosecution to adopt; it has received considerable support from the thesis of "the banality of evil" argued by Miss Hannah Arendt.

The only evidence of any kind which lends colour to the myth is that Eichmann did in fact look like a typical bureaucrat, incapable of any action worse than drafting a minute or registering a document. One is tempted to suppose that Miss Arendt, who after all heard the evidence at the trial, fell a victim to the illusion that wicked men necessarily look wicked and are recognisable on sight. If this were so, the work of the police would be very much easier than it is, and the elaborate legal procedure required to prove Eichmann's guilt would have been unnecessary. But in fact the evil revealed by the trial, and Eichmann's part in it, was the reverse of banal. It was of a kind to freeze one's blood and make one's hair stand on end and even today almost defies belief. Moreover, the trial established beyond doubt that Eichmann was directly responsible both for devising the methods by which it was accomplished and the efficiency with which they were carried out. As Mr. Hausner makes clear in his book, it was no ordinary man who, at a time when Germany was fighting desperately on two fronts and even when the mobilisation of all her resources would not have been sufficient to avert defeat, succeeded in organising, punctually and regularly, the schedule of 200 trains a day required to carry European Jewry to its death in the gas chambers. It was no ordinary lieutenant-colonel either who, when occasion demanded, was prepared to dissent from the decisions of Hitler himself if he thought they interfered with the progress of the "Final Solution."

Eichmann can be said to be the only German commander, for a commander he certainly was, appointed to carry out a unique operation, who successfully achieved the strategic objective which he had been set; it is both ironic and terrible that the only war aim which Germany accomplished was the liquidation of European Jewry. What is astounding is that Eichmann should have been able to bring his mission to a successful end at a moment when the front had collapsed both in the East and the West. "No, I did not have to demonise Eichmann," said Mr. Hausner sadly, "it was not necessary."

It may be pertinent to add here that it is now a commonplace among the more violent critics of the war in Viet Nam to identify American policy with Nazi policy in Occupied Europe. A typical example may be found in a recent article in the *New Statesman* by Mr. Mervyn Jones. "It's distinctly awkward, therefore, when an American friend remarks: 'My boy's with the air force in Viet Nam.' It must have been awkward for a cultured Swede when a German friend said: 'My boy's with the S.S. in Poland.' Paternal anxieties about desperate Viet Cong shooting at helicopters with rifles (read: desperate Jews with knives) make matters worse. . . ." One wonders if such self-appointed experts in the calculus of suffering have ever troubled to find out what really happened at Auschwitz. If not, they should read *Justice in Jerusalem.*

IT IS perhaps natural and inevitable that the tragedy of the European Jews should have inspired many Jews who survived with a sense that the Western allies did rather less than they might have to avert it. At his Press conference Mr. Hausner spoke with admirable self-restraint; but he could not restrain the bitterness and depth of his feelings about the Allies' refusal to respond to Jewish requests that bombing attacks should be carried out on the extermination camps and the elaborate communications network required to supply them with their victims.

During the Eichmann trial, it was revealed, for the first time, that Weizmann had formally requested the Allied governments to bomb Auschwitz. The British Government replied,

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after a two months' delay, that in view of the great technical difficulties involved, the Air Staff was unable to pursue the proposal. Sir Arthur Harris, however, has stated emphatically that Auschwitz was never considered as a target for Bomber Command but that it would have been technically possible to bomb it from bases in Italy.

But even though the operation was technically possible, and the resources were available for it, and though in Jewish opinion it would have saved many Jewish lives, I do not think that Mr. Hausner has the right to imply that the Allies callously abandoned the Jews to their fate. As Professor Trevor-Roper has pointed out, the primary objective of the Allies was to win the war in the shortest possible time, and it was, and still is, a reasonable assumption that this was as much to the interest of the Jews as of anyone else. In pursuing this objective, the Allies made many mistakes, and among them was the misemployment of our heavy bomber force in raids on German cities that served no strategic purpose. But I do not think that the failure to bomb Auschwitz was one of them, and I do not think that, in this respect at least, the Allied governments should be held guilty of a share in the tragedy that was being enacted there.

But I also suspect that Mr. Hausner's bitterness may reflect a misconception, which is shared by many others, about what can, and what cannot, be achieved by the use of air power. He is hardly to be blamed for this because most of the air staffs of the world share it. I have long thought that command of heavy bomber forces has a tendency to have strange effects on those who exercise it, that it fills them with fantasies of superhuman power which the concrete results achieved do little to justify, except in terms of mere destructiveness, and that this very failure to verify exaggerated claims only acts as an additional irritant which makes them believe that only one more and greater effort is required to achieve total success.

I DO NOT KNOW WHY this should be so, unless it is that air power is still a comparatively new weapon and that we still have not learned to understand, not merely its limitations but its capacity for producing the opposite effect from what is intended, as for instance in attacks aimed at the morale of civilian populations. But there is also, I think, some more irrational reason than this, which arises from the illusion of exercising from the air some irresistible, illimitable and magical power over the pigmies who are still tied to the ground below. All airmen should be psycho-analysed before they are entrusted with command of a heavy bomber force.

Certainly all these influences had an effect on Bomber Command during the last war and I have begun to wonder whether they may not have a bearing on American use of air power in Viet Nam; that is to say, whether it is not being used as a magical power which is credited with the capacity to achieve results that cannot be achieved in any other way. It would be difficult to conceive of conditions in which air power could be less advantageously employed than the war in Viet Nam; or of a war in which it would be more difficult to assign bomber forces precise and limited objectives. Indeed, so far as any have been assigned, it would appear that bombing has failed to achieve them. There is no reason whatever to believe that bombing has reduced, much less broken, the Viet Cong's capacity to fight; nor, according to Mr. McNamara has it significantly reduced the flow of men and materials to the south. What then has it, or is it achieving? According to Mr. McNamara, it has raised morale in South Viet Nam, it has increased the cost of infiltration from the North, and it has also increased "the political price paid by the North to continue the campaign." When these are the kind of justifications used for the employment of air power on the scale in which it is being applied in Viet Nam, we can be pretty sure it is being misused; and if this is what "cost-effectiveness" means as applied to military operations, we must begin to regard it as a term in the higher mysticism.

★

THE WIENER LIBRARY, in Devonshire Street, has become almost indispensable to students of contemporary history, and in particular because of the wealth of its material relating to the rise and fall of National Socialism. It also plays an active part in promoting study and understanding of present-day Germany. I recently attended one of a series of seminars which are being held there on this subject; this, the first of the series, was conducted by Hellmut Jaesrich, editor of *Der Monat*, and was devoted to the position of the intellectual in Germany today.

In the course of his opening talk, Dr. Jaesrich called attention to one feature of life in Western Germany which has frequently puzzled me on my visits there. The intellectual tone and climate of the German press, television, radio, is, with very few exceptions, admirably enlightened, liberal, and humane. They have a distinctly radical tendency, not in any commitment to programmatic Socialism, but in the liberal and critical attitude they adopt towards German institutions and towards German political and intellectual life in general. In this respect, no-

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thing in Germany is more different from what it used to be.

It is indeed something to wonder and rejoice at. Yet if one talks to ordinary Germans, in their homes, in the street, in bars, in pubs, one finds that their opinions and attitudes are singularly unaffected by what they read in the newspapers and see and hear on television and radio. It would be unfair to say that they remain the same people as before, because too many things have changed for that, but in their attitudes towards the state, politics, religion, culture they remain overwhelmingly conservative and uncritical; in fact, almost precisely the opposite of what one would guess them to be from the prevailing tone of the German press and television, and equally of contemporary German literature.

Curiously enough, precisely the same point is made by Hannah Arendt in her introduction to *Auschwitz*, an account of the trial at Frankfurt of twenty-two officers employed at the camp. *Auschwitz* is made up of the admirable reports of the trial written by Bernd Naumann for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* during the twenty months that the trial lasted.

The evidence presented to the court at Frankfurt was so appalling that it imposed intolerable strain on everyone, except the defendants and their counsel, who had to listen to it. Naumann's reports are nevertheless admirably objective, restrained, factual; they are a model of what such reporting should be and in publishing them the *F.A.Z.* performed a valuable public service. Yet, according to Dr. Arendt, they and other reports had little effect on their readers. "Exposure for twenty months to the monstrous deeds and the grotesquely unrepentant, aggressive behaviour of the defendants, who more than once almost succeeded in turning the trial into a farce, had no impact on the climate of public opinion, although the proceedings were well covered by German newspapers and radio stations." In this indifference on the part of the German public, she finds a reflection of the contrast, made familiar by Maurras, between *le pays légal* and *le pays réal*, between a country's official constitution and the opinions and behaviour of the people it claims to represent. "Once this difference has widened into a gap," she says, "it constitutes a clear and present danger to the body politic."

I do not agree with Miss Arendt that the trial at Frankfurt had no impact on the climate of German opinion. I am quite sure that it had an impact on the kind of young people I watched as they sat in the public gallery, their faces drawn, intense and horrified, or whom I saw as they crowded into the marvellous exhibition of *Two Thousand Years of Jewish Life in the Rhineland* which was held in neighbouring Cologne while the trial was proceeding. But I do agree with her, and with Dr. Jaesrich, that there is a difference between *le pays légal* and *le pays réal* in West Germany, between opinion as it is voiced in the press and as it is voiced in the home and the street, and that unless it is overcome it may one day constitute a very real danger to the Federal Republic.

R

Hurt

It arrives, like a cuff on the heart,
Then sinks
And moves out like a bruise.

Already the cure is effecting itself
Spreading out in drum throbs
From the pain's centre.
So gradual is atonement.

The imprint fades.
There's no radical change.
Just a colour change—
Diffusing, bruising.
Perhaps the heart has stopped,
The jab was fatal.

Lindy Murray

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The Cerebral Savage

On the Work of Claude Lévi-Strauss — By CLIFFORD GEERTZ

Today I sometimes wonder if I was not attracted to anthropology, however unwittingly, by a structural affinity between the civilisations which are its subject matter and my own thought processes. My intelligence is neolithic.
TRISTES TROPIQUES

WHAT, after all, is one to make of savages? Even now, after three centuries of debate on the matter—whether they are noble, bestial, or even as you and I; whether they reason as we do, are sunk in a demented mysticism, or possessors of higher forms of truth we have in our avarice lost; whether their customs, from cannibalism to matriliny, are mere alternatives, no better and no worse, to our own, or crude precursors of our own now out-moded, or simply passing strange, impenetrable exotica amusing to collect; whether they are bound and we are free, or we are bound and they are free —after all this we still don't know. For the anthropologist, whose profession it is to study other cultures, the puzzle is always with him. His personal relationship to his object of study is, perhaps more than any other scientist, inevitably problematic. Know what he thinks a savage is and you have the key to his work. You know what he thinks he himself is and, knowing what he thinks he himself is, you know in general what sort of thing he is going to say about whatever tribe he happens to be studying. All ethnography is part philosophy, and a good deal of the rest is confession.

PROFESSOR CLIFFORD GEERTZ *is a leading American anthropologist. He lectures at the University of Chicago and is the author of* The Religion of Java *(1960) and editor of* Old Societies and New States *(1963). He contributed a comment on Indonesian problems,* "Are the Javanese Mad?", *to the August 1966* ENCOUNTER.

In the case of Claude Lévi-Strauss, Professor of Social Anthropology in the *Collège de France* and the centre right now of a degree of general attention which men who spend their lives studying far-off peoples do not usually get, sorting out the spiritual elements from the descriptive is particularly difficult. On the other hand, no anthropologist has been more insistent on the fact that the practice of his profession has consisted of a personal quest, driven by a personal vision and directed toward a personal salvation.

> I owe myself to mankind just as much as to knowledge. History, politics, the social and economic universe, the physical world, even the sky, all surround me in concentric circles and I can only escape from those circles in thought if I concede to each of them some part of my being. Like the pebble which marks the surface of the wave with circles as it passes through it, I must throw myself into the water if I am to plumb the depths.

On the other hand, no anthropologist has made greater claims for ethnology as a positive science:

> ... The ultimate goal of the human sciences is not to constitute man but to dissolve him. The critical importance of ethnology is that it represents the first step in a process which includes others. Ethnographic analysis tries to arrive at invariants beyond the empirical diversity of societies.... This initial enterprise opens the way for others... which are incumbent on the natural sciences: the reintegration of culture into nature and generally of life into the whole of its physico-chemical conditions.... One can understand, therefore, why I find in ethnology the principle of all research.

In Lévi-Strauss' work the two faces of anthropology—as a way of going at the world and as a method for uncovering lawful relations among empirical facts—are turned in toward one another so as to force a direct confrontation between them rather than (as is more common

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among ethnologists) out away from one another so as to avoid such a confrontation and the inward stresses which go with it. This accounts both for the power of his work and for its general appeal. It rings with boldness and a kind of reckless candour. But it also accounts for the more intra-professional suspicion that what is presented as High Science may really be an ingenious and somewhat roundabout attempt to defend a metaphysical position, advance an ideological argument, and serve a moral cause.

There is, perhaps, nothing so terribly wrong about this, but, as with Marx, it is well to keep it in mind, lest an attitude toward life be taken for a simple description of it. Every man has a right to create his own savage for his own purposes. Perhaps every man does. But to demonstrate that such a constructed savage corresponds to Australian Aborigines, African Tribesmen, or Brazilian Indians is another matter altogether.

THE SPIRITUAL DIMENSIONS of Lévi-Strauss' encounter with his object of study, what trafficking with savages has meant to him personally, are particularly easy to discover, for he has recorded them with figured eloquence in a work which, though it is very far from being a great anthropology book, or even an especially good one, is surely one of the finest books ever written by an anthropologist: *Tristes Tropiques*.[1] Its design is in the form of the standard legend of the Heroic Quest—the precipitate departure from ancestral shores grown familiar, stultifying, and in some uncertain way menacing (a philosophy post at a provincial *lycée* in Le Brun's France); the journey into another, darker world, a magical realm full of surprises, tests and revelations (the Brazilian jungles of the Cuduveo, Bororo, Nambikwara, and Tupi-Kawahib); and the return, resigned and exhausted, to ordinary existence ("farewell to savages, then, farewell to journeying") with a deepened knowledge of reality and the obligation to communicate what one has learned to those who, less adventurous, have stayed behind. The book is a combination autobiography, traveller's tale, philosophical treatise, ethnographic report, colonial history, and prophetic myth.

> For what, after all, have I learnt from the masters I have listened to, the philosophers I have read, the societies I have investigated and that very Science in which the West takes a pride? Simply a fragmentary lesson or two which, if laid end to end would reconstitute the meditations of [Buddha] at the foot of his tree.

The sea journey was uneventful, a prelude. Reflecting upon it twenty years later he compares his position to that of the classical navigators. They were sailing toward an unknown world, one hardly touched by mankind, a Garden of Eden "spared the agitations of 'history' for some ten or twenty millennia." He was sailing toward a spoiled world, one which these navigators (and the colonists who followed them) had destroyed in their greed, their cultural arrogance, and their rage for progress. Nothing was left of the terrestrial Garden but remnants. Its very nature had been transformed and had become "historical where it once was eternal, and social where it once was metaphysical." Once the traveller found civilisations radically different from his own awaiting him at the end of his journey. Now he finds impoverished imitations of his own, set off here and there by the relics of a discarded past. It is not surprising that he finds Rio disappointing. The proportions are all wrong. Sugar Loaf Mountain is too small, the bay is placed the wrong way round, the tropical moon seems overblown with only shanties and bungalows to set it off. He arrived as a delayed Columbus to make a flattening discovery: "the tropics are not so much exotic as out of date."

ASHORE, THE DESCENT into the depths begins. The plot thickens, grows phantasmagorial and arrives at a denouement wholly unforeseen. There are no Indians in the outskirts of São Paulo as he had been promised in Paris by, of all people, the head of the *École Normale*. Where in 1918 two-thirds of the state was marked on the map as "unexplored territory, inhabited only by Indians," not a single native Indian was left in 1935 when, in search of "a human society reduced to its basic expression," he took up his post as Professor of Sociology in the new university there. The nearest were several hundred miles away on a reservation; but they were not very satisfying. Neither true Indians nor true savages, "they were a perfect example of that social predicament which is becoming ever more widespread in the second half of the 20th century: they were 'former savages,' that is to say [ones] on whom civilisation had been abruptly forced; and, as soon as they were no longer 'a danger to society,' civilisation took no further interest in them...." None the less, the encounter was instructive, as all initiations are, for they disabused him of "the ingenuous and poetical notion of what is in store for us that is common to all novices in anthropology" and so prepared him to confront with more

[1] *Tristes Tropiques* (Paris, 1955) translated minus several chapters into English by John Russell (N.Y., 1964). In the London edition (1961) the title is rendered as *A World on the Wane*.

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objectivity the less "contaminated" Indians with whom he was to have to do later.

There were four groups of these, each a little further into the jungle, a little more untouched, a little more promising of final illumination. (*1*) The Caduveo in the middle Paraguay intrigued him for their body tattoos in whose elaborate designs he thought he could see a formal representation of their aboriginal social organisation, by then largely decayed. (*2*) The Bororo, deeper into the forest, were rather more intact. Their numbers had been radically reduced by disease and exploitation, but they still lived in the old village pattern and struggled to maintain both their clan system and their religion. (*3*) Deeper yet, the childlike Nambikwara were so simple that he could find in their political organisation—a matter of small, constantly reforming nomadic bands led by temporary chiefs—support for Rousseau's theory of the social contract. (*4*) And finally, near the Bolivian border, in "Crusoe country," gnosis appeared at last at hand in the form of the Tupi-Kawahib, who were not only uncontaminated, but, the savant's dream, *unstudied*:

> Nothing is more exciting for an anthropologist than the prospect of being the first white man to penetrate a native community. . . . In my journey I was to re-live the experience of the travellers of old; at the same time I should be faced with that moment, so crucial to modern thought, at which a community, which had thought itself complete, perfected, and self-sufficient, is made to realise that it is nothing of the kind. . . . The counter-revelation in short: the fact that it is not alone in the world, that it is but part of a vast human ensemble, and that to know itself it must first look at the unrecognisable image of itself in that mirror of which one long-forgotten splinter was about to give out, for myself alone, its first and last reflection.

WITH SUCH GREAT EXPECTATIONS it came then as a distinct disappointment that rather than providing a purified vision of primitivity these ultimate savages proved intellectually inaccessible, beyond his grasp. He, quite literally, could not communicate with them.

> I had wanted to pursue "the Primitive" to its furthest point. Surely my wish has been gratified by these delightful people whom no white man had seen before me, and none would ever see again? My journey had been enthralling and, at the end of it, I had come upon "my" savages. But alas—they were all too savage. . . . There they were, all ready to teach me their customs and beliefs and I knew nothing of their language. They were as close to me as an image seen in a looking-glass. I could touch, but not understand them. I had at one and the same time my reward and my punishment, for did not my mistake, and that of my profession, lie in the belief that men are not always men? That some are more deserving of our interest and our attention because there is something astonishing to us in their manners. . . . No sooner are such people known, or guessed at, than their strangeness drops away, and one might as well have stayed in one's own village. Or if, as in the present case, their strangeness remained intact, then it was no good to me, for I could not even begin to analyse it. Between these two extremes, what are the equivocal cases which afford us [anthropologists] the excuses by which we live? Who is, in the end, the one most defrauded by the disquiet we arouse in the reader? Our remarks must be pushed a certain distance if we are to make them intelligible, and yet they must be cut off half-way, since the people whom they astonish are very like those for whom the customs in question are a matter of course. Is it the reader who is deceived by his belief in us? Or ourselves, who have not the right to be satisfied before we have completely dissolved that residuum which gave our vanity its pretext?

At the end of the Quest there waited thus not a revelation but a riddle. The anthropologist seems condemned either to journey among men whom he can understand precisely because his own culture has already contaminated them, covered them with "the filth, *our* filth, that we have thrown in the face of humanity," or among those who, not so contaminated, are for that reason largely unintelligible to him. Either he is a wanderer among true savages (of whom there are precious few left in any case) whose very otherness isolates his life from theirs or he is a nostalgic tourist "hastening in search of a vanished reality . . . an archaeologist of space, trying in vain to repiece together the idea of the exotic with the help of a particle here and a fragment of debris there." Confronted with looking-glass men he can touch but not grasp, and with half-ruined men "pulverised by the development of Western civilisation," Lévi-Strauss compares himself to the Indian in the legend who had been to the world's end and there asked questions of peoples and things and was disappointed in what he heard. "I am the victim of a double infirmity: what I see is an affliction to me; what I do not see a reproach."

MUST THE ANTHROPOLOGIST therefore despair? Are we never to know savages at all? No, because there is another avenue of approach to their world than personal involvement in it—namely, the construction out of the particles and fragments of débris it is still possible to collect (or which have already been collected) of a theoretical model of society which, though it corresponds to none which can be observed in reality will none the less help us towards an understanding of the basic foundations of human

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existence. And this is possible because despite the surface strangeness of primitive men and their societies they are, at a deeper level, a psychological level, not alien at all. The mind of man is, at bottom, everywhere the same: so that what could not be accomplished by a drawing near, by an attempt to enter bodily into the world of particular savage tribes, can be accomplished instead by a standing back, by the development of a general, closed, abstract, formalistic science of thought, a universal grammar of the intellect. It is not by storming the citadels of savage life directly, seeking to penetrate their mental life phenomenologically (a sheer impossibility) that a valid anthropology can be written. It is by intellectually reconstituting the shape of that life out of its filth-covered "archaeological" remains, reconstructing the conceptual systems that, from deep beneath its surface, animated it and gave it form.

What a journey to the heart of darkness could not produce, an immersion in structural linguistics, communication theory, cybernetics and mathematical logic can. Out of the disappointed romanticism of *Tristes Tropiques* arose the exultant sciencism of Lévi-Strauss' other major work, *La Pensée Sauvage* (1962).[2]

La pensée sauvage actually departs from an idea first set forth in *Tristes Tropiques* with respect to the Caduveo and their sociological tattoos: namely, that the totality of a people's customs always forms an ordered whole, a system. The number of these systems is limited. Human societies, like individual human beings, never create out of whole cloth but merely choose certain combinations from a repertory of ideas anteriorly available to them. Stock themes are endlessly arranged and rearranged into different patterns: variant expressions of an underlying ideational structure which it should be possible, given enough ingenuity, to reconstitute. The job of the ethnologist is to describe the surface patterns as best he can, to reconstitute the deeper structures out of which they are built, and to classify those structures, once reconstituted, into an analytical scheme—rather like Mendelyeev's periodic table of the elements. After that "all that would remain for us to do would be to recognise those [structures] which [particular] societies had in fact adopted." Anthropology is only apparently the study of customs, beliefs, or institutions. Fundamentally it is the study of thought.

In *La Pensée Sauvage* this governing notion —that the universe of conceptual tools available to the savage is closed and he must make do with it to build whatever cultural forms he builds—reappears in the guise of what Lévi-Strauss calls "the science of the concrete." Savages build models of reality—of the natural world, of the self, of society. But they do so not as modern scientists do by integrating abstract propositions into a framework of formal theory, sacrificing the vividness of perceived particulars for the explanatory power of generalised conceptual systems, but by ordering perceived particulars into immediately intelligible wholes. The science of the concrete arranges directly-sensed realities—the unmistakable differences between kangaroos and ostriches, the seasonal advance and retreat of flood waters, the progress of the sun or the phases of the moon. These become structural models representing the underlying order of reality as it were analogically. "Savage thought extends its grasp by means of *imagines mundi*. It fashions mental constructions which render the world intelligible to the degree that they contrive to resemble it."

This uncanonical science ("which we prefer to call 'primary' rather than 'primitive' ") puts a philosophy of finitude into practice. The elements of the conceptual world are given, prefabricated as it were, and thinking consists in fiddling with the elements. Savage logic works like a kaleidoscope whose chips can fall into a variety of patterns while remaining unchanged in quantity, form, or colour. The number of patterns producible in this way may be large if the chips are numerous and varied enough, but it is not infinite. The patterns consist in the disposition of the chips *vis-à-vis* one another (*i.e.*, they are a function of the relationships among the chips rather than their individual properties considered separately). And their range of possible transformations is strictly determined by the construction of the kaleidoscope, the inner law which governs its operation. And so it is too with savage thought. Both anecdotal and geometric, it builds coherent structures out of "the odds and ends left over from psychological or historical process."

These odds and ends, the chips of the kaleidoscope, are images drawn from myth, ritual,

[2] An English translation (also not integral) has recently appeared as *The Savage Mind* (London, 1966). However, the translation (mercifully unattributed) is, unlike Russell's sensitive rendering of *Tristes Tropiques*, execrable and I have for the most part made my own English versions rather than quote from it. Lévi-Strauss' collection of essays, *Anthropologie Structurale*, in which many of the themes of his more recent work first appeared, has been translated as *Structural Anthropology* (N.Y., 1963); his *Le Totémisme Aujourd'hui* (1962), a sort of dry run for *La Pensée Sauvage*, as *Totemism* (Boston, 1963).

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magic, and empirical lore. (How, precisely, they have come into being in the first place is one of the points on which Lévi-Strauss is not too explicit, referring to them vaguely as the "residue of events . . . fossil remains of the history of an individual or a society.") Such images are inevitably embodied in larger structures—in myths, ceremonies, folk taxonomies, etc.—for, as in a kaleidoscope, one always sees the chips distributed in *some* pattern, however ill-formed or irregular. But, as in a kaleidoscope, they are detachable from these structures and arrangeable into different ones of a similar sort. Quoting Franz Boas that "it would seem that mythological worlds have been built up, only to be shattered again, and that new worlds were built from the fragments," Lévi-Strauss generalises this permutational view of thinking to savage thought in general. It is all a matter of shuffling discrete (and concrete) images—totem animals, sacred colours, wind directions, sun deities or whatever—so as to produce symbolic structures capable of formulating and communicating objective (which is not to say accurate) analyses of the social and physical worlds.

CONSIDER TOTEMISM. Long regarded as an autonomous, unitary institution, a kind of primitive nature worship to be explained in terms of mechanical theories of one sort or another—evolutionist, functionalist, psycho-analytic, utilitarian—it is for Lévi-Strauss only a special case of this overall tendency to build conceptual schemes out of particular images.

In totemism, a logical parallel is (quite subconsciously) postulated between two series, one natural and one cultural. The order of differences between the terms on one side of the parallel is isomorphic with the order of differences between the terms on the other side. In the simplest case, the apparent physical differences between animal species—bear, eagle, turtle, etc.—are put into correspondence with the sociological differences between social groups —clans *A*, *B*, *C*, and so on. It is not the specific characteristics of bear, eagle, and turtle as such which are critical—fox, rabbit, and crow would have served as well—but the sensible contrast between any pair of them. It is upon this that the savage seizes to represent intellectually to himself and to others the structure of his clan system. When he says that the members of his clan are descended from bear but those of his neighbour's from eagle he is not giving forth with a bit of illiterate biology. He is saying, in a concrete metaphorical way, that the relationship between his clan and his neighbours is analogous to the perceived relationship between species. Considered term by term, totemic beliefs are simply arbitrary. "History" has cast them up and "history" may ultimately destroy them, alter their role, or replace them with others. But seen as an ordered set they become coherent, for they are able then to represent symbolically another sort of set similarly ordered: allied, exogamous, patrilineal clans. And the point is general. The relationship between a symbolic structure and its referent, the basis of its *meaning*, is fundamentally "logical," a coincidence of form—not affective, not historical, not functional. Savage thought is frozen reason and anthropology is, like music and mathematics, "one of the few true vocations."

Or like linguistics. For in language too the constituent units—phonemes, morphemes, words—are, from a semantic point of view, arbitrary. Why the French call a certain kind of animal *"chien"* and the English call it *"dog,"* or why English forms its plurals by adding *"-s"* and Malay forms its by doubling roots are not the sorts of questions linguists—structural linguists, at any rate—any longer consider it profitable to ask except in historical terms. It is only when ordered, by the rules of grammar and syntax, into utterances—strings of speech embodying propositions—that significance emerges and communication is possible. And in language too this guiding order, this *ur*-system of forms in terms of which discrete units are shuffled in such a way as to turn sound into speech, is subconscious. It is a deep structure which a linguist reconstitutes from its surface manifestations. One can become conscious of one's grammatical categories by reading linguistic treatises just as one can become conscious of one's cultural categories by reading ethnological ones. But, as acts, both speaking and behaving are spontaneous performances fed from underground springs. Finally, and most important, linguistic study (and, along with it, information theory and class logic) also defines its basic units, its constituent elements, not in terms of their common properties but their differences; *i.e.*, by contrasting them in pairs. Binary opposition—that dialectical chasm between plus and minus which computer technology has rendered the *lingua franca* of modern science—forms the basis of savage thought as it does of language. And indeed it is this which makes them essentially variant forms of the same thing: communications systems.

WITH THIS DOOR OPEN all things are possible. Not just the logic of totemic classifications but of any classificatory scheme at all—plant taxonomies, personal names, sacred geographies, cosmologies, hair styles among the Omaha Indians, or design motifs on Australian bull-

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roarers—can, *en principe*, be exposed. For they always trace down to an underlying opposition of paired terms—high and low, right and left, peace and war, etc.—expressed in concrete images, palpable concepts, "beyond which it is, for intrinsic reasons, both useless and impossible to go." Further, once certain of these schemas, or structures are determined, they can then be related to one another—*i.e.*, reduced to a more general, and "deeper" structure embracing them both. They are shown to be mutually derivable from each other by logical operations —inversion, transposition, substitution: all sorts of systematic permutations—just as one transforms an English sentence into the dots and dashes of Morse code or turns a mathematical expression into its complement by changing all the signs. One can even move between different levels of social reality—the exchange of women in marriage, the exchange of gifts in trade, the exchange of symbols in ritual—by demonstrating that the logical structures of these various institutions are, when considered as communication schemes, isomorphic.

Some of these essays in "socio-logic" are, like the analysis of totemism, persuasive and enlightening as far as they go. (In as much as any metaphysical content or affective aura these beliefs may have is vigorously excluded from attention, this is not really so very far.) Others, like the attempt to show that totemism and caste are capable ("by means of a very simple transformation") of being reduced to variant expressions of the same general underlying structure are at least intriguing if not precisely convincing. And others, like the attempts to show that the different ways in which horses, dogs, birds and cattle are named form a coherent three-dimensional system of complementary images cross-cut by relations of inverted symmetry, are triumphs of self-parody. They are exercises in "depth interpretation" far-fetched enough to make even a psycho-analyst blush. It is all terribly ingenious. If a model of society which is "eternal and universal" can be built up out of the débris of dead and dying societies —a model which reflects not time, nor place, nor circumstance but (this from *Totemism*) "a direct expression of the structure of the mind (and behind the mind, probably of the brain)" —then this may well be the way to build it.

FOR WHAT Lévi-Strauss has made for himself is an infernal culture machine. It annuls history, reduces sentiment to a shadow of the intellect, and replaces the particular minds of particular savages in particular jungles with the Savage Mind immanent in us all. It has made it possible for him to circumvent the impasse to which his Brazilian expedition led —physical closeness and intellectual distance— by what perhaps he always really wanted—intellectual closeness and physical distance. "I stood out against the new tendencies in metaphysical thinking which were then [*i.e.*, in 1934] beginning to take shape," he wrote in *Tristes Tropiques*, explaining his dissatisfaction with academic philosophy and his turn towards anthropology.

> Phenomenology I found unacceptable, in so far as it postulated a continuity between experience and reality. That one enveloped and explained the other I was quite willing to agree, but I had learnt... that there is no continuity in the passage between the two and that to reach reality we must first repudiate experience, even though we may later reintegrate it into an objective synthesis in which sentimentality plays no part.
>
> As for the trend of thought which was to find fulfilment in existentialism, it seemed to me to be the exact opposite of true thought, by reason of its indulgent attitude toward the illusions of subjectivity. To promote private preoccupations to the rank of philosophical problems is dangerous ... excusable as an element in teaching procedure, but perilous in the extreme if it leads the philosopher to turn his back on his mission. That mission (he holds it only until science is strong enough to take over from philosophy) is to understand Being in relation to itself, and not in relation to oneself.

The High Science of *La Pensée Sauvage* and the Heroic Quest of *Tristes Tropiques* are, at base, but "very simple transformations" of one another. They are variant expressions of the same deep underlying structure: the universal rationalism of the French Enlightenment. For all the apostrophes to structural linguistics, information theory, class logic, cybernetics, game theory, and other advanced doctrines, it is not de Saussure, or Shannon, or Boole, or Weiner, or von Neumann who is Lévi-Strauss' real *guru* (nor, despite the ritual invocation of them for dramatic effect, Marx or Buddha)—but Rousseau!

> Rousseau is our master and our brother.... For there is only one way in which we can escape the contradiction inherent in the notion of the position of the anthropologist, and that is by reformulating, on our own account, the intellectual procedures which allowed Rousseau to move forward from the ruins left by the *Discours sur l'Origine de l'Inégalité* to the ample design of the *Social Contract*, of which Emile reveals the secret. He it is who showed us how, after we have destroyed every existing order, we can still discover the principles which allow us to erect a new order in their stead.

LIKE ROUSSEAU, Lévi-Strauss' search is not after all for men, whom he doesn't much care for,

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but for Man, with whom he is enthralled. It is, as much in *La Pensée Sauvage* as in *Tristes Tropiques*, the jewel in the lotus he is after. The "unshakable basis of human society" is not really social at all but psychological—a rational, universal, eternal, and thus (in the great tradition of French moralism) virtuous mind.

Rousseau ("of all the *philosophes* the nearest to being an anthropologist") demonstrates the method by which the paradox of the anthropological traveller—who comes either too late to find savagery or too early to appreciate it—can at last be solved. We must, as he did, develop the ability to penetrate the savage mind by employing (to provide Lévi-Strauss with what he perhaps least needs, another *expression*) what might be called epistemological empathy. The bridge between our world and that of our subjects (extinct, opaque, or merely tattered) lies not in personal confrontation—which, so far as it occurs, corrupts both them and us. It lies in a kind of experimental mind-reading. And Rousseau, "trying on [himself] modes of thought taken from elsewhere or merely imagined" (in order to demonstrate "that every human mind is a locus of virtual experience where what goes on in the minds of men, however remote they may be, can be investigated"), was the first to undertake it. One understands the thought of savages neither by mere introspection nor by mere observation, but by attempting to think as they think and with their materials. What one needs, aside from obsessively detailed ethnography, is a neolithic intelligence.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CONCLUSIONS which for Lévi-Strauss follow from this postulate—that savages can only be understood by re-enacting their thought processes with the débris of their cultures—add up, in turn, to a technically reconditioned version of Rousseauian moralism.

Savage ("wild," "undomesticated") modes of thought are primary in human mentality. They are what we all have in common. The civilised ("tamed," "domesticated") thought patterns of modern science and scholarship are specialised productions of our own society. They are secondary, derived and, though not unuseful, artificial. Although these primary modes of thought (and thus the foundations of human social life) are "undomesticated" like the "wild pansy"—that spectacularly untranslatable pun which gives *La Pensée Sauvage* its title—they are essentially intellectual, rational, logical, not emotional, instinctive, or mystical. The best—but in no sense perfect—time for man was the neolithic (*i.e.*, post-agricultural, pre-urban) age: what Rousseau (who, contrary to the usual stereotype of him, was not a primitivist) called *société naissante*. For it was then that this mentality flourished, producing, out of its "science of the concrete," those arts of civilisation—agriculture, animal husbandry, pottery, weaving, food conservation and preparation, etc.—which still provide the foundations of our existence.

IT WOULD HAVE been better for man had he kept to this "middle ground between the indolence of the primitive state and the questing activity to which we are prompted by our *amour propre*"—instead of abandoning it, by some unhappy chance, for the restless ambitiousness, the pride and egoism, of mechanical civilisation. But he *has* left it. The task of social reform consists in turning us again towards that middle state, not by drawing us back into the neolithic but by presenting us with compelling reminders of its human achievements, its sociological grace, so as to draw us forward into a rational future where its ideals—the balancing of self-regard with general sympathy—will be even more fully realised. And it is a scientifically enriched anthropology ("legitimising the principles of savage thought and restoring them to their rightful place") which is the appropriate agency of such reform. Progress towards humanness—that gradual unfolding of the higher intellectual faculties Rousseau called *perfectibilité*—was destroyed by cultural parochialism, armed with a half-grown science. Cultural universalism, armed with a mature science, will once more set it in motion.

> If [the human] race has so far concentrated on one task, and one alone—that of building a society in which Man can live—then the sources of strength on which our remote ancestors drew are present also in ourselves. All the stakes are still on the board, and we can take them up at any time we please. Whatever was done, and done badly, can be begun all over again: "The golden age [wrote Rousseau] which blind superstition situated behind or ahead of us is *in us*." Human brotherhood acquires a palpable significance when we find our image of it confirmed in the poorest of tribes, and when that tribe offers us an experience which, when joined with many hundreds of others, has a lesson to teach us.

But perhaps more interesting than this modernised profession of a classical faith in (to use Hooker's phrase) "the perpetual and general voice of men" is what the fate of such an attempt to set King Reason back upon his throne in the guise of the Cerebral Savage will be in today's world. However much it is set round with symbolic logic, matrix algebra, or structural linguistics, can we—after all that has happened since 1762—still believe in the sovereignty of the intellect?

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After a century-and-a-half of investigations into the depths of human consciousness which have uncovered vested interests, infantile emotions, or a chaos of animal appetites, we now have one which finds there the pure light of natural wisdom that shines in all alike. It will doubtless be greeted, in some quarters, with a degree of welcome, not to say relief. Yet that such an investigation should have been launched from an anthropological base seems distinctly surprising. For anthropologists are forever being tempted—as Lévi-Strauss himself once was—out of libraries and lecture halls, where it is hard to remember that the mind of man is no dry light, into "the field," where it is impossible to forget it. Even if there are not many "true savages" out there any more there are enough vividly peculiar human individuals around to make any doctrine of man which sees him as the bearer of changeless truths of reason—an "original logic" proceeding from "the structure of the mind"—seem merely quaint, an academic curiosity.

That Lévi-Strauss should have been able to transmute the romantic passion of *Tristes Tropiques* into the hyper-modern intellectualism of *La Pensée Sauvage* is surely a startling achievement. But there remain the questions one cannot help but ask. Is this transmutation science or alchemy? Is the "very simple transformation" which produced a general theory out of a personal disappointment real or a sleight-of-hand? Is it a genuine demolition of the walls which seem to separate mind from mind by showing that the walls are surface structures only, or is it an elaborately disguised evasion necessitated by a failure to breach them when they were directly encountered? Is Lévi-Strauss writing, as he seems to be claiming in the confident pages of *La Pensée Sauvage*, a prolegomena to all future anthropology? Or is he, like some uprooted neolithic intelligence cast away on a reservation, shuffling the débris of old traditions in a vain attempt to revivify a primitive faith whose moral beauty is still apparent but from which both relevance and credibility have long since departed?

The Dirtypot Decider

In my mind there's a Dirtypot Decider.
It comes from science fiction and the 21st century—
If you feed in a plus it comes out a minus;
When a digital computer really pulls its finger out
You get something of the same effect.
I use it on art and unsympathetic people,
It's like crossing onself when one passes a nun in the street.
It combats black magic; it's a total negation.

It keeps me incommunicate, and silent at meetings,
Makes me a silent drinker and a laugher at nothings.
Prevents me joining in when the fun is other people's,
Gives me adventure stories to read, garbles fashion,
Plays curious tricks with time; so I find myself saying
"Do you remember the Beatles?
But that was thirty years ago!" It's no respecter
Of places either. China already has India,
Holiday resorts march backwards
And the debs are crowding the seafront at Clacton.
Prophetic, really. On art
Its workings are never so certain.
It hasn't yet made up its mind
About *Caro nome*

Gavin Ewart

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POETRY

On Evtushenko

By Andrei Sinyavsky

IN THE APRIL 1965 number of *Yunost'* [*Youth*] Evgeni Evtushenko published a long poem. It is a work at once summary and programmatic for his own art. It seeks to communicate the experience of the modern age and to connect this with the experience of the past, with Russian history. A panorama unfolds of varied human destinies and ordeals, of labour and struggle. As the author's foreword states, what holds it together is the dispute between two themes: "unbelief," comprised in the soliloquies of an Egyptian pyramid—and "faith," expressed in those of a hydro-electric station and through figures, episodes, and lyrical meditations connected with its building. We have before us the outlines of a vast monumental scheme, and indeed the scale of Evtushenko's poem clearly exceeds that normal for poems today, just as outwardly it aims to match the structure that gave it life and a name —Bratsk Hydro-electric Station.[1]

Evtushenko explains in his foreword: "Perhaps this isn't a poem, merely my thoughts given unity by the dispute of the two themes." We shall not cavil. After thirty and then even forty digressions in Andrei Voznesensky's *The Triangular Pear*, we are used to the freest compositions. We shall not look for absolute orderliness in the subject, or for purity of the genre. Digressions and monologues—even when they fill up the whole poem—can be interesting and poetically justified. We shall seize the occasion of so responsible a work appearing, offered as it is to us by Evtushenko in his unconstrained conversation with the reader; and we shall join in this and try—even if digressions are needed—not to restrict ourselves to the estimate of this poem, but to touch on some general problems that his work sets before modern poetry.

The first is Evtushenko himself. He enjoys an extraordinary success with a wide, mainly youthful audience. Even those reserved or sceptical about his verse (among them frankly the present writer) must own that the poet's fame at home and abroad, perhaps the most bruited of recent times, has a real foundation. It cannot be put down to a fleeting fashion or to the reader's undemandingness or ignorance of better things.

Evtushenko owes his popularity first of all to himself, to the very vivid native qualities of his character and talent. These enable him for good or ill to hold sway over contemporary minds in a certain circle. To some degree he can fill the gap left in poetry by the departure of Mayakovsky. After a long interval he has given back to us the sense of a lyrical *biography*, unfolding before our eyes in a series of poems bound together by one subject, the personality and life of the poet. In different circumstances and in his own personal style he has approached what Pasternak called "the idea of a poet's biography as spectacle."[2] This at the start of the century Blok demonstrated with genius; afterwards it was realised variously in the verse of Mayakovsky, Esenin, and Tsvetaeva. Despite all the differences of principle in the way it was interpreted individually, the essence of the "idea of spectacle" lies in this: the poet does not merely compose verses, but as it were lives in them for the public to see. With a generous lack

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A note by the translator, Henry Gifford, appears on p. 96.

[1] In the Irkutsk region, where Evtushenko was born.

[2] *Safe Conduct*, III, xi.

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of restraint he puts before his contemporaries and posterity the course of his life. It becomes a fascinating novel in verse[3] with a vividly expressed hero—the poet—in the centre. The gesture inviting to a spectacle, festive and tragic (*"I do not hide from you, look at me,"* Blok; *"People to come! Whoever you are,/Here am I, all ache and bruise,"* Mayakovsky); an extreme candour in telling about oneself; the aspiration to put oneself so fully into the verse that we almost feel the hero physically, admire him, suffer on his behalf and involuntarily see him as one with the author's own personality (though in fact they don't fully coincide)—all this Evtushenko has taken over for himself, directly or indirectly, from his great predecessors.

WITHOUT COMPARING the differences of endowment one may trace a profound unlikeness in the very conception of personality and its fate, the biography. Evtushenko, prone though he is to self-display, lacks the stamp of an exclusive personality, the idea of a vocation, of a great and terrible fate. These impart to the poet's destiny something providential and not to be withstood, and at the same time allow him to develop his own biography like a legend, in which the personal life is raised to a unique saga, half real, half contrived, and performed day by day before an astonished public. Set beside the titans, hyperbolicals, maximalists that the poets of the circle mentioned were, Evtushenko's hero looks like an ordinary man. His attractive features and lofty ideals don't prevent him from being "like everyone else," and from most often taking up the role of "a decent lad"—interesting, good, bold, but not at all one of the elect. He is far from that mythmaking about one's own personality that so attracted not only Blok or Tsvetaeva, but also Esenin and Mayakovsky, and far from their spiritual storms and messianic pretensions. All the same Evtushenko like them introduces into his poetry credible details of his own life and *milieu*; he tells of his birth, and where he lives, whom he has met and whom he loves; he tells us about his appearance and character—and he thereby sustains in his verse the illusion of *acquaintance* with a living man—Evgeni or better still Zhenya[4] Evtushenko. ("Let them read on and on and say to me simply 'Zhenya,' and you know that's splendid.") He is "one of ourselves" if only because he hides nothing and because one knows *precisely* that he is none other than *Zhenya* going with his *Galya* to the sea on "The Muscovite."

Here then, in the wide display of what is distinct and actual in his personality and life, lies the secret of Evtushenko. He has created the atmosphere of personal fascination most of all by presenting himself to us and making us acquainted with him in his own person, and not in the quality of some faceless "positive hero." For this confidence, friendliness, and sociability people have come to like him. If even on the street a man walks up, asks you for a light and suddenly grasps your hand saying "Vasya"—that is enough for you to take him to your heart. You walk on, recalling with a smile, that there is in the world one Vasya, who now goes on his way. Life may be lonely and difficult for him too, just as at the present moment. . . . So Evtushenko has entered our consciousness as a known person, who further embodies in his character, mimicry, and intonation substantial traits of a generation that has seen in its midst no prophets apart from this "lad like ourselves," about whom you say at once that he is genuine and tells the truth.

ALL THIS WHEN COMPARED with his more demanding and self-confident predecessors ("Alexander Sergeyevich, allow me to present myself. Mayakovsky"; "So says according to the bible the prophet Esenin, Sergey") must be described as a change, if not a shrinking, of the tradition. We accord our unconditional belief to the confused and frenzied utterances of Esenin:

So that for all my grievous sins,
My unbelief in grace,
They should put me in a Russian shirt
Under the icons to die—

Because all this has been felt painfully and it has a real weight, it sounds majestic. And here, seemingly like Esenin in his disorder and outlandishness, but with an incomparably milder and easier demand, you feel in Evtushenko an affectation, a groundless pretence:

Russian nature
before you
in your wisdom,
How pitiful am I
with my everlasting hurry.
Not by scurrying,
by fuss all the time,
You subdue
by mighty slowness . . .
When my time comes,
don't feel sad,
Part with me simply,
not grieving.
I shall not die!
You, Russian nature,
Take my Russian nature to yourself.

The dissolution he wants in slow-paced Russian nature does not connect with the poet's own "nature," in its perpetual hurry and fuss. On the other hand Esenin's very sins are induced by a

[3] Pushkin's description of *Eugene Onegin*.
[4] *Zhenya* is of course the diminutive of *Evgeni*.

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passionate thirst for atonement, and show like grievous wounds on the body of a fallen hero who has not overcome his tempestuous, titanic nature. (Such mutilations are significant in themselves and speak of strength, or righteousness: "But if devils have nested in the soul—this means that angels lived there.")

OBVIOUSLY there must be some kind of pyramid, a hierarchy of values, according to which one man's good does not suit another, and what is permissible in an emperor sounds pretentious on the lips of an ordinary mortal. Evtushenko doesn't generally claim an imperial role; to be precise, he is less self-confident than Mayakovsky or Esenin; but for that very reason, in his modest role of "the simple lad," he sometimes behaves without modesty or tact and seems like an upstart who has forgotten his place. The hypertrophy of the ego is paid for in the one instance by a cross, a burden, a destiny; it is motivated by the scale of the legend that has been formed and the tragedy lived through. When the situation is not motivated, it becomes ordinary self-love.

On a spring night think of me
And on a summer night think of me,
On an autumn night think of me
And on a winter night think of me.

Be anxious for me,
Passionately, deeply.
Don't stand to one side
When I feel lonely.
With empty zeal
Don't catch me out in pettiness.
For all my "afterwards"
Love my "now."

These lines are dedicated to the poet's beloved and his friends. There shows through them a certain demanding attitude towards both love and friendship (not friends but admirers are treated in this way). They are all obliged to think about and remember *me*, because *I* need it, *I* want it; and not because my ego is vast and universal, lifted to a pedestal of unparalleled passion and torment.

Of course this was not deliberate. But if one is making broad literary comparisons it may be remarked that he simplifies and lowers the high tradition of Blok's love lyric, when for example he misinterprets the "fidelity/betrayal" theme (*"Again to love her in heaven and betray her on earth"*) in quite commonplace terms:

On their knees I lay my head,
But not to them—
to you I belong.

It is a different matter with the tradition of Mayakovsky's civic poetry. This Evtushenko has inherited and continues: he is one of the most keenly actual poets of the new generation and eagerly takes up the role of tribune. Civic feelings largely dictated "Bratsk Hydro-electric Station" too, which has a special chapter in honour of Mayakovsky, who serves the author as an example of steadfastness, nobility, and revolutionary purity.

But the emotive verse of Mayakovsky, when it is not supported from within by a personality of the same charge and calibre, sounds often on his lips rather bare and pat and declamatory. It passes easily into mere publicist's work (which happens to many poets who imitate Mayakovsky). On the other hand Evtushenko even in the role of fighter, tribune, agitator represents something different, a weaker variant of the civic. Less forceful than Mayakovsky, who always went headlong to his goal, allowing no circumlocutions or misunderstandings, Evtushenko has to resort to devious manoeuvres, ambush, and camouflage. (*"We contrived to get orders and do it all the other way round."*) He has even elaborated his own special "battle strategy." For him the poet "retreats to attack," manoeuvres, lures, dissembles.

In moving artillery,
baggage train,
flag
He is guided by a mighty hand.
Let them suppose that on the right flank
He has concentrated his troops.
But he,
he knows,
that on the left
From dawn waiting for the trumpeter
Ready for battle is
the cavalry behind the wood,
Their nostrils quivering with joy.

Clearly things have changed and grown more complex since the time when he made no secret of the flank on which he concentrated (*"Who steps right there? Left! Left! Left!"*). In those days the attack was all out and frontal: he "deployed on parade" his troops. It is hard to reproach Evtushenko for the change, yet one cannot fail to notice with chagrin that his combative temperament, boldness, implacability towards "the scum," in the oddest way co-exist with compliance and adroitness. All his complicated "battle strategy" suddenly turns out to be a quite simple adjustment to the situation. He manoeuvres so skilfully that you may admire his unexpected fencing sallies, but you can't feel prepared to follow him with much confidence. He is capable of leading you goodness knows where and for the sake of the next manoeuvre dropping you in mid-course.

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EVTUSHENKO himself realises fully the compliance and half-measures of his civic muse. Accordingly the highest "strategic" considerations with which he justifies himself now and then give place to other avowals: *"Sometimes I'm not exactly afraid, but still not very bold"*; *"I was between wax and metal."* He feels himself the poet of a time of transition, a poet still incomplete and not fully consistent; and so welcomes the coming artist who will realise his noble intentions, and fulfil what he has not dared to embark on:

And where I dropped the pen:
"Not worth it"—
He will say:
"Worth it!"
and take up the pen.

In his poem "Bratsk Hydro-electric Station" even Stenka Razin[5] repents at his death: *"I resisted—half; I should have to the hilt...."* The self-appraisal fits Evtushenko better than Razin.

At the same time these reproaches against him are better grounded than his self-praise. By not making himself into a walking paragon, but by very often confessing his weaknesses and deficiencies, the poet strengthens our sense of contact with a living man who for all his simplicity isn't so simple and is far from naïve. Most of all, these confessions tell that he is capable of doubt and self-analysis which allow him to take a straight look at the tangle of actuality, to reflect on his own unsure position in the world and thus to step aside from his self of yesterday, to rise above himself and to reveal certain potentialities. This psychological basis underlies a number of Evtushenko's best poems, for example, "Boots" in the past, and more recently some verses under the general title of "A Trip to the North" (published in the New Year number of the journal *Znamya* [*Banner*]). In the last cycle there sounds insistently the theme of revaluation of his own past, and mistrust of himself disputes with hope for the future:

And shall I really, crushed by my own icefloes,
Cracking at the seams, and fighting the ice,
Spit evil, turn round, surrender,
Worn out, not having broken through to myself?

That life threw me
Was the merest lie,
There was no cry "All hands on deck,"
Only a pretence of it.

But at times covertly
Some devil keeps repeating

There will be a shout of "Look out!"...
There will be the final bang.

The sailor's singlet thirsts for squalls.
May they come more quickly
My force twelve—
My twelve trumps.

But so far no cry "Look out!",
And the wind has not risen...
I stroll about, half cabin boy
And half admiral.

Evtushenko is a poet of still undefined possibilities, who frequently reappraises what he has done in poetry and life. He snatches at everything and is prepared to refuse everything so as to face a new chance, try himself in a new arena and lastly take the road to his "real self" which is still only just getting ready to live. More than ten years ago he expressed the fear: *"Shall I not really come to anything, not really result?"* And he is still anxious on that score, as though in all his books he were still trying to find his form. This gives his work the stamp of haste, instability, diffuseness. He writes a lot, eagerly and often carelessly, without much depth, as though he wants to overtake somebody—most likely himself, who still hasn't "resulted."

BUT THOSE VERY qualities in him which made one feel the living development with all its conflicts of a human personality appealed strongly to the young. They too stand half-way on the road to themselves, are also in a hurry to live and don't know what will be the result. They doubt, choose, reappraise; they seek, find, and do not find themselves. With Evtushenko the process has been rather extended and it has taken sharper forms. Perhaps this was partly due to certain specific moments in his life as a writer, with applause and censure coming by turns. An uncommon measure of good luck has combined with an official half-recognition to form in the poet the habit of always trying to attain something, of justifying himself for something or other.... Perhaps that is why his sincere "anxiety about himself" (*"Character is knit together from one's first anxiety about oneself"*) at times suddenly smacks of frivolity. The desire to "seem" overmasters the thirst to "be"; the agitation over "What am I like?" is interrupted by concern over "How do I look?"; the problem of the poet's fate is reduced to the trivial success of winning. Evtushenko will at times so insistently discuss in his verse whether his last appearance before the public has brought him victory or defeat, he will so openly seek praise and applause (or the abuse that is their equivalent) that the central theme in his art—the formation of a character—is suddenly shifted on to another plane—the author's pro-

[5] Seventeenth-century Cossack rebel, according to Pushkin "the one poetical character in Russian history."

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motion in the literary arena. The question "Do I come off? or not?" begins to take on the gambler's tone: "Will it work out or not? shall I be in or out of luck?"

We won't reproach the poet for vanity. Who doesn't like success? Who hasn't dreamed of nothing in fact depends—a *disrespectful* attitude to oneself as a lottery ticket, which may win if the number turns up, but on which nothing in fact depends—a *disrespectful* attitude to one's own personality, which can by this one gesture erase all the fine monologues about faith in mankind the master of its own fate.

In the light of such moods all life seems an endless merry-go-round, and the poet whirls round like a squirrel in a wheel, impatiently waiting for his chance. But there stand over against it other motifs in Evtushenko's work which have lately strengthened: dissatisfaction with himself, the desire to break out of the enchanted circle, to rest, draw breath and reflect.... These are the particular motifs that mark "A Trip to the North" mentioned above, the most mature and significant work in our view that he has so far written. The experiences here told are perhaps grievous and contradictory, but they can promote a profounder view of things. They testify to a growth of exactingness in the poet and leave the impression that the everlasting hurry and fuss have for a time gone from him, giving place to serious thoughts about life and himself.

Come now, orator! come now, prophet!
You are at a loss, soaked through, shivering.
The bullets are over. Your voice is hoarse.
The rain puts out your little fire.
But don't fret, that the shame brings on tears.
There are so many things to consider seriously.
So much time.... "Long cries,"
That's what they call the passage.

THE NOTES of dissatisfaction with himself and his surroundings, the endeavour to review the familiar, stale round of occupations and habits, are to be heard clearly in "Bratsk Hydro-electric Station," written in the main somewhat earlier. These new needs have significantly prompted its appearance: the poet wishes to waste no more time on trivialities, gliding over the surface, but renounces certain prevalent sins of his own—and others'—past.

My rivals, let's reject flattery
And the deceptive honour of abuse.
Let us meditate on our fates.
All of us have the same
Sickness of soul.
Superficiality is the name.
Superficiality. You are worse than blindness.
You are able to see, but don't want to see.
Perhaps you are from illiteracy?
Or perhaps from the fear of pulling up the roots
Of the trees under which you grew,
Putting no stake in their place?
Isn't our *reason for hurrying,*
When we take the top layer off only half a yard deep,
That we've forgotten our manhood and are scared
By the very task—of penetrating the heart of a thing?
Let's hurry. . . . Giving no more than a half answer,
We shall carry superficiality like a treasured secret,
Not from cold calculation—O no,
But from the instinct of self-preservation.
Then comes the failing of powers
And unfitness for flight and struggle,
And with the feathers of our domestic wings
Scoundrels' pillows have long been stuffed.

It is put rather diffusely, but the essential truth holds. We share profoundly his concern about the pressure of superficial thoughts, of hasty decisions, half-answers, half-truths. This has a very real bearing upon things happening today, about which Evtushenko writes, and upon his own career. One would wish to take the words quoted (in their positive sense, naturally) as the author's own rule by which to judge his poem. But first we have to admit that it is needed by us not only for the sake of precision in critical analysis, which must observe the set "rules of the game," respect the laws and principles which the artist held to. It is also needed as a precaution: so as not to put one's foot in it.

Evtushenko is easy for the reader and hard for the critic. He knows how to please, ingratiate, evoke sympathy. He is the first to criticise himself so harshly as to give any critic a hundred points bonus. It becomes awkward for any other person to take up this work after him. Seemingly the author understands it all perfectly, knows everything about himself, so what remains to be done? Meanwhile, though acknowledging and putting forward wholly just demands, Evtushenko is far from consistent in applying them. His poetic thought often develops tortuously; it turns half-way and leaps from subject to subject; it evades answering the question put to it. And although his poems are not difficult to understand, it is difficult to seize their inward essence which has a way of changing so to speak as the play continues. Perhaps the conditions that formed him have taught the poet pliancy. Perhaps his character has not finally taken shape and so he easily loses the road he has chosen, carried away by fresh ideas and impressions. Or perhaps lastly the historical vocation of Evtushenko is to remove from actuality for the present only the "top

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layer." However it may be, as you follow the logic of his art, sometimes you are astonished at his skill in touching the acute and painful questions of our time without stating them profoundly. He has the knack of meditating on everything in the world but not speaking to the point about anything. He can sincerely proclaim one thing and then just as sincerely do something entirely different. This isn't habitual with him, but it can happen, and it does in "Bratsk Hydro-electric Station."

Having established our common malaise—superficiality—and expressed his firm intention of overcoming it, Evtushenko then wrote his most superficial work. His most superficial because in design, scale, grasp of actuality it aims at something immeasurably larger than say a separate lyric, a cycle of lyrics, or simply a long poem, and accordingly one demands more from it. His most superficial again, because the author has violated his own precept—one which is extremely important for him and for us all, and which we cherish—almost as soon as he had uttered it. Apparently he never noticed his loss. How did it happen?

LET US RETURN to that splendid tirade exposing superficiality which we quoted above. Let us read it attentively and notice how Evtushenko develops the theme and what remedies he prescribes:

Let each one go into life with this vow
To help that which has a necessity to flower,
And to take revenge, not forgetting this,
On everything that deserves vengeance!
Let this vengeance not be for vengeance's sake,
But vengeance like struggle incarnate,
In the name of justice and of honour,
In the name of affirming the good.
Through fear of vengeance we shall not take revenge.
The very possibility of vengeance ebbs away,
And the instinct of self-preservation
Does not preserve us but kills.
Superficiality is a murderer not a friend,
A malady that pretends to be health,
Entangling in the nets of seduction . . .
Squandering the spirit on particulars,
Let us run away from generalisations.

The globe loses force in the void,
Leaving generalisations for afterwards.
And perhaps its helplessness
Is the ungeneralisability of human fates
In the perception of the age, which is clear and simple?

Comparing this excerpt with the one before we see how the thought that pushed there grows thin and dries up here, how the aphorisms grow trivial and the language inexpressive. The verse simply marks time. It hasn't the strength to overcome flaccid thoughts about the need for doing what must be done, and not doing what must not. "*Vengeance like struggle incarnate,*" "*Through fear of vengeance we shall not take revenge*"—are *these* the revelations we expected from the poet who has joined battle with superficiality and suddenly turned back in the middle of a phrase? What is the point of repeating these bald words ("vengeance," "honour," "justice," "vengeance," "the good," "take revenge") or is it a game of words, pulling around ideas so that eventually one problem is replaced by another? The author jumps off on to generalisations about the general ungeneralisability, glides along the surface of his utterances which are perhaps ("And perhaps. . . .") effective but have no bearing on what has gone before.

Evtushenko is fond of the ambiguous pairing of words which creates the appearance of dialectical contradiction, the complexity of life, and poetical profundity: "*I make my career by not making it*"; "*I am astonished—to be astonished at nothing*"; "*But it became easy for me and simple, though it wasn't simple, wasn't easy*"; "*She did not love me, and yet love me she did*"; "*We did not understand that it was all over/If only because it was all beginning.*" Such turns and sophistries may succeed in a particular context, but they have long since become Evtushenko's trade-mark. Most often they are unpleasing because in their quite primitive way they produce an illusion of significance.

In Evtushenko's new poem the role of traitor falls to the smart phrase about the "ungeneralisability" of the world. And from this appears to flow the necessity for making artistic "generalisations" which promise to save us from the hurry and fuss of superficiality (as though rhymes between words guaranteed a connection between things). Actually the announcement made at the beginning that we shall have a really deep interpretation of life is not fulfilled. It has been crushed by the false profundity of a "large-scale form," by the grandeur of the subject, the perspective for creating something epochal, universal, drawing some world-historical conclusion. "*The poet, undismayed, makes up the total of all that was before him,*" affirms Evtushenko with remarkable ease. But it happens that this promise conflicts with the other and excludes and destroys it—"*to penetrate the heart of a thing,*" Spreading the operation of making up totals over thousands of kilometres, over decades and centuries, "Bratsk Hydro-electric Station" suffers from shapelessness and verbosity. (To read it straight through is frankly wearisome.) It sins by its hasty attempts to speak "about everything," "*taking the top layer off only half a yard deep.*" Though interesting in separate episodes and sketches, the general

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impression it leaves is that the author, not wanting to spend his substance in the small change of particularities, has converted it to "generalisations" which are only full of significance outwardly, but usually rest on the surface.

Such is in the first place the generalisation basic to the poem—the dispute of Bratsk Hydro-electric Station with the Egyptian Pyramid. Throughout, the Pyramid dully harps on its lack of faith in life. It most boringly preaches the moral of cynical disbelief. The Power Station is fool enough to object hotly, bringing forward in defence of faith the appropriate illustrations from history and our own time. This determines the shape of the work. Ignoring for the present what these "examples from life" (each forming separate chapters) amount to, let us remark that Evtushenko's symbolism appears strained. Every poet has the right to understand in his own way images of the past. Yet the treatment of the Pyramid disgusted us. A great architectural wonder, based on a faith remote from our life, enigmatic, but deep and strong, with an extraordinary firm and integral conception of the world; a symbol for various cultures up to our own day, of immortality, creative power, monumental grandeur—gets assigned to it the most complete nihilistic programme. Whoever else may have, the Pyramids did not suffer from scepticism. The unity of their style, the harmony of detail in idea and composition, creating a grand whole, shows that they knew what they were about. To be precise, we maintain in defence of their honour that Evtushenko lacks precisely what made the glory of the Pyramids and what is needed for any Cyclopean work in the art of yesterday or today—a firm monolithic foundation, deep thought, artistic unity.

HAVING THE Bratsk Power Station before his eyes as ideal and scene, Evtushenko approached the task somewhat theoretically and preferred the quantitative method. His various observations, memories, associations from the trip to Siberia are generalised and summed up by monotonously stringing them on to the central idea of the work, the essence of which is "you must believe" whatever the difficulties. This idea worthy in itself is so often insinuated and repeated that it breeds what is called "a bad infinity." It imparts a single stereotype pattern to the vast material gathered here, of which one is particularly aware in the little historical chapters written like paragraphs in a school textbook. The Decembrists, the Petrashevtsy, Chernyshevsky, Khalturin[6] are shown as martyrs to this faith—all in the same character and all set out "in order" as befits a school programme.

"Shall I be able to? I haven't enough culture. . . . A smattering promises no prophecies. . . ." Evtushenko expresses, when beginning his poem, a serious alarm, in order at once to cast it aside with resolution: *"But the spirit of Russia hovers over me/And bids me boldly make the attempt."* However, the main difficulty in our view arises not so much from lack of culture as from an excess of education which the author displays at every opportunity, as if he had determined to put into his poem all he had ever heard, seen, read or studied in Russian history and world art. The abundance of cultural and historical references, names, discoveries and concealed quotations from Radishchev to Vinokurov, from the archpriest Avvakum to Okudzhava[7] is called upon to give a broad poetical horizon. In fact it favours that superficial survey which is too often presented in "Bratsk Hydro-electric Station."

These cultural and historical references are brought into the text of the poem so cursorily and in phrases so ordinary, known to us all by heart from childhood, that for all their variety they assume the character of the indispensable inventory which today no man of the least education can do without. But the artist can, of course, possessing besides the "general baggage" his own exclusive interests and addictions. No sooner does Pushkin appear among the Decembrists than, as in a bad film, he *"raises his arm in trembling pain"* and recites *"Have courage and take heed, arise—fallen bond-slaves!"* Nekrasov naturally reminds us how *"the Volga boatmen walk along under the tow-rope."* Dostoevsky facing execution sees how *"Rogozhin weeps and storms, Myshkin cannot keep still"* and *"Alyosha Karamazov roams a quiet monk."* Chernyshevsky is caught from the well-known anthology illustration recording the moment when somebody has thrown flowers to him on the scaffold,[8] *etc.* Such associations are ready to hand and act automatically: as one says in daily life, "Oh well, it worked."

Wishing to show the high intellectual level of the people who built the power station, Evtushenko, alongside the popular names,

[6] The Decembrists rose unsuccessfully in 1825; the Petrashevtsy were a socialist circle to which Dostoevsky belonged; he was arrested with its other members in 1849. Stepan Khalturin—a celebrated nineteenth-century terrorist.

[7] A. N. Radishchev, celebrated opponent of serfdom, author of *A Journey from Petersburg to Moscow* (1790). Evgeni Vinokurov, a young Soviet poet. Avvakum—seventeenth-century resistant to Church reform. Bulat Okudzhava—popular café poet of today.

[8] At his "civil execution" (1864) before going into exile.

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introduces some rarer more *recherché* ones: Scriabin, Fellini, Saint-Exupéry. . . . The builders tell:

I see in the taiga the gardens of Gauguin,
And Cézanne's dark blue stacks.
There gleam to me amid the oxy-acetylene spray
The blue girls of Degas.
Forgive me the fantasy,
But when the blizzard howls
All in snow, Rodin's Thinker
Sits on the edge of the dam . . .
. . . Sharing all our ordeals
Tolstoy walked in the furious snow,
Dostoevsky was tormented, never still,
Gorky wandered with a baby in his arms.

So between the commas in each verse, sometimes with a line for each person, we get the whole "kit" necessary for the young man today who wants to join in art.[9] About the variety of aesthetic tastes and cultural interests our young people have, which he has caught well as a sign of the times, there is no need to argue. Unfortunately in Evtushenko's voluble speech this variety has no weight, and merely to say that it is the heroes of the poem, not the author, who think and speak like this, doesn't alter the stylistic confusion which fully accords with the author's own taste.

There gleam to me amid the oxy-acetylene spray
The blue girls of Degas—

this formula often serves to order Evtushenko's images and to connect his words and themes. Superficially it is very fine and fashionable, with some claim to precision and measure. You might call it a proletarian production formula —but it cries out to heaven about the poetic eclecticism to which Evtushenko subscribes in his new poem.

He isn't alone in this. We come now and again on attempts to join together what may not be joined and, speaking crudely, to marry Andrei Rublyov[10] with radar, in the work of Voznesensky. He has swung round more sharply to formal innovation than Evtushenko. In the visual arts the same tendency may be noted in the work of Ilya Glazunov. Recently this caused a sensation among youthful connoisseurs of painting. They failed to perceive the tastelessness of his showy counterfeits of the old Russian icon crossed with the method of Käthe Kollwitz, Ioganson,[11] and the Kukryniksy.[12]

Perhaps such eclecticism comes from accepting too readily (though superficially) two different sets of ideas, which in principle are wholly legitimate and fruitful. First we all know only too well that art develops on the basis of a classical tradition. But again in modern art, especially with the younger school of artists, there is a legitimate aspiration to enlarge and renew the tradition. However, in practice when it is hurried (one recalls "our reason for hurrying") the combination of these tendencies can breed inconceivable hybrids, like the cross between a dachshund and a collie. Supposing, for example, a poet has been content so far with the tradition of Demyan Bedny,[13] but now this will no longer do. So without losing his old orientation he "enriches" Bedny with Bryusov.[14] Each of these authors deserves to have followers, but the mixing of style leads to something monstrous.

In his introduction to "Bratsk Hydroelectric Station," as was the rule with the devout masters of the Middle Ages, Evtushenko pronounces "a prayer before the poem." He turns for help simultaneously to seven Russian poets—Pushkin, Lermontov, Nekrasov, Blok, Pasternak, Esenin, and Mayakovsky. In passing he gives a rapid characterisation of each, paraphrasing in his own fashion their winged utterances. Mostly this appears as cheap cliché, sometimes as parody. Aspiring to disclose in two words what is specific about each, Evtushenko for instance paraphrases the well-known line from Esenin's poem "To Kachalov's Dog":

Give, Jim, for luck your paw to me . . .

as

Esenin, give for luck your tenderness to me . . .

The worst part is that the pupil who so respectfully wants to imitate all that is most valuable in his great teachers, doesn't stop to think how it will suit his poem. "Bratsk Hydro-electric Station" is, of course, big and has room for everyone. But it is hard to suppose that in the new poetic alloy Pushkin's "melodiousness" (all these definitions are Evtushenko's and represent the "gifts" he asks of the classics) would harmonise with the "inelegance" of Nekrasov, the "mistiness" of Blok, the "four-squareness" of Mayakovsky, the "tenderness" of Esenin, and the "venom" of Lermontov. If these poets really gave him such mutually exclusive qualities, it would be a disaster and his structure would im-

[9] Only the blue stacks seem to belong not to Cézanne but to Claude Monet. [*Note by Sinyavsky.*]
[10] Most famous of Russian icon painters (late XIV–early XV c.).
[11] Soviet realist painter.
[12] Well-known cartoonists.
[13] Proletarian poet of the Stalin era.
[14] Leader of the Symbolists, at the end of his life an accepted Soviet poet.

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mediately collapse. There remains another road which Evtushenko follows in practice: to take a little from each classic—a little "mistiness," "four-squaredness," "melodiousness," etc. You get a neutral style, unexplosive, without the brilliant features it had with the original donors, moderately eclectic, sometimes peculiar. Did it need such earnest praying for?

Obviously we should not confuse the artistic heritage in a wide sense of the term with the tasks of individual artists. If we all, society, literature, finally readers, aspire to take the best in world culture and seek a variety of tastes and styles, this by no means signifies that a specific author in a specific work is bound to appropriate directly all these traditions and to display them clearly. Evtushenko may have been embarrassed by the large scale of his proposed work. This may have impelled him to turn to such numerous supporters, but it makes no difference. Dante's one guide was Virgil. Who was Pushkin's in *Eugene Onegin*, Tolstoy's in *War and Peace*? The whole of culture, presumably; no single person.

We have dwelt thus on the "prayer before the poem" because unfortunately it is typical of widespread notions today as to how masterpieces are created. One would wish to set against it a prayer of another kind made by an exacting artist before his work. It was written by Kipling—a judge who may not have much authority with us. But in questions of the psychology of art, the creation of unique aesthetic values, he was an expert. Kipling's poem "Evarra and his Gods" tells about Evarra *"maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea"* who represents all artists, to whatever country and culture they belong. Thus every time, in each new life of his, he solves his problem differently. Depending on the place and time in which he lived Evarra now makes his God out of gold and pearl, now hews it from the rude stone, now carves himself an idol from wood with hair of moss and a straw crown, and lastly moulds it from mire and horns. Each time on his work he sets the proud inscription:

Thus Gods are made,
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.

Then in his next incarnation having forgotten the past he will trace afresh the same immutable law which serves him for the creation of a quite different image:

Yet at the last he came to Paradise,
And found his own four Gods, and that he wrote;
And marvelled, being very near to God,
What oaf on earth had made his toil God's law,
Till God said mocking: "Mock not. These be thine."
Then cried Evarra: "I have sinned!" "Not so.
If thou hadst written otherwise, thy Gods
Had rested in the mountain and the mine,
And I were poorer by four wondrous Gods,
And thy more wondrous laws, Evarra. Thine,
Servant of shouting crowds and lowing kine!"

The moral of this tale is that the artist in the process of creation should not be omnivorous, but impatient rather of anyone else's performance, and convinced about the absolute rightness of his individual course. It is not that he can't in principle value other people's works or show breadth of view and taste. Like any man he may have access to a very wide variety of things. But with regard to himself he knows for sure that he can work only in the one way, and that his own version is unshakable, his stylistic system, tradition, and aesthetic true and unique: "Thus Gods are made." We know many instances of one genius being unjust to another: Tolstoy abused Shakespeare, Gorky at one time wasn't well disposed towards Mayakovsky, Mayakovsky attacked the Arts Theatre. They are all dear to us and we often feel bewildered by the unexpected narrowness and prejudice of such judgments. We forget that the splendid variety of the works we love came about only because each one of them wanted not to be like the next one. Therefore in its obstinate singularity at times it was deaf to a foreign method of artistic perception. Of course there is no need artificially to create such conflicts, but indirectly they bear witness once again to the fact that in the field of art victory goes generally to the fanatics of their own idea, their own style.

"Bratsk hydro-electric station" has much to say about faith and steadfastness. But it is too little steadfast in style and taste. Sometimes the text wavers, attuning itself to the theme of a well-known song or a familiar quotation; and heavy didactic bits fall out of the living tissue of the verse which is bound up with pictures of the real world. Evtushenko has long since formed his direct link with actuality, he has a keen eye for details of daily life, and an ear not spoilt by lack of faith in familiar homely speech. Accordingly, when he forgets to make grand literary summations and simply writes about the life around him, everything becomes normal enough.

And again I absorbed, falling on the steering wheel,
Into my insatiable eyes
Palaces of culture.
Tearooms.
Barracks.

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Regional committees.
Churches.
And car inspection posts.
Factories.
Peasant huts.
Slogans.
Birch trees.
Crack of jets in the sky.
Vibration of sledges.
Silences.
Overgrown statuettes
Of dairymaids, pioneers, miners.
Crones' eyes, looking like ikons.
Broad seats of peasant women.
Children's jumble.
Artificial limbs.
Oil derricks.
Slag heaps
Like the breasts of recumbent giantesses.
Men drove tractors.
Sawed.
Clocked in, then hurried to the bench.
Dropped into the pits.
Drank beer,
Scattering salt round the brim.
Women worked as cooks.
Laundered.
Darned, getting all done in a moment.
They housepainted.
Stood in queues.
Pounded the earth.
Hauled cement.

No philosophical conclusions are attempted here—simply a list of features of the country and our time; and it has more love and wisdom than the strained efforts that follow to "interpret" and "generalise" what he has seen (*"And looking into the big-starred night, ahead,/I thought that great illuminations/Were fastened into saving links."*) Here everything is appropriate and natural, unless perhaps the old women's eyes "looking like icons" (a familiar cliché). But in "the big-starred night" full of meditation, beside the "big-bottomed peasant women" (and how on earth did he contrive to set the words side by side?)[15] you have a compulsory assortment. In the same way the customer may be landed with unsaleable goods and to the packet of porridge oats you wanted they add as a kind of tax some quite superfluous tinned pike in tomato sauce.

The best parts and chapters of the poem are written like scenes taken from nature and the characters come straight from actuality. Here the poet appears not in his usual position of leading actor, but is himself a spectator and listener. He has realised the intention expressed earlier in the lines "to overhear everyone at once, to spy on everything at once." From the art of lyrical biography he shifts his ground to metamorphoses. Of this too he wrote in a recent poem (*"I must be from duty and love/Trees, tramways, people"*) and this is realised extensively through the poem.

And yet because of the wide range and Evtushenko's eagerness to render "everything at once" we seem in parts to have read even the best bits before or to have seen them at the cinema. Thus it happens that in a recent film *The Chairman* we have already met Evtushenko's chairman and the dramatic experiences that fall to his lot:

"Give us your plan" they drummed from the centre.
The telephone rang itself crazy
And the hands vainly pressed
The dried-up udders of the cows....
He took an old photo of Lenin,
And for hours looked and smoked,
And seemed to be asking something
And talking to him about something.

On the screen too we have encountered something like the wish expressed by Evtushenko at the grave of the rank-and-file workman:

Among the wide-pawed pines
Let the whole people follow the coffin,
And removing their hats in silence
May the government follow it.

These quotations are not given to establish the sources of Evtushenko's images. It is merely to show that in spite of their concreteness, their liveliness and credibility, his images live sometimes in a secondary reflected light. One cannot be positive that a particular film or book served as the intermediary link, but readers of the poem are bound to remember a Polish film, *The Passenger*, when for instance the poem tells the tragic story of love in a German concentration camp and a harrowing scene follows:

Elsewhere you can see what the poet has tacked on to his truthful stories about life when he exploits pathetic tones and touching gestures, too much calculated for emotive effect. Hence the abundance of tears shed in the poem, hence the theatrical parting words of the old woman:

And the sign of the cross is made over the excavators
And over us—for all time—
By that lean, gnarled
Peasant hand....

Presumably this gesture was needed to bring together loose ends and for a logical bridge to another chapter near the beginning, where the young Lenin is depicted in similar company. But these bridges in the poem (no small number) are too contrived. And further the episode with the drunk peasant woman whom Lenin

[15] The Russian words are *zvezdastaya, zadastost'*.

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lifts out of the mud, symbolising the future rebirth of Russia, sounds here extremely sentimental and false.

THERE CAN BE no doubt that in this poem Evtushenko had a go at solving very serious problems of the past and present. In such a field of activity he naturally could not solve everything at the proper level. It is sometimes said that a writer has no obligation to "solve" anything. He need only "pose" the questions of the time leaving the answers to his generation, to society and history. However this view needs one qualification: to "pose" questions means more than to name them, hint at something serious, and then pass serenely on as if merely to mention it were the last word on the subject. Perhaps a writer had better not touch at all those aspects of life about which for whatever reasons he cannot say more than others have said. Isn't a meditative "narrowness" better than a superficial "breadth"? Are there not times when a conscious limitation of theme and material may bring a more concentrated approach to actuality, and achieve more than a glance over the whole surface of things?

Such disagreeable thoughts come to mind when Evtushenko in his poem touches on what is perhaps the sorest and most "accursed" question of our recent past, and tries to cope with the theme of the concentration camps. He had better have left it alone. Without claiming to know how he should have written on this, one need have no hesitation in saying *not* anyway as it appears in the text. Probably he aimed to exalt the unyielding faith of those who suffered innocently under Stalin. So he took the well-tried and easy way of celebrating their workers' enthusiasm, as if it were scarcely material where, why, and in what conditions it had to be shown. And so, regardless of his own wishes, the concentration camps become a bastion of our military and industrial might, almost a pledge of victory, and the people who perished there a kind of communist labour brigade, which sounds altogether blasphemous:

Roundabout stood the escort watching,
And you did not realise, Comrade Stalin,
That, far from your prison convoy,
We, the politicals you had numbered,
Went through seas and through rivers
And reached Berlin with the army.

Still remaining an "enemy of the people,"
I built a hydro-electric station on the Volga not letting up.
They hid us from foreign eyes.
And we beat records. We didn't give a damn
That they never photographed or drew us
Or wrote sketches about us.

Too facile and illusory is the solution of the problem connected with this, that of the "fathers" and "children," seductive as it may seem at first glance. The "children" would not dare to betray the honourable "fathers" who had faith and toiled heroically even in the camps.

But remember the other fathers—who knocked,
Who locked us up or were basely silent,
Don't forget fathers like these.
Spit on their threats or caresses!
Go, my lad, clean as a commissar,
With the truth of your fathers against the scoundrels!

The expression is telling and bold, but the thought shallow. Put the question a shade more profoundly and the proposed separation of the "fathers" into honourable believers and base unbelievers will appear a fiction. Were there not, pray, among the "other fathers," who "knocked and locked us up," people of the most sincere faith? Does this aspect of things exhaust the tragedy that was lived through?

THE IDEA of "faith," round which turn the majority of episodes in the poem, might well in conclusion be equipped and supplemented with another. Evtushenko himself has expressed it, and in his verses it sounds as a kind of invitation from the new poetry to the younger generation: "Let us think."

Let us think. We are all to blame
For the annoyingness of large enough details—
For empty verses, countless quotations,
Standard conclusions to speeches....

We do not want to live as the wind may blow.
We shall understand our wherefores.
Greatness calls. Let us think.
Let us be equal to it.

Together with other appealing qualities in our author, this invitation, expressing the spirit of the time and becoming in fact the motto of a good deal of thought in modern literature, has enabled Evtushenko of late years more than once to perform the role of sharp-shooter or choir-leader. It has not happened in this poem. Here he falls short of his own demands, and is concerned with developing his theme in breadth when he ought to have gone deep, thought it out, penetrated to the essence. *"Yes, into the heights and the depths—and both at once!"* he proclaims in the poem. As always he has understood what ought to be done, but has not accomplished the task he recognised and turns away from it. We can only support the poet in his challenge: *"Yes, into the heights and the depths! . . ."* Yes, indeed, there is no other way.

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MUSIC

Remembering Toscanini

By Hugo Burghauser

BEFORE the *Missa Solemnis*, Toscanini conducted in Vienna the Verdi *Requiem*, which was important for very special and sensational reasons. After his very first appearances in Vienna, in the fall of 1933, he was—on my initiative as chairman of the Vienna Philharmonic—invited to appear for the first time at the festival in Salzburg in August 1934. Two weeks before he was to arrive, Chancellor Dollfuss was murdered. Naturally all the foreigners left Salzburg; and in spite of the fact that Mussolini saved Austria politically, it was like after an earthquake, and everbody was in fear and despair. And then Toscanini—contrary to all expectations, and keeping his word courageously—did appear and conduct at the Salzburg Festival the two Philharmonic concerts which repeated the programmes he had conducted in Vienna in '33. Because of this connection of the Philharmonic with Toscanini, the government of Austria asked me to ask him if he would conduct the Verdi *Requiem Mass* for the murdered Chancellor. To this—again to our surprise—Toscanini readily consented. And so in the fall of 1934—two years before Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*—Toscanini conducted Verdi's *Requiem* in Vienna. With his great reverence for Verdi it meant a great deal to him that he conducted it on the very same spot, in the Vienna State Opera, on which Verdi himself had conducted it 60 years before. Only, Toscanini conducted out of piety for the murdered Chancellor—which proved again how strongly Toscanini felt: he shunned official politics; but this was a political act against Fascist Germany and a Fascist murder. That obviously was his attitude and his reason for conducting the *Requiem*.

And when he conducted Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in '36, again politics got involved and made difficulties. We had engaged a great basso—I forget whom—from Germany; but on the very day before the first rehearsal he was forbidden by the Third Reich to come to Vienna. We were at that time with Toscanini in Budapest for a concert; and when I heard by telephone that our German basso was forbidden to come to Vienna, I arranged with Alexander Kipnis, who was then the leading basso in Vienna, to be ready. When Toscanini first heard there was no basso, he realised there might be no *Missa Solemnis*; but when we both came from the airplane after the flight from Budapest Toscanini couldn't believe his eyes: there with my secretary was his trusted basso

SEVERAL YEARS AGO *a musician who had played in the NBC Symphony with Toscanini observed that all the books about Toscanini had been written by outsiders, and that there was need of the book by the insiders—the musicians who actually rehearsed and played with Toscanini—that would provide future generations with an authoritative statement of what his greatness was. This led me to interview a number of those musicians, whose statements, recorded on tape, I rearranged in coherent progressions as monologues. One of these musicians was Hugo Burghauser, chairman of the Vienna Philharmonic during the several years that Toscanini conducted it in Vienna and Salzburg. Not only could he speak about what he experienced with Toscanini in those years, but as a member of the orchestra for fifteen years before that, he could place this experience in the context of his experience with Nikisch, Weingartner, Richard Strauss, Furtwängler, and Bruno Walter.*

From Alexander Kipnis I had got the impression that the performance of Beethoven's Missa Solemnis *in which he sang in 1936 was Toscanini's very first performance with the Vienna Philharmonic. I said something about this to Burghauser; and he began by correcting that wrong impression.*

B. H. HAGGIN

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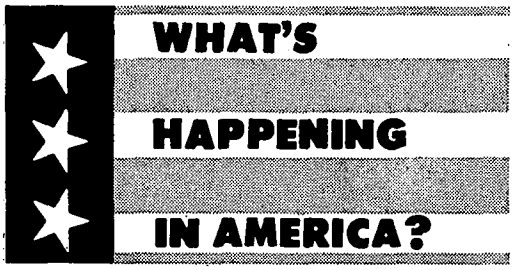
Kipnis, ready for the rehearsal, which was to take place immediately.

It was in 1933 that Toscanini consented for the first time to conduct the Vienna Philharmonic. It happened that I was then the newly-elected chairman of the orchestra; and Toscanini accepted my invitation. As a result there was a collaboration of five seasons in Vienna and Salzburg. Just last week, on the occasion of my seventieth birthday, the Vienna Philharmonic wrote me a congratulatory letter, in which they said that in connection with their wishes for my birthday they must mention that after 120 years of the orchestra's existence—from Nicolai to Hans Richter, Karl Muck, Mahler, Nikisch (I played in the Vienna Philharmonic with Nikisch 50 years ago: I was then, after the First World War, a newly engaged member, and had the great advantage of playing with this great man when he made his last appearances with the Vienna Philharmonic two years before his death)—looking back, in historical perspective, they could now say this was the greatest, the real climax of the historical achievement of *any* European orchestra, but especially of the Vienna Philharmonic: to have had Toscanini those five consecutive years. I had the initiative, and very big luck. Napoleon, when he promoted an officer from colonel to general, always asked the question, "And does he have luck?" And I can say that I, as a sort of general of the Vienna Philharmonic, did have the most important, absolutely essential, mystical gift of luck. Over several decades Toscanini had been invited to Vienna, but had never accepted. He came once with La Scala for two evenings, and with the New York Philharmonic, and that was wonderful, but it was not what we wanted. We wanted him to lead *us*, if possible in a continuing and growing activity. And it so happened that he accepted my invitation—which was sheer luck, though I did put in just a little diplomacy too, which my predecessors may not have done. In my letter to Toscanini, I added that we as musicians realised his high standards and his inexorable demands. As we were not only the Vienna Philharmonic but also the State Opera orchestra, we had duties—rehearsals during the day, performances in the evening—which might, from his viewpoint and also in reality, limit our ability to rehearse with him. Therefore, since whatever programme he would choose—and he always chose chiefly what we call the Vienna *klassische Schule*: Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms (and of course, his beloved Debussy and Verdi)—would be such an enormous task for him and for us, I made a suggestion. If there was not enough time during the day, we were ready, after every evening performance, to have rehearsals with



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him after midnight as long and as arduous as he wanted. I suppose such a suggestion had never been made to him. Later when I got to know him very well, I learned that such an appeal had psychologically overwhelmed him. When he saw such an ardent desire, such a zeal —it was a sacrifice, after all, for people who played opera every night till eleven or twelve o'clock, to be then ready to rehearse with him —then he was willing to come. This little piece of psychological diplomacy—and of course I meant it seriously: after all it was our word, and it would have to be kept—played a great role in Toscanini's decision: "This time I am willing...."

WHEN HE ARRIVED, his first programme was Beethoven's Seventh, the Brahms-Haydn Variations, his most beloved Mozart *Haffner* Symphony, and the *Meistersinger* Prelude. I said: "Well, Maestro, we have four, five mornings, and of course nights." Toscanini, smiling as he looked at the programme, said: "*Ma—per* Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart, *credo* we will not need more than possibly three, four sittings?" "All right, Maestro, we start. Whatever you want." After the first rehearsal (of Beethoven and Brahms) he said: "All right—not more than two more." And when he finished the second rehearsal, he said: "That's all we need"; and there was no third rehearsal. Although I had known the orchestra more than 20 years—15 years as a member, and many more as a young student—I never had lived through such superhuman concentration as at these rehearsals. It was a breathtaking experience. Toscanini was by then 66 years old—almost a mythical figure, I would say quite a bit mellowed, contrary to his awe-inspiring reputation, and with the utmost simplicity. And the orchestra, in my time from Nikisch to Richard Strauss—who was an extraordinary, not sufficiently recognised, grandiose conductor, one of the greatest, but so self-effacing in appearance that in spite of the greatest effect people were not aware how great a conductor he was—so, the orchestra, which had been day in, day out with Strauss, Weingartner, Bruno Walter, by then also Klemperer, with this ensemble of the greatest talent of the world, still unsurpassed in spite of all the Karajans!—the orchestra, with Toscanini, realised this was the climax of every musician's experience. Not only because he was superior to other conductors—which was taken for granted; but because he made us *superior to ourselves*—which was the phenomenon that was practically unexplainable. This I call magic; and you can call it Indian fakir or hypnosis or telepathy or what you will—but a phenomenon unheard of and unexperienced. And besides that, the effect with the old Beethoven Seventh, which every one of us knew in his sleep, and with the Brahms and the Mozart, was that they were *as newly created for us*. This was the greatest surprise; and it remained so for five years. And yet, while everybody was transported to some higher sphere, at the same time Toscanini was in educational method a sort of martinet of a country teacher—severe, inexorable, overlooking nothing, to the point of pedantry, yet with geniality.

FROM THEN on it was every year a matter of about a dozen concerts. Opera we played with him only in Salzburg; but in 1936 when Bruno Walter took over as artistic director of the Vienna State Opera after Felix Weingartner (who was quite a great man in his time), Toscanini, as a gesture to his friend Walter, opened the season by conducting in Vienna a few performances of *Fidelio*—with Lotte Lehmann, and the set from Salzburg. His first operas in Salzburg in '35 were *Fidelio* and *Falstaff*. He had said, "All right, *Fidelio*—but only on condition that I also do *Falstaff*." Now he would conduct *Falstaff* with an Italian ensemble, which was never done in Salzburg even with Mozart, whose operas were mostly written originally in Italian, and it was unheard of that in a German town like Salzburg, 3 miles from the border of the Third Reich, an Italian should come—an anti-Fascist, who had publicly declared, "I make war on Mussolini, and I throw Bayreuth in the teeth of Hitler,"—and should establish there the first Italian performance of *Falstaff*. There were objections and difficulties; but it was done, and of course done beautifully. And so *Fidelio* was done also, and was transplanted to the Vienna State Opera a year later, when Toscanini opened the season in September 1936 as a courtesy to Bruno Walter.

He was also very often a listening guest in Vienna. Whenever he was going to conduct an opera in Salzburg—say *Magic Flute*, or *Meistersinger*—he listened before in Vienna to get acquainted with the style of the performance. Of course it turned out that he did it quite different. Though we all believed ours was the highest standard, *his* standard made us realise afterwards ours was not so high. Fifteen or twenty years later, in his house in Riverdale-on-Hudson, somebody played for him a recording made from the broadcast of his *Meistersinger* in Salzburg. It was by no means a perfect recording (there was never a regular recording of the performance), but when he heard the second act he was touched in just the same way as when he conducted it in Salzburg. He had said, then, "It's a heavenly dream." And now,

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when he heard it so many years later, he was moved to tears—this man who was not addicted to sentimentality. Such was the power of his own conducting, and for all of us also.

How did he achieve what he did, and how did he differ from others? Speaking as a very old professional, a craftsman, I will say that Toscanini was able to *project* whatever was in the score and in his mind. The *conceptions* of great interpretation, of what it should be, can quite often be found in fine artistic minds. But to *project* such ideas into the orchestra *unmistakably*, by technical means that are absolutely convincing—which Toscanini did—this is the sort of miracle which I can explain in part only as a result of a real capability of telepathic communication. And in fact he rarely used words to communicate what he wanted. Of course he exhibited the best conducting technique, an unfailing ear, gesture and facial expression which made so clear the intention of any dynamic nuance, that you knew—without his saying a word—that it meant not *piano* but *pianissimo*, not *forte* but *mezzo-forte*. This was perhaps, in the working situation, his greatest ability: to show unmistakably, unfailingly, even to a musician of medium calibre, what is going to happen. And he had another almost unheard-of ability, which some of the *best* conductors did *not* possess. When he was conducting, especially in a performance, in a medium tempo (say, an *Allegretto* or an *Andante*), about half a bar before the occurrence of a detail in the music you saw already on his face and in his gesture what he was coming to and would want. This was extraordinary: the parallel conducting of what was going on now and what was coming the next moment, so that the musician felt he was being guided through the polyphonic complexity of the music like Theseus led by Ariadne's thread through the labyrinth. It was almost like the clairvoyance of a seer. And again it was communication not with words.

TOSCANINI WAS IN FACT a poor linguist. Though he knew of course by heart the words of all Wagner's works, he wasn't able to pronounce one German word correctly. After years of intimate acquaintance he still could not pronounce my name, Burghauser, but said something like "BurgAAHser"; and he could not say *"Meistersinger,"* which he conducted in heavenly manner, but said *"MashtersINNger."* Yet when a Hungarian chorus from Budapest sang with us (after Kodaly's *Psalmus Hungaricus*) Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in German, and began to sing

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not *"Freude! Freude!"* but, being Hungarian, pronounced it *"Freide! Freide!"*, Toscanini at once interrupted and shouted, "Not *'Freide!'* It is *'Freude!'*" So, although he was himself not able to speak correctly in another language, he was aware of every wrong nuance in pronunciation. And, of course, again the psychological effect. A foreign-speaking chorus, standing here in Vienna and singing Beethoven's Ninth—and there is an Italian maestro who can only shout and curse in Italian, but who is all of a sudden a master in German diction! This creates such concentration and awe that people achieve beyond their usual capacity—not because they want to, but because they are elevated spiritually.

And another thing about Toscanini, in which he was different from others. Suppose a conductor makes a mistake—say, when he is conducting variations, and by mistake jumps from the second variation to the fourth—which can happen. When he gives the downbeat or the upbeat for the fourth variation, then probably out of a hundred musicians ten or perhaps twenty will begin with him this wrong variation. But Toscanini happened to conduct with us *Pictures at an Exhibition* by Mussorgsky-Ravel in Budapest, after we had produced it in Vienna; and it happened that he started—instead of *Tuileries—Bydlo*. I say "started": I mean he gave the downbeat for *Bydlo*. And a phenomenon occurred which not one of us, and hardly Toscanini himself, ever experienced: *not one musician started to play*. It was ghost-like, a little like a nightmare. Toscanini conducted in the air, and not a sound occurred. Toscanini, for a tenth of a second, was flabbergasted and stone-faced: how come nobody plays? But in another tenth of a second he realised that instead of *Tuileries* he had conducted the beginning of *Bydlo*, which was very different in dynamic character. With an almost undiscernible nod, he gave the right dynamic sign for the beginning of *Tuileries*, and then the orchestra, most harmoniously, as if nothing had happened, started to play. Afterwards he said, "This is the greatest compliment an orchestra can pay me. *I* made a mistake, and the orchestra at once realises I am wrong." Why? Because his *Zeichengebung*, his gesture for communication and conducting, is so unmistakable in its one possible meaning that you cannot take it as meaning anything else. And you say: "Sorry, he's mistaken, I don't play." But that a ***hundred people*** should have this immediate mental contact—this happened with no other conductor in my fifty years of playing. Conductors make mistakes; but the orchestra usually goes with the conductor into the mistake; and of course they get out of the mess; but it is never entirely avoided. With Toscanini it was avoided—because of the magical power of this man. It is not enough to explain it technically—to say his downbeat for *Bydlo* was clearly different from his downbeat for *Tuileries*. Because if another conductor gave this clearly wrong downbeat, ten or twenty musicians would make the wrong entrance. Consider that among the hundred people playing, a number were tired, or not too bright, even if they were good technicians; how could you expect them to be alert like seers? Yet on that evening in Budapest everyone was, and that is what I call surpassing themselves.

Of course, usually conductors don't produce such miracles. When Nikisch or Furtwängler, or Bruno Walter or Klemperer, conducted a mediocre orchestra they were mentally, spiritually much better than the performance they produced, because the orchestra was not able to follow them in the higher sphere of art. This is quite understandable: how can a mediocre musician play better—with better intonation—than his physical equipment makes possible? With other conductors even a bad orchestra plays better than the conductor conducts—which is the usual situation. After fifty years' experience I say sincerely: in a good 50 per cent of performances the orchestra plays better than the conductor deserves and *is able to do*. Every evening, in the opera—any opera, from the Metropolitan to Vienna—the orchestra, on the average, plays essentially better than the conductor conducts. And this is a condemning shame for the conductors' profession. Unfortunately they are more phony than ever. What is phony? A wrong beating technique, no ear: sometimes an ear in the middle register, never in the high octave, rarely in the low octave: the contrabasses can play anything they want—wrong by inches on the string—and the conductor's ear is utterly unaware of it. This means they are not gifted enough; but then they pretend to be maestros. Contrary to all this phonyness going on in the realm of music, Toscanini was the outstanding rarity. During his lifetime half a dozen—maybe a dozen—came near to him, and were gifted and sincere. But you have ***hundreds*** of conductors in the world; and they depreciate and deprive and pervert the whole musical business—every day, every evening!

I tell you this to show what Toscanini really was. *Tja*—a deity! Not as a human being: he had all his faults and shortcomings and extravagances which were sometimes hard to bear. I talk about music, and the sense for music. After all, we know Beethoven threw a chair at his housekeeper, yet his Ninth Symphony was holy

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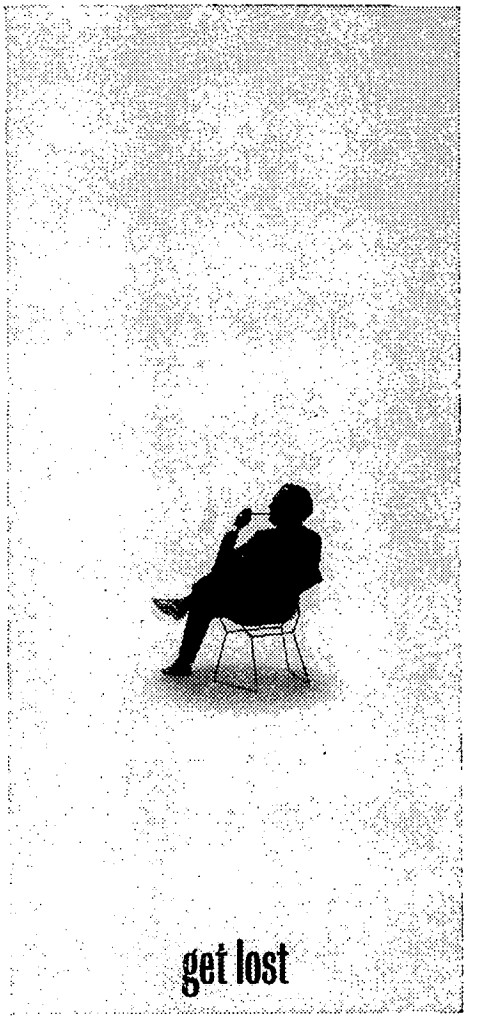
and he spoke about his feeling close to God. Schopenhauer, the great philosopher of Buddhism and compassion, could be very cruel in life. So with Toscanini: in our experience he was the nearest to a deity. Before him the predecessor of such quality was Nikisch—though by far not so universal. Nikisch would not have conducted Verdi and Bellini and Donizetti as he conducted Wagner's *Ring*; whereas Toscanini—with unique universality—did conduct a *Meistersinger* as perfect as a *Butterfly*, and a *Götterdämmerung* as grandiose as any ascetic Brahms *Requiem*. Maybe Nikisch would have been able, but he did not have the opportunity, whereas Toscanini could prove his universality. I can say he did not make *The Magic Flute* as heavenly, as naïve, as fairytale-like as Richard Strauss did: Strauss happened to love it like a child. But from *Falstaff* to *Fidelio* to *Trovatore* to *Walküre* Toscanini achieved perfection. Strauss conducted a perfect Wagner, and a perfect Bizet, a perfect Boieldieu and a *Barbier* not of *Seville* but of *Bagdad*, by Cornelius, with unheard-of subtlety. This was the greatest German master of my time. But Toscanini proved he could do the same—and also Verdi, Bellini, and Donizetti. I never found any other conductor who could do all this. (And, again, a confession about the others: I found Italians who conducted Italian operas terribly; and Germans who mistreated their German music; and American boys who conduct terribly all the repertoire!)

I REMEMBER Toscanini, when we carelessly played just one phrase in routine manner—say, in a Brahms symphony which we thought we *possessed* (because many of my colleagues played with Brahms himself; and even in the early '30s when Toscanini was in Vienna there were still a few violinists in the orchestra who had played with Brahms, who died in the late '90s, and who was, by the way, a good conductor). When this happened, what did Toscanini say, what did he do? He did not correct us. He said, *"Ma, signori, è vostra musica!* It's your music! And you play it not right?" With Italian music it was different. It was *his* music—"You are going to follow *me*, or I crucify you!" But when it was Brahms or Mozart or Beethoven, he said: *"Ma vergogna! Vostra musica!* And it's not as good as it should be?" He was such a moralist, you were overwhelmed by the mere moral appeal. Not intonation, or dynamics, or rhythm—which were of course all necessary—but like a Moses with the Ten Commandments he stood there and said, "This is the law—not of me—it is *Beethoven* who demands it!" So we found out who Beethoven was.... Nobody else ever made



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such an appeal to us. After this we could never enjoy other conductors. The Viennese critics said: "It's now finished for good after this performance of the Verdi *Requiem*—because it never will be the same, and we never will be able to enjoy another performance, good as it will be. After this we are spoiled." You have an affair with Greta Garbo; what else can afterwards happen to you as a man?

I remember that Toscanini once said about a phrase in a love duet. "You play this as if you would say (murmuring) 'I love you.' Whoever believes you? Not the girl in the first place. You must say (roaring) 'I LOVE YOU FROM THE HEART!!!...'" He didn't do this often. He talked very, very little. When he conducted Beethoven's Seventh the first time—the second movement, which starts with an A-minor chord *fp*—we played "WHUmm: *FORTE—piano.*" He said (reproachfully): *"Ma signori!"* And he put both hands to his heart: "BEE-THO-VEN!!!" Without another word he said "Again!" We played "Bai": the chord had a different quality.

This is for me like repeating a dream; but it was everyday reality. And it was so at the first rehearsal, from the very first hours. The contact was immediate. I was with him once in Monte Carlo, in 1936. From an orchestra which played on the esplanade every day a little Bizet, a little Auber, you cannot expect much. But he conducted Debussy and Haydn's *Clock*, and it was amazing. I had never seen him conducting a poor *Kur* orchestra, which played out of tune and had little technique, but usually played in the open air anyhow, so it didn't matter. Of course they were all trying hard. But you cannot change the basic ability in intonation and technique and bowing. Yet after ten minutes it was amazing to hear what happened: the orchestra sounded what I would call galvanised; the playing had a coat of sheen and shimmer. He would not have been so patient earlier—when he was 30 or 40. Then he was cold and insistent and often brutal. But later he mellowed. Even Bruno Walter then said: "*Er ist wie ein Heiliger* (he is like a saint)." So you couldn't say anything against what he did. A saint can even curse and condemn people to hell; but the orientation, the direction, let us say, was heaven-like. We played on strings, we blew, we snorted, and we had the music before us, the Viennese classics with which we had a lifelong acquaintance—Schubert's C-major, and we said: "But it's our old Schubert, with which we have grown up from the time when as children we sang the masses in the church—it's the oldest acquaintance of every schoolboy in Vienna—how come that with him it's entirely different?..."

When as an experienced opera conductor he conducted an orchestra in his very first symphony concert in Turin in 1894 he played the Schubert C-major. This suggests how strongly it had impressed itself on his mind; because seventy years ago, in the middle of Italy, it was unheard of to play one of the longest, the "heavenly longest" of symphonies, which usually bores people because it is unending. It was only many decades later that they performed the *Missa Solemnis* in Italy, and *Fidelio*. And this little "shaved conductor," as he was called—because in the '80s and '90s, among the bearded conductors at this time, like Nikisch and Richter, Toscanini was the one who shaved—played the Schubert C-major—quite a daring thing to do. Well, what struck me when he played it with us in Vienna was the introduction of the first movement, before the transition to the *Allegro*. This is always what Toscanini called *pasticcio* (what we call *Brei*, like mashed potatoes or cereal) because it is not very discerningly instrumentated. The tender melodic instruments—oboe, bassoon in its highest register—are always covered by the big, thick sound of the strings. And what Toscanini did was to keep this beautiful, voluptuous sound of the strings down, so like little flowers which usually have been hidden in the deep grass, the oboe and bassoon flowered out. This introduction was miraculous. Then when the *Allegro* came it was clear sailing. And I can say that we in Vienna, with our Schubert (born in Vienna), never before did we hear this symphony so discriminately, with such finesse of different shades, projected into *Akustik*.

With the *Andante* and its oboe melody, there is the great danger that it becomes unending. Toscanini always said—in *The Magic Flute* also—he was desperate, and in his exasperation he would shout: *"Ma signori, Andante è caminare! Andante* means walking! Maybe we Italians walk a little faster than a heavy German but I don't call *this* walking [Toscanini plodded to a slow 'tam-tam-tam-tam']. *This* is *andante* [Toscanini strode to a brisk 'tam-taram-taram-taram']...." So when he conducted the great G-minor aria of Pamina, *"Ach, ich fühl's,"* the orchestra started in six-eighth time: [slowly] ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR—FIVE—SIX—ONE. And he said: "But this is *adagio*, what you play. It says *Andante*: [briskly] ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE-SIX-ONE. So you can put in the expression, and you are sure there is enough breath." You could call it simple to the point of primitive, yet so subtle that all the Furtwänglers and Bruno Walters did it wrong. (Not Strauss. Strauss in tempo and technique was in my lifetime's experience the nearest to Toscanini, and to my great regret this was hardly realised, even among musicians.)

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So the *Andante* of the Schubert C-major was flowing, relaxed, not dragging—like a healthy, elastic man, not like one who is old and feeble: that way everything is lost. Toscanini, even when he stepped up a staircase at 80!—that was the way he was able to realise even a slow tempo. Whereas other people were boring even when they conducted fast! It's a tragedy I lived through half my life. I had those five years of festivals with Toscanini; and before that there were the years with Strauss. But I played *fifty* years! And at the Metropolitan where I played twenty-two years, the last ten I experienced the poorest musicianship in my life! Not because these young conductors are not brilliantly gifted, but because they are utterly untrained and therefore unmatured. An old musician cannot consider them professionals: they are brilliant amateurs. An amateur can be trained to become a professional, but they are spoiled; instead of being trained they start at the top, as generals. And what musical perversities they commit, what technical shortcomings! It's a great pity.

YOU ASK HOW TOSCANINI'S Schubert C-major was received by Viennese musicians. We heard this symphony in the Musikvereinsaal, in the Philharmonie, at least every second year—from Furtwängler, Bruno Walter, Weingartner, Fritz Busch, Strauss, etc. It was conducted by these men with few differences; and of course it had the deep, genuine sentiment of Schubert melancholy and *Lebensfreude*. And now there came an Italian firebrand, who conducted it absolutely differently: with greater dynamic emphasis, greater *Steigerung*—which meant technically more crescendo, more diminuendo, more accentuation, the *sforzandi* more *marcato*, sharper, and immediately more *piano*, with greater contrast. No soft contrasts, like Bruno Walter's, which were very lovely and fine. Toscanini made in the *Plastik* stronger contrast: instead of half-relief—bas-relief, as you call it—he carved a little deeper and sharper, with the shadows blacker. You could say it didn't have the good old *gemütliche* Viennese sentimentality, which was true; but it was fascinating. Some critics said—quite rightly and to the point—Toscanini's Schubert C-major was nearer to Beethoven than to the Kahlenberg and the *Wienerwald*. It is true that the great Schubert just before his death was nearer to Beethoven than to the young Schubert. Absolutely true. This was the novelty with Toscanini that really was completely new: a Schubert which was not traditional Viennese. But since Schubert never heard his own C-major Symphony, how can one say that a Schubert tradition for this

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symphony exists? It does *not* exist. And if it had existed in the beginning, since there was no gramophone it would perhaps have been lost. We had our *Viennese* style for Schubert; but Toscanini showed us a new style, a new Schubert—in the C-major Symphony, not in the *Unfinished*. This he conducted and interpreted in the perfect Viennese tradition, as if he had learned it in Vienna. Of course the powerful accents, the dramatic *fortissimi*, the more clearly defined contrasts were there; but the tempi, the flow, the expression, the lyricism were entirely what the Viennese were acquainted with. Not so the C-major. In the finale of Schubert's C-major, at the beginning of that last *Steigerung—Aufbau*—build-up in the coda, Toscanini said to us, *"Signori, bacchanale di Vienna Prater."* You could call it rhythmically exciting; but "bacchanale"? In all the orchestra, no one had ever heard this word. You say "bacchanale" in *Tannhäuser*, in *Samson et Dalila*, but in Schubert? Well, it was unearthly in achievement, metaphysical. When it came to the climax—the four unison C's—Toscanini had such a demonic expression on his face that you saw something of an awful power behind it, which made us play with an intensity which another conductor couldn't have got out of us. And the effect was *as if* he broadened, though in reality there was no modification in tempo.

So Toscanini's Schubert C-major was a surprise for Vienna; and this also was true with Brahms for us who *lived* with Brahms, *in* Brahms all the time. Toscanini, for one thing, did not start with the First Symphony, or the Fourth, or the lovely Second: at his second concert in Vienna he conducted the *Third*, which is for Viennese the least spectacularly effective. What I call *musikalische Plastik*—truly three-dimensional in plastic reality—this was what Toscanini gave us with this symphony. The word "plastic" *is*, absolutely, a most significant word for Toscanini and his interpretive art.

TOSCANINI was a man of few words, and hardly any explanation; but when you were, as a musician, well acquainted with him, he relaxed and unbent and confided; and so I learned that after he established the basic tempo with the very first phrase, what he was most aware of, in lifelong incessant search of, and like with a divining rod hoping to find, was the right *transitional* modification of the tempo in what followed. In the *Haffner* Symphony, after the first proclamation, *forte*, comes a pensive continuation, *piano*; and there has to be this little modification of tempo, which you cannot fix with a metronome, but which is clearly different; and Toscanini broke his head and his brain to achieve a nuance of difference which would be just enough and not too little—and convincing. When he was aware that he was not sure—which he expressed quite openly—or when he *thought* he knew, and the playback showed him it was wrong—then it was disastrous. So he played the *Eroica*, and after the first theme and the second theme there was a transition which did not have just this proportion that he wanted, this slight difference in tempo unnoticeably going into the next phase of the *plasticus*. And when the machine reproduced this to him: "Oh what *stupido cretino son io!*" First despair and hopelessness, then anger: he took the record and smashed it: "*Tu bestia—canaille*, you are the witness of my insufficiency!" But, say, in ten times he missed—a near miss—once or twice; the point is that eight times he hit the bull's-eye. He was aware that it's always like with a tightrope-walker: you can't be sure; there is no net that catches you; and you may fall to your destruction.

One peculiarity of his working method which occurs to me is that when he was working with one group of the orchestra by itself he often sang with this part the parts of the rest of the orchestra that was not playing. And I remember also that forefinger going up near to the tip of his nose in warning and caution for a perfect balance in a chord or an even *pianissimo* in a passage.

You ask about the Salzburg *Meistersinger*, which some musicians said was too fast, when it lasted five whole hours! His *Parsifal* in Bayreuth was the longest ever: no Richard Strauss or Karl Muck or Furtwängler conducted such a *largissimo Parsifal*. He could be slow if it had to be slow. His *Meistersinger seemed* fast because it was so lively in expression. For example, at the beginning of Act 3, in the scene of David and Sachs, he made us play with a much lighter tone than we were accustomed to produce. He said: *"Come una comedia, non tragedia."* And this new lightness of the tone gave the *impression* of faster tempo, though in reality it was not. The peculiarity of the performance was that he illuminated the work from the inside, and it became plastic and alive. This we found remarkable. It was taken for granted that his *Falstaff* should surpass all others—even the best of other Italians, like de Sabata, who conducted a wonderful *Falstaff* at La Scala. But that Toscanini should conduct such a *Meistersinger*!

And that *second act*—the poetry of what went on with Sachs and Eva! and Beckmesser! Wiedemann sang Beckmesser, and Toscanini—who did not often write such outspoken inscriptions—wrote on his photograph for Wiedemann *"To the best Beckmesser of all my life as conductor."* And again those subtle modifications of

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tempo! By then I had heard *Die Meistersinger* for twenty-five years, and had played it, as a member of the State Opera, for fifteen; but this second act was an entirely new experience for me. And afterwards, when I ran up to Toscanini's dressing-room, I never saw him as he was then. He said: "*Come un sogno.* Like a dream. It's a heavenly dream." In such a dream he could speak in an emotional way that was unusual for him. Usually if you said something was good, he made a deprecating gesture and said: "*Si, si, va bene, va bene.* It's all right." But this second act—that's when he cried fifteen years later, when somebody played the recording. He looked transported: "This happened." It was the fulfilment of a dream.

He started twice as director of La Scala with *Meistersinger*—in Italy, mind you, with a work which is even today not entirely understood and entirely accepted there. It's too heavy, too *Teutonic*—not German, *Teutonic.* But Toscanini had great audacity. During World War I, when the Austrians and the Germans were at war with the Italians, he gave benefit concerts, and what did he conduct? The Funeral March from *Götterdämmerung* by Richard Wagner! The concert was of course sold out. But the people walked out of the hall, and he was left alone with the orchestra. This showed the sort of spiritual conviction that probably gave his interpretations such power. He could be powerful like a giant—like a Michelangelo—and yet full of tenderness and charm. This was unique. Show me another example.

YOU ASK about the Salzburg *Magic Flute.* Before Toscanini finished it he said: "My belief is that this piece is usually in Germany, and in Vienna too" (he had heard the standard performance) "such a bore that it is a pity and unbearable. I am going to make it *entertaining.*" (He said in German *"unterhaltend,"* and in Italian *"Con amore e con piacere."*) This meant in the first place: never drag. And not only with Papageno: even Tamino is sometimes gay and passionate; and Toscanini put in moving passion. Of course the traditionalists said: "An Italian—he takes different tempos than Schalk and Bruno Walter—it's all fast, and too fast...." They forgot about Strauss, whose tempos in *The Magic Flue* were like Toscanini's. And of course the tempos were not all too fast. But people were used to the great Bruno Walter, who put in his heart's blood, so that it was even sentimental. With Toscanini it was *not* sentimental; and people were not mature enough for this. For this reason—because it departed entirely from the traditional and conventional—it was not a success—the only thing Toscanini conducted in Vienna and Salzburg that was not an acknowledged success. But it was delightful. And such an ensemble: the lovely Jarmila Novotna, who sang Pamina so sweetly; and the great Scandinavian tenor, Helge Roswänge, with a splendid voice for Tamino, and of course first-class interpretation; and a fine Sarastro, Alexander Kipnis.

But I must tell you what did have great success. Once Toscanini, all of a sudden, said: "BurgA-A-H-ser, next time I have in mind to conduct the *Liebesliederwalzer* by Brahms." By then I had been playing in Vienna with the Philharmonic and the Opera for twenty-five years, and chamber music all over; and I had never heard a public performance of the *Liebesliederwalzer* of Brahms. Well, Toscanini came to a rehearsal of the State Opera Chorus—16 people, each voice in 4. It was in the choral rehearsal room, a little amphitheatre. Toscanini's eye was caught by the yellowed old posters on the wall, of operas in the 1860s: a new production of *Der Freischütz*, prepared, staged, and conducted by Richard Wagner, the first production of *Lohengrin*, prepared and conducted by Wagner. Toscanini began to read the names of the singers through the pince-nez which he held before his eyes, and became so absorbed that he almost forgot what he was there for. But then he listened while the Viennese sang for him Brahms waltzes. *Tja....* The choral director had prepared the piece well; the chorus knew it perfectly: it was *theirs*—after all it was *Hausmusik*. Then Toscanini went to the piano and said: "I don't ask for any new ideas—only a few things, in tempo and flexibility...." Of course he wanted more than a few things—some tempi much faster, and much faster articulation to produce clearer diction: ta-ta-ta-ta-ta, like staccato between teeth and tongue. And then he conducted this piece in the Vienna Musikvereinsaal, where a Hans Richter or Furtwängler or Walter never conducted such simple music, however subtle (after all, it's Brahms). There is always a complete quiet at these concerts: people sit there with a sort of religious concentration and devotion. But after one of the waltzes Toscanini made what we call *eine Atempause*, a very short intermission to take breath; and you heard in the entire hall an exhalation, "Ha-a-a-ah." The people had been sitting pent up, holding their breath in fascination. Mozart says in a letter to his father: "I appreciate most the silent applause, when I enter for my *Magic Flute* performance, and people receive me concentrated and quiet." What we experienced this time with Toscanini was almost a demonstration.

IN CHRISTMAS 1956, Toscanini's last Christmas, I went with Jonel Perlea, the conductor at

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La Scala and the Metropolitan, to see Toscanini in Riverdale-on-Hudson. He was practically blind; but he reminisced about Salzburg and *Falstaff* and talked about the shortcomings of Walter and Furtwängler and this and that—how it's never *all* good and therefore it's really *never* good: it's good enough, but never perfect, so it's *not* good. But there was one who was good: Nikisch. And Ernst von Schuch in Dresden: "I heard things—I was transported. He was never a star, an international star." Toscanini always admitted: there *were* conductors—but they are not here now—and those who are here now—sorry, it's good enough, but not really good. He reminisced so happily, this time, that when his daughter, after an hour, hinted that maybe *"padre è un po stanco,"* he said: "Oh no, stay here. I want to go on talking." And he talked about the preparations for his ninetieth birthday on 25th March, three months later. "They tell me they prepare something nice. And I am going to enjoy it." He was utterly sure, optimistic. Whereas when he was seventy and we celebrated in Milano, he said: "I am now an old man. And who knows? Every new day is a gift of heaven, which I cannot even expect and hope for. I am not sick, but after seventy where are you? Should I even go out and conduct?" It was a gay Christmas. Three weeks later it was all over. So I am glad to have been among the last to see him.

On a visit in Vienna after the war I was unable to obtain a ticket for *Salome* and so I took a place with the orchestra in the pit where I sat enthralled by the flood of sound. It came to the point where Herod says about Jochanaan: *"Er ist ein heiliger Mann. Er ist ein Mann der Gott geschaut hat.* He is a holy man. He is a man who has seen God." And at this moment an old colleague in the orchestra, with whom I had played for many years, including the years with Toscanini, turned around to me and said: *"Auch wir haben Gott geschaut.* We too have seen God. . . ."

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Wind at Midnight

The night I was away you said the wind
vaulted the horizon, tore overland
snatched at the trees and stole their dark green sleep
fingered the river and set it gasping

and then walked to our house, quite quietly
to where you lay alone. You heard its tread
under the window: it tapped on the pane
as it passed round the corner to the door

and asked to be let in. You did not move
glad of your bed on such a night, wishing
that I were there to still your strange unrest
with "Listen to the wind" and hold you close.

It asked again, grew wild, began to howl
knowing it seemed that you were fast within
and would not come. It threatened: you lay still.
What if it is somebody after all

but who, at midnight? Man or beast or ghost—
you could not go alone to see. You turned
over: nothing, or nobody. It sighed
and walked away, real as any man.

Tonight we are together. Listen: your
horizon, land, trees, river move. I stand
shut in my tomb or kennel at the door
real and whimpering as any wind.

Keith Bosley

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NOTES & TOPICS

Oppenheimer

THERE WERE NOT very many people, I suppose, who knew Robert Oppenheimer in all the aspects of his life and personality; and I was not one of those who did. With his life before Princeton I had no acquaintance at all. The gate of the world of science, which was open to him and beyond which he saw so much that was beautiful and exciting, was not open to me, although like many other of his non-scientific friends I caught something of the wonder and enthusiasm he felt for all this. I knew him first when we were both associated, as public servants, in the effort to help the Government with some of its problems; and then of course I knew him, for sixteen long and rich years as a friend and neighbour and colleague in Princeton.

For him, these years in Princeton were by no means barren or empty ones. They have perhaps been too little regarded in the various obituaries that have appeared. Here in Princeton, too, he had his tasks, his achievements, and his satisfactions—preserving and developing the Institute for Advanced Study as a seat of the purest and highest sort of scientific and intellectual effort; in giving hospitality, encouragement and inspiration to a host of talented scholars—in many instances great scholars—from all parts of the world; in setting for these visitors and for thousands of others outside of Princeton an example of the scientific mind at its best, rigorous but humane, fastidious but generous and powerful, uncompromisingly responsible in its relationship to ascertainable truth but never neglectful of the need for elegance and beauty in the statement of it. In doing all these things, he was rendering a service of great importance to the progress of science and humane letters in this country and the world over; and he was conscious of doing so. This was, I am sure, a comfort and a solace to him in the face of the disappointments and frustrations with which these years were otherwise replete.

These disappointments and frustrations need no definition. They are easily imagined even by those who did not know Oppenheimer personally. On no one did there ever rest with greater cruelty the dilemmas evoked by the recent conquest by human beings of a power over nature out of all proportion to their moral strength. No one ever saw more clearly the dangers arising for humanity from this mounting disparity. This anxiety never shook his faith in the value of the search for truth in all its forms, scientific and humane. But there was no one who more passionately desired to be useful in averting the catastrophes to which the development of the weapons of mass destruction threatened to lead. It was the interests of mankind that he had in mind here; but it was as an American, and through the medium of this national community to which he belonged, that he saw his greatest possibilities for pursuing these aspirations. In the dark days of the early 'fifties, when troubles crowded in upon him from many sides and when he found himself harassed by his position at the centre of controversy, I drew his attention to the fact that he would be welcome in a hundred academic centres abroad and asked him whether he had not thought of taking residence outside this country. His answer, given to me with tears in his eyes: "Damn it, I happen to love this country." The truth is that the U.S. Government never had a servant more devoted at heart than this one, in the sense of wishing to make a constructive contribution; and I know of nothing more tragic than the series of mistakes (in part, no doubt, his own, but in what small part!) that made it impossible for him to render this contribution—that obliged him to spend the last decade-and-a-half of his life eating out his heart in frustration over the consciousness that the talents he knew himself to possess, once welcomed and used by the official establishment of his country to develop the destructive possibilities of nuclear science, were rejected when it came to the development of the great positive ones he believed that science to possess. There was, I suspect, no conviction he held more dearly—none that meant more to him—than the belief that the science of nuclear physics harboured possibilities for communication and understanding among men as exciting in their way as its destructive possibilities were terrifying. It was one of the great disappointments of his life that he was permitted at the official level to contribute so greatly to the one, not at all to the other. His struggle is now over. His possibilities in this respect are ended. The rest of us may well search our consciences to discover those deficiencies of our public life that made it impossible for us to make better use at so crucial a time of a man so talented, and one who so desperately wanted to serve.

I HESITATE TO SAY much about his personal qualities. I think they are too well known to warrant any elaboration here. It is well known that he was a man of great erudition and discrimination in the humanities as well as in the natural sciences, combining as few men have a

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feeling for both of these two great aspects of the search for truth. It is less well known, something visible in fact primarily only to his closer friends, that he was also a man who had a deep yearning for friendship, for companionship, for the warmth and richness of human communication. The arrogance which to many appeared to be a part of his personality masked in reality an overpowering desire to bestow and to receive affection. Neither circumstances nor at times the asperities of his own temperament permitted the gratification of this need in a measure remotely approaching its intensity; and in this too lay a portion of that strong element of tragedy which all who knew him sensed, I think, in his situation. Such was the nature of his predicament.

Pasternak observed, in one of his poems, that to live a life through is not like walking across a field. I am always reminded of this ironic observation when I think of the life whose passing we are noting. It was a life full of contrasts: of hope and disappointment, of conflict and harmony, of understanding and misunderstanding. It was a life full of pain and struggle. Robert Oppenheimer would have agreed, I think, that whatever progress—undefinable, perhaps not always recognisable progress—is made on this earth by people of good will resembles not so much a purposeful march in a clearly-defined direction as a painful and laborious struggle over and around many obstacles by people who see very poorly, who have only the dimmest idea of direction, and who continue to hope and to struggle along because this is all they can do. In this painful advance, each gives help in some measure to others, until his own powers give out, and each takes help in his own moments of difficulty. Oppenheimer's arm was one which, in this common, confused struggle, was always generously extended to those who wished to lean on it—extended, if in no other way, through the strength of his effort of understanding, and his readiness—indeed his eagerness—to share that effort with others. There are many of us who availed ourselves of his helping arm in this sense, not once but many times. Without it, some of us—most of us, I suppose—would never have been quite where we are today. We should be mindful that any further progress we now make is in part his achievement.

George Kennan

Identity

Words are written
on the Wailing Wall
I cannot read.
My name?

I have come to read my name
where even the birds are Jewish
and the cats yowl
in the holy language,

whose mystery I master,
its stubborn consonants
and its warm vowels,
but not that mystery

I shroud in English.
Robert, I say,
pronouncing who I am
in the cold syllables

of the tongue I love.

Robert Friend

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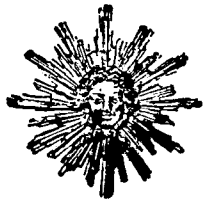

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The Essential de Gaulle

By D. W. Brogan

BY AN ACCIDENT which I cannot today account for, I spoke on the telephone on 18 June 1940 to an obscure French officer who had just arrived in London. I knew nothing of him, and certainly could not have foreseen his astonishing career. Now Charles de Gaulle is the last survivor in power of the leaders of the late war. "The Big Three," Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, are dead; their successors or *epigoni* are dead or retired. De Gaulle is now the most important and impressive figure in Europe, perhaps personally the most important political figure, if not power, in the world. It is an astonishing fortune and no adequate explanation has been given, so far, for the long rise of de Gaulle from 1940 until 1967. And it is the difficulty of explaining the splendour of the achievement that accounts for some of the weaknesses of the recent books on the subject.

Some of the commentators on de Gaulle's career see him simply as an extremely cunning, dishonest, ambitious soldier of fortune who, from the very beginning in the summer of 1940, planned to take over France. This is, I think, the message of M. Robert Mengin's book.[1] It seems to me highly implausible, or, if it is a true explanation of de Gaulle's career, then his foresight and power of long-term intrigue were such as to make Talleyrand or any hero of Machiavelli a piker. It is one natural weakness of the critics of the General that they do not seem to realise how their pejorative account of his start makes his rivals and superiors seem imbeciles.[2] If the de Gaulle they describe was able to survive the war, survive the exile to Elba at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, it is not only the political personnel of France under the Third and Fourth Republics which is condemned, but the political personnel of Great Britain and of the United States. As the American politicians used to say, and still say, "You can't beat something with nothing." And de Gaulle may be, on a hostile view, barely something; but if that is true, it is flattering to describe his enemies and rivals as nothing.

It is easy enough to see why the phenomenon of de Gaulle angers a great many people. What was in fact his great asset, that he was *hors série*, is seen by them as making his rise necessarily the result of some diabolical and base cunning or of a mere run of inexplicable luck. But it was General de Gaulle's great merit in the summer of 1940 that he realised the situation of France and the situation of Europe: the abolition of the pre-existing orders of precedence and possibilities of advancement. Even if we assume that his motives were supremely egoistic, he was an egoist of genius. In his excellent book, Sir Edward Spears brings back very successfully the atmosphere of the summer of 1940.[3] The inability of a great many British officials to understand the revolutionary situation and its dangers, and as for the "leaders" of France, their inability to realise what had hit them and their devotion to the routine of the Third Republic is still more in retrospect almost beyond belief. The routine of the Third Republic, of course, was not merely the routine of the politicians. That routine was astonishing enough. We have plenty of evidence of how they behaved at Bordeaux and at Vichy, of the degree to which they still saw themselves as the ruling class of France when they were not any longer even the governing class—to use a happy American distinction. But the routine was at least as bad, perhaps it was worse, in the ranks of the army and in the ranks of the foreign service, *la carrière*. The military and diplomatic machines went turning round in a void. There is something to be said, in a country under-

[1] *No Laurels for de Gaulle*, by ROBERT MENGIN, translated from the French by JAY ALLEN. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, New York, $6.95.

[2] *La République des Illusions, 1945-1951, ou La Vie Secrète de la IVe République*, par GEORGETTE ELGEY. Fayard, 25 F. *Mauriac sous de Gaulle*, par JACQUES LAURENT. La Table Ronde, Paris, 12.35 F.

[3] *Two Men Who Saved France: Pétain and de Gaulle*, by Major-General EDWARD SPEARS. Eyre & Spottiswoode, London, 30s.

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going the greatest catastrophe of its history, for the ordinary NCO and ordinary official going on with his job out of routine or even out of a spirit of duty at a low level. There were plenty of examples of that in France in 1940 and right through to the Liberation. But more astonishing was the *esprit routinier* of the politicians, the generals, the admirals, and the ambassadors.

Of these important and pompous and empty people, the *grands chefs* were the worst. I am still astonished, shocked, and amazed at the cheek with which the generals who had commanded the French army in its greatest disaster, who had prepared the French army for that disaster, tried, and to a certain extent succeeded in the attempt, to pass the buck to the civilians. Thus, Marshal Pétain had not only been head of the army, he had actually for a short time been Minister of War. General Weygand had been head of the army. And yet the catastrophe of 1940 was not imputed to them, but to dull and drab politicians like Daladier. It was not that there were no critics in France of the French army (apart from Colonel de Gaulle). There were plenty of critics who were alarmed at the spirit of routine. I knew one distinguished general of the First World War who in his old age was alarmed at the irrelevance of Weygand's ideas of the needs of the army in the '30s. Junior officers were in ironical despair as they contemplated the irrelevant skills of their chiefs. But, in the catastrophe, it was not these eminent functionaries who were first of all blamed: it was the politicians.

THERE WAS SOMETHING NATURAL in this willingness to make the civilians the scapegoats. The campaign of 1940 was not only the most complete disaster in French history; in many ways it was the most disgraceful disaster. But to say this was to rub not salt but poison in the national wounds. Of course, plenty of people who had served in the army—again, younger officers and especially, in my experience, younger reserve officers: that is, civilians by bias—knew that the French army in 1940 had not distinguished itself. Of course the French army was not alone. The Netherlands army did not distinguish itself, nor did the Belgian army. But then the Dutch and Belgian peoples did not turn on their civilian leaders and entrust themselves to the leaders who had shown that, as Palmerston said in another context, "they did not know their own silly business." One result of this passing of the buck was that even those leaders of the army who knew that a great deal had been wrong and had no illusions about a peace of honour with Hitler, were curiously remote from the military realities of the age. Although recent books do not bring it out, the complacency of Giraud, who expected to be made commander-in-chief with the Allied forces, to rank over General Eisenhower, had its highly comic side. The degree to which some of these French soldiers felt they could give lessons to the British and American generals still astonishes me. And even in the "Armistice Army," many of whose best officers were preparing to resume the combat at some time or other, there was comparatively little preparation for the kind of war that would have to be fought. Even de Lattre de Tassigny was not preparing the Armistice Army as Scharnhorst and Gneisenau had prepared the Prussian army after Jena. Even when all allowances are made for the limitations imposed on the Armistice Army by the Germans, the reconstruction of the army was much less serious not only than that of the Prussian army in 1807, but than the reconstruction of the French army after 1870.

IT WAS one of the advantages of General de Gaulle that he was a soldier but a soldier who had very little belief in his colleagues. He had seen too much of the sterility of the army after the First World War, and he had come to suspect the adequacy of the mind and character of Marshal Pétain long before 1940. He was, in a sense, an unsoldierly soldier. (I once heard him say he was "fed up with all generals, including myself.") Consequently he was able, in the long run, to transfer to himself some of that building up of the military chiefs which had been achieved in the first years of the Vichy régime.

But his real assets were two. First of all, he knew when to say "*non*," and he said "*non*" on 18 June 1940. Other people, like General Catroux (to whom I think Sir Edward Spears is a little unjust), said "*non*" a little later. But General de Gaulle was the first to insist that the war was continuing and that the basic policy of Vichy had no solid foundations. That basic policy was one which accounted for the initial popularity of the Pétain régime. It was, roughly speaking, a policy of "include me out." There was a genuine belief that by withdrawing from the war France could escape the consequences of the fact that the war was still going on. Of course, in the summer of 1940 a great many Frenchmen (so far as I could judge from the hundreds of them I talked to in London at that time) did not think the war was going on. They wanted to get back to France since the war was going to end. Anyway, the few people who joined de Gaulle did it, most of them, in the spirit of the officers who marched to Waterloo "without fear and without hope." Even some of those in London in that summer who either

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joined de Gaulle or in other ways said "no" to Vichy, did so with a great deal of scepticism and, indeed, astonishment at the apparent complacency of the British public and even of the British rulers. And although few people in France heard the famous broadcast and although, as M. Michel points out,[4] comparatively few people noticed the rise of Free France in the first months after the armistice, de Gaulle's great advantage was that he first made "the great refusal" of not accepting that the war had ended, that the war was lost, or that a peace with honour among soldiers could be made with Nazi Germany.

But his greatest asset was one which was underestimated at the time and is often underestimated today. There was a story going round Washington a year ago that Mr. Averell Harriman said of the General, "De Gaulle is a great man and the pity is that he has no political talents." I hope Mr. Harriman, a great public servant, did not say this, for while it is quite possible to argue that General de Gaulle is not a great man, it is quite impossible to argue that he has no political talents. He is loaded with them. A really intelligent enemy might say that he has no other talents. It has more than once been pointed out that a great many people in France thought that Marshal Pétain was playing a double game, professing to collaborate with the Germans but really collaborating with the Resistance and especially with General de Gaulle.[5] The Marshal's cunning was admired. Still more was the cunning of Pierre Laval—by no one more than by Pierre Laval himself. But if Pétain and Laval were *roublards*, what words can we find for de Gaulle?

Some of these books make what seem to me quite plausible cases for the theory that General de Gaulle again and again led his collaborators up the garden path. That is the thesis of M. Jacques Soustelle.[6] It is also the theory of M. Robert Mengin, although he was never a collaborator of the General's. But it was a more impressive performance than merely deceiving collaborators, or letting them deceive themselves. We have all heard of de Gaulle's address to the Algerian *colons*, "*Je vous ai compris....*" But the General's political talents were a great deal more varied than the use of mere ambiguities of this kind. The General has been compared to a great many figures in French history. He compared himself to Joan of Arc, as Sir Edward Spears points out; in the context, this was a perfectly sensible and reasonable comparison, although an unfortunate one. He has been compared to Boulanger, to Bonaparte, to Augustus. But the real comparison surely is Richelieu. No one has ever organised more "days of dupes" than de Gaulle. I have seen, at close quarters, one of his skilful ways of pulling the rug from under ambitious and possibly dangerous rivals. In this particular crisis, my sympathies were entirely with the General since I had not the slightest trust in the men who were organising the campaign against him. Nevertheless, one was almost sorry for them as they suddenly realised that they had fallen through the trapdoor. M. Robert Mengin in his candid, honest, but (to be frank) not very intelligent book, does not allow nearly enough for this side of the General, not only for his very remarkable intelligence, but for his mastery of the lessons taught him by Machiavelli. He was at least as much a master of the *inganno* as Caesar Borgia.

A great deal has been made, in some of the recent literature, of de Gaulle's insistence that he should control the Resistance movement, that there should not be a divided front presented to the Germans on one side and to the "Anglo-Saxons" on the other.[7] This can be interpreted simply as overwhelming and almost disgraceful ambition. Or it can be interpreted as a sensible decision, for France could not afford the repetition in London or in Washington of the squabbles and quarrels so characteristic of the squalid last years of the Third Republic. There is no doubt that the British government was disappointed that more eminent Frenchmen did not rally to de Gaulle. They were also disappointed that more eminent Frenchmen did not come out against Vichy, whether they rallied to de Gaulle or not. But a great many eminent Frenchmen were completely at a loss in this new world. Even in the last months of the Vichy régime some of the greatest ornaments of the Third Republic were astonishingly complacent and misguided in their view of their own role. There have been few sadder spectacles than the last years of Edouard Herriot.

There is nothing surprising about this. I think there was a great deal to be said for the Fourth Republic, and one thing to be said for it was that it was much superior to the Third Republic as it was about 1930. It is not surprising that

[4] *Les Courants de Pensée de la Résistance*, par Henri Michel. Presses Universitaires de France, Paris, 32 NF.

[5] *Secrets d'Etat: Pétain et de Gaulle: Un Demi-Siècle d'Histoire Non Officielle*, par J.-R. Tournoux. Plon, 24.65 F. *Pétain and de Gaulle*, by J.-R. Tournoux, translated by Oliver Coburn. Heinemann, London, 36s.

[6] *L'Espérance Trahie (1958–1961)*, par Jacques Soustelle. Editions de l'Alma, 14.50 N.F. *De Gaulle et l'Algerie: Témoignage pour l'Histoire*, par Louis Terrenoire. Fayard, 15 F.

[7] *De Gaulle entre Deux Mondes: Une Vie et une Epoque*, par Paul-Marie de la Gorce. Fayard, 27.50 F.

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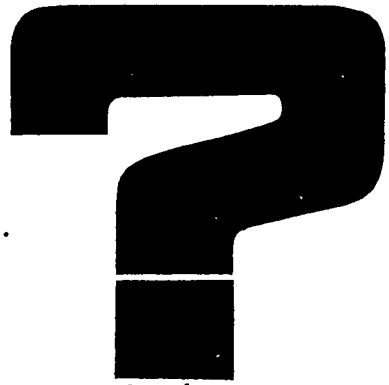
the charge de Gaulle made against that régime was *facilité*. But what was for M. Bergeret an ironical compliment, was for General de Gaulle a final condemnation. France had been ruined by *facilité*. I see no reason to quarrel with this judgment.

MOST FRENCHMEN probably agreed *en principe* with this condemnation in the summer of 1940. After all, the Third Republic was the only French régime since the Revolution which committed suicide. The attempts to show that the National Assembly at Vichy transferred its powers to Pétain only through fear of the Germans and of Laval seemed to me then, and seems to me now, nonsense. The French governing class threw its hand in, thus condemning itself, and condemning itself justly.[8]

This was one of the reasons the Pétain régime was accepted—not only because it seemed to promise that France could get out of the war, but that there would be a purification of French life. Many people accepted the Pétain régime in good faith. They believed in a *révolution nationale* (a term of which the Marshal was not fond). And as some of the Resistance leaders noted, some of the things done by the Vichy régime were in themselves desirable; and some things were better done under the Vichy régime than they were done in the first year or two after the Liberation. It was not unusual to hear at that time, in Paris or in the provinces, an equivalent of Forain's famous gibe, "*Que la République était belle sous l'Empire!*" But if a great many people put trust of one kind in Pétain, a great many people, and sometimes the same people, put a great deal of trust in Pierre Laval. The fact that he had no ideology was to his advantage. He would not have thought for a moment that one of the war aims of France, if France were liberated, was to start a fresh war to free Spain from Franco. He was not a *normalien*; he was, much more genuinely than many of those who professed to speak for the French peasants and workers, a peasant. That he had made a great deal of money in his political and legal career and was now a *châtelain* did not shock the peasants of Auvergne and of his village as much as perhaps it should have done. And since it is one of the claims continuously made today for the merits of the Marshal's régime that he saved France from the fate of Poland or, indeed, from the fate of the Netherlands and Belgium, it should be pointed out that most of these gains in the negotiations with the Germans and the hard bargaining

[8] *Pétain a sauvé la France*, par JACQUES ISORNI. Flammarion, Paris, 4 NF.



why does everybody think they're middle class

Class may be more devious and complex than it was in 1867 (some teenage upper-middle class girls, notes Kenneth Allsop, ape the Lancashire or Yorkshire of their pop idols among themselves, only speaking 'orthodox county' in front of their parents) – but it remains the greatest single factor affecting our life as a community.
In ***Class***, a symposium edited by Richard Mabey, eleven contributors (including Raymond Postgate, Kenneth Allsop, Mark Abrams and Simon Raven) explore the subject in essays ranging from politics, the universities and industry to the pop phenomenon, the contemporary novel and the mass media.
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about collaboration were in fact due to Laval and not to Pétain. Laval's great error was to believe that he could swindle the Germans, forgetting that the Germans had the last word, and even if they had been much more stupid than they were, there is no peasant's *roublardise* which could have triumphed against the power of the Third Reich.

Mr. Cole in his very useful life of Laval[9] makes one more important point. France gained something by the collaboration of its government with the Germans as compared with countries like the Netherlands and Belgium which had governments-in-exile. But one very important and disastrous result of this collaboration was that it was Frenchmen like Pucheu who did so much of the Germans' dirty work for them. And when the Resistance —especially after the Communists had rallied to the defence of the Soviet Union—took the form of civil war, the role of the French government and of such para-government organisations as the *milice* became more and more odious.

Some of the difficulties of the Pétain policy are innocently revealed by M. André Brissaud.[10] It is obvious that M. Brissaud cannot understand why it was that the régime of the Marshal apparently so popular even just before D-Day, collapsed so easily once the German defeat in France was established. M. Brissaud seems to me an honest but not very intelligent witness to Pétain's policy and to have taken much too seriously the reception the Marshal got on his tours of France and the degree to which, by 1943-44, the régime was still accepted. One of the most revealing parts of M. Brissaud's book is his violent hostility both to the Gaullists and to the Resistance in general. He has not forgiven the General for his opposition to Pétain and seems quite incapable of understanding the inevitable collapse of the Pétain policy once it was obvious that the war was going on. Then it was more and more probable when the Third Reich got itself into war with Russia and then the United States, that the Third Reich would be defeated, and it was by this time certain that the most absurd of the illusions of Vichy, that the Vichy government could act as the great mediator and bring peace to Europe, was mere nonsense, as it always had been.

Two points in M. Brissaud's book are significant as representing a section of French opinion which has not totally disappeared. M. Brissaud is extremely indignant about the bombing policy of the Allies (especially of the British) in France. There is a good case to be made against the bombing policy of the RAF and the American Air Force, and it is made in Mr. Foot's excellent book, *S.O.E. in France*.[11] This case was made during the war, as M. Michel tells us, by Resistance leaders inside France who pointed out to the British and the Americans that more effective damage could be done to the German war effort in France by sabotage damage than by indiscriminate bombing, a point also made by Mr. Foot. But M. Brissaud never considers for a moment that it was from France that bombing raids on London took place; that it was from France that V1s were launched. The policy of "include me out" was not accepted by anybody outside France, and by fewer and fewer people inside France. Thus M. Brissaud is extremely indignant at the bombing of Saint-Etienne: but Saint-Etienne was, and is, a great centre of armaments production. That a great deal of bombing was inaccurate, careless, and timid is no doubt true. That was true of the German bombing of London. But that the British and Americans should have been inadequately solicitous of the rights of the Pétain government to take France out of the war is an example of *sacro egoismo*.

Odder still is the more valuable of M. Brissaud's two books, *Pétain à Sigmaringen*,[12] valuable because very little is known of this period of a government in exile. If one does not consider the ugly realities behind this group of exiles in the castle of the Hohenzollerns, the whole episode was extremely comic; but we should remember that scattered round south Germany were the thugs of the *milice* with their women and their plunder. They did not impress the Germans as edifying allies. Nor does M. Brissaud, in his admiration for the courage of the anti-Bolshevik legion (whose head bore the significant name of Bourmont and was a descendant of the triple traitor of the Republic and the Empire), notice that the undoubtedly courageous behaviour of these anti-Semitic fanatics, as far as it had any effect on the war at all, preserved the Third Reich for an hour or two during which the horrors of the crematoriums of Buchenwald and Auschwitz were still in full blast. M. Brissaud seems to have a very limited moral sense, and his style suggests he has done too much writing at "space rates." Do even Frenchmen need to be told that Lake Constance is called the

[9] *Pierre Laval*, by HUBERT COLE. Heinemann, London, 36s. *Pierre Laval*, par HUBERT COLE, traduit de l'anglais par LEA MARCOU. Fayard, 18 F.

[10] *La Dernière Année de Vichy (1943-1944)*, par ANDRÉ BRISSAUD, préface de ROBERT ARON. Librairie Académique Perrin, Paris.

[11] *S.O.E. in France: an Account of the Work of the British Special Operations Executive in France, 1940-1944*, by M. R. D. FOOT. H.M.S.O., 45s.

[12] *Pétain à Sigmaringen (1944-1945)* par ANDRÉ BRISSAUD. Librairie Académique Perrin, Paris, 20 F.

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Bodensee in German? Do they need any lush descriptions of the landscape? Since the highly artificial (although I think effective) style of the General has been much criticised, it might be pointed out how bad French style has become in the last generation. Not only where it is an embarrassing example of hagiography, as in M. François Mauriac's book, but in M. Raïssac's book which has serious merits, but is written in a style which is a parody of the style of M. de Norpois.[13]

OF COURSE, it is absurd to think of the history of France since 1940 entirely in terms of Charles de Gaulle. He was the beneficiary of the forces of a catastrophe which he did not create. And in this context M. Fauvet's history of the Communist Party is a book of very great merit and very great utility.[14] The ambiguities of the last year of the Vichy régime are described by M. Trouillé who was prefect of Corrèze in close relationships with the Resistance and whose candid story of the high price paid for the Resistance in the Massif Central ought to be borne in mind in any political bookkeeping.[15]

It is one of the odd theories of M. Mengin that France suffered greatly at the end of the war because of de Gaulle's obstinacy and because he was so much disliked by Roosevelt. This seems to me the very reverse of true. What M. Mengin does not realise is that Roosevelt not only detested de Gaulle, but also despised France. The French had let him down, as he asserted in his simple, egoistic way. The whole idea of putting France under a kind of mandate, the absurd project of having an AMGOT government in France, were aspects of FDR's supreme ignorance of France and of his general political vanity. Miss White and Mr. Viorst both make plain the absurdities of American policy to which FDR clung even when Admiral Leahy and Cordell Hull had accepted the fact that it was de Gaulle or no-

[13] *Un Combat sans Merci*, par GUY RAÏSSAC. Editions Albin Michel, Paris, 27.76 F. *De Gaulle*, par FRANÇOIS MAURIAC, de l'Académie française. Bernard Grasset, Paris, 20 F. *De Gaulle*, by FRANÇOIS MAURIAC, translated by Richard Howard. The Bodley Head, London, 25s.

[14] *Histoire du Parti Communiste français:* I, *De la Guerre à la Guerre, 1917–1939*, par JACQUES FAUVET; II, *Vingt-cinq Ans de Drames, 1939–1965*, par JACQUES FAUVET, en collaboration avec ALAIN DUHAMEL. Fayard, I, 17.50 F.; II, 19.75 F.

[15] *Journal d'un Préfet pendant l'Occupation*, par PIERRE TROUILLÉ. NRF, Gallimard, 13 F.

Barbara Wootton

In A World I Never Made

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thing.[16] M. Robert Aron shows how close, in fact, were the political relationships in the autumn of 1944 between General de Gaulle and General Eisenhower.[17] But nothing could break through FDR's barrier of vanity and ignorance. But it may be said that Miss White and Mr. Viorst do not fully appreciate the fact that the State Department and the War Department were not uniformly hostile from the beginning to de Gaulle. Quite early there were in France agents of both departments who realised that he was the coming man. But their highly intelligent advice never got to the White House or, if it did, it was disregarded.

It is easy to see why Charles de Gaulle is a figure of controversy in his own country. A man one of whose great strengths is his ability to say "No" and his ability to let people believe he has said "Yes" must make many enemies. A man coming from the right who has liquidated the French army and abandoned *l'Algérie française* is a traitor to the French equivalent of the League of Empire Loyalists, and there are far more empire loyalists in France than there are in Britain. And since General de Gaulle has a good deal of responsibility for the Indo-Chinese mess, it is a pity his conversion to anti-imperialism did not come sooner. But M. Michel points out how slow was the conversion of even the French Socialists to the idea of the liquidation of the French empire, how much it was seen as a civilising force (as it very largely was), how little it was seen as condemned by the movement of history. But for all the General's faults and for all the enemies he has made, some of them superfluously, there is no doubt that he is one of the greatest figures in French history. This may be due entirely to the folly of Great Britain, the folly of Churchill, to the General's low cunning, to an astonishing number of accidents all running in the same direction: but this seems to me extremely unlikely. And the hostility and scepticism which the French political leadership displays towards the General, although at a much higher level today, has an awkward reminiscence of the Third Republic. James II could not understand, so Saint-Simon tells us, how he had been so successfully betrayed. So many of the most intelligent people in France cannot understand how again and again the French have been successfully deceived, have abandoned their proper leaders, have betrayed the principles of the Revolution —or the counter-Revolution—at the bidding, the seductions of a man so fundamentally dishonest, as M. Soustelle tells us he is, or so lacking in any qualities except personal austerity, as M. Robert Mengin tells us he is. But it is a long time since J. E. C. Bodley told us that the people the French are most unjust to are the French and that *homo homini lupus* applies above all to the French, and especially the "leaders" of the French people, who are so much better and in many ways more intelligent than their leaders, as some of these books unconsciously reveal.

De Gaulle has been many things, including some unattractive things. His isolation from lesser mortals, preached before he got a chance to practise it, is not necessarily admired in a "democratic" age. Mr. Alexander Werth's excellent book[18] shows the General as a politician of genius, but every politician must, to some degree, have "*les mains sales*." De Gaulle can guess wrong as he did when he abdicated and tried the first Hundred Days of the *Rassemblement du Peuple français*. But it must be remembered how many people who had not been Gaullists during the war, or had been open opponents, rallied to him when the Fourth Republic seemed to be foundering. And it was only saved by Marshall Aid. It could be argued that the politicians of the Fourth Republic got more aid than the inflexible general would have got. Perhaps the whole Gaullist myth is part of the whole French myth of "the Resistance," a point argued by Professor Kulski from the morally superior position of an exiled Pole.[19] But there de Gaulle is and perhaps his greatest asset has been his freedom from most of the illusions of his countrymen. How much more like the future his severely unsentimental view was in 1945 than were the cloudy schemes of so many intellectual leaders of the Resistance whose "*nuées*" are described to us by M. Michel! That a man born in 1890 should be so much in touch with the realities of 1967 is surely astonishing when we look at Chairman Mao! It is this superiority to the illusions of his age that is de Gaulle's main strength. (He has his own illusions of course but they are his, not the commonplaces of advanced or even of retarded thought.)

[16] *Seeds of Discord: de Gaulle, Free France, and the Allies*, by Dorothy Shipley White. Syracuse University Press, New York, $7.50. *Hostile Allies: FDR and Charles de Gaulle*, by Milton Viorst. The Macmillan Company, New York, $6.95; Collier-Macmillan, London.

[17] *Charles de Gaulle*, par Robert Aron. Librairie Académique Perrin, Paris. *De Gaulle Triumphant: the Liberation of France, August 1944–May 1945*, by Robert Aron, translated by Humphrey Hare. Putnam, London, 35s.

[18] *De Gaulle: A Political Biography*, by Alexander Werth. Penguin Books, 6s.

[19] *De Gaulle and the World: the Foreign Policy of the Fifth French Republic*, by W. W. Kulski. Syracuse University Press, New York, $8.50.

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He has had since his (negatively) educating years at the Ecole de Guerre:

Der hohe Sinn des Papsts,
Er sieht das Kleine klein: das Grosse gross.

Maybe he leaves too many of the petty things to his *commis*, as Barbey d'Aurevilly left living to his valet, but that imperial confidence, that desire to see things grand and not to be the victim of the easy triumphs of the minute, is not a fault we can attribute to any of the other leaders of "the Free World."

Leaves of Grass

The Book of Grass. Edited by GEORGE ANDREWS and SIMON VINKENOOG. *Peter Owen*, 37s. 6d.

IT IS CURIOUS to reflect that many of our great-grandparents were junkies. In sickness or depression, so letters and diaries of the last century tell us, the kindly family doctor prescribed opium and laudanum, or the parlour-maid was simply sent round the corner to the obliging chemist. The High Victorians, in fact, were often high; and one may wonder whether their recourse to drugs was not an unconscious counterpart to the extreme severity with which so many of them ordered their lives.

In our own century, all this has altered. Though it is quite possible that just as many people, if not more, take drugs of various kinds as ever did, the practice—except in the small minority of cases of medical prescription—has become illegal, at any rate in the Western world. As new drugs are discovered, they are as quickly banned; and local and international narcotics agencies are set up to enforce these prohibitions. Yet at the same time both addicts and enforcement officers confirm that the habit is growing rapidly, with one consequence—among many—that a new "criminal" group, numbering hundreds of thousands if not millions, has now come into being: a class that has not, except in its delinquent fringe, the social characteristics which, hitherto, have been regarded as belonging to the "criminal classes."

This situation gives rise to various questions, among them:

Are these drugs different one from another in their social and physical consequences?

Do they have any beneficial effects, or are they entirely malignant?

Do states have valid reasons for trying to prohibit drug-taking altogether?

Is it really possible to enforce their prohibition, and what are the social side-effects of trying to do so?

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All these questions are interrelated, and the answers to them might, at first sight, seem simple. Thus, to the four given above, the conventional replies would probably be "No; No + Yes; Yes; and Yes + Good." Mr. Andrews' book suggests that the answers are far more complex and often the opposite to those conventionally held.

An initial difficulty about forming an opinion on these matters is that so very little is known about them. Thus, if one considers, for the moment, simply the addiction in England to Indian hemp (cannabis, marijuana, or the "grass" of Mr. Andrews' title), one discovers that not much is known about the extent of this addiction nor, except among those who use it, what are really its effects. If addiction to hemp be considered, as it usually is, a sickness (let alone a crime), one would expect to find a volume of information about so grave a medical and social evil. But not only does this not exist, but one even discovers that doctors are not encouraged, or even in most cases allowed, to examine hemp-addiction clinically, as they would any other malady before pronouncing on its consequences and cure. Or, if one goes on to consider the by now considerable variety of hallucinogenic agents that are in use in England, one finds that, even in official reports, these are lumped together as "drugs" with little attempt at differentiation. This ignorance does not, of course, prevent the most categorical public pronouncements about them by publicists and even educated authorities.

Mr. Andrews has tried to pierce some of these veils. It should at once be said that his attitude is sympathetic to the use of certain drugs, for instance cannabis and *LSD*, though not so to others, for example heroin and cocaine; and his book will consequently be read by those hostile to all drug-taking (for whatever reason, or for none at all) with appropriate scepticism. His method is the oblique one of not speaking in his own voice (except in one short essay) but of collecting together information—or opinions—about addiction from dozens of sources, nations and even centuries. These essays he groups under history, experience, medical opinion, techniques, and legal aspects. Though most of Mr. Andrews' contributors are, predictably, favourable to some kinds of addiction (or, at most, neutral in their attitudes), they do not disguise altogether what they consider to be its dangers and disadvantages.

The book makes out an eloquent if disjointed case, and certainly one that even the hostile must, if objective, try to consider; but it has many defects, apart even from questions of opinion. The first of these is editorial, and here it seems to me that Mr. Andrews falls down badly in his task. For example, he quotes again and again authorities without telling us who they are, how qualified, or indeed anything about them—so much so that many of them must seem, even to the trusting reader, to be inventions. It is not, for instance, really helpful to be confronted with an essay on *Médicaments Végétaux* by Drs. Pic and Bonnamour without having the remotest idea who these savants are or what the degree of their expertise may be. Occasionally, it is true, Mr. Andrews gives us a clue, but always a very meagre one ("British Army in India, 1894"). Thus, though I am sure this was not Mr. Andrews' intention, his book sometimes takes on the aspect of those sexological studies in which an obscure text is burdened by quotation from even more obscure authorities.

His historical section, in addition to this blemish, has the further one that it is completely unmethodical. What it consists of is quotes—often interesting, but sometimes footling—from undefined authors with such titles as "The Assassins," "A Moroccan Folk Tale" and "Sitting Bull's Vision of Victory." It is true that Mr. Andrews calls the section "*Traces* in the Course of History," yet some attempt at synthesis, even if embellished with quotations, should surely have been attempted. Incidentally, though personally sympathetic to many of Mr. Andrews' implied conclusions, I do not find myself particularly impressed to be told of the ancient lineage of drug addiction. This is of course undisputed, but the suggestion that its very antiquity makes addiction somehow valid is not a convincing argument in its favour, since many a human activity—murder, for instance—has also impressive historical precedents.

The section in which addicts describe their raptures is, as one would expect, a disappointment, despite many illustrious literary names being pressed into service. This is understandable, since hallucinations are notoriously difficult to describe even in poetic, let alone realistic terms—just as, indeed, mystical visions are to those who have not themselves experienced them. Mr. Andrews himself has a bold try in *Steady Roll* but alas! soon falls into the language of the copy-writer—"Crouch above the fumes at Delphi, rave to the profane, muse on the fate of mortals" could almost be lifted from an ad for the Greek Line. Henri Michaux is more convincing, largely by being more factual, and is specially interesting on those areas of consciousness to which the undrugged intelligence has no access. Aldous Huxley is, as ever, extremely plausible and (also as ever, to me at any rate) totally unconvincing.

Among incidental facts and speculations of some curiosity, we may learn that George Wash-

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ington, if not himself a pot-head, "Sowed Hemp at Muddy hole by Swamp," that the Caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland* was almost certainly a junkie and tried to turn Alice on, and that *Jack and the Beanstalk*, as well as its Freudian and other undertones, is a parable on the virtues of Indian hemp. Most curious, to me, was the demonstration, by a Dr. S. H. Goff of Amsterdam, that the sensations induced by free fall from an aircraft resemble a psychedelic experience, for I have always believed that addicts have much in common, psychologically, with those who seek violent sensations in general—test pilots, Everest climbers, deep-sea divers, and even gamblers.

The section of medical opinions will be read with doubt by many, if only because a hostile view point is not put. The consensus of those quoted would seem to be, roughly, that cannabis, if used in moderation, is almost entirely harmless in its physical and social effects, though it is not denied that it may sometimes result in "the horrors" and that psychotic persons who take it are likely to become more so. In a positive sense, its beneficial effects—chiefly by evoking in the subject happiness, sociability, and relaxation—are generally agreed upon. As for *LSD* (which is not, of course, the principal theme of the volume), opinions are divided, the even more extraordinary nature of the hallucinations being affirmed, as well as the increased possibility of acute anguish matching the greater beatitude. There is unanimity throughout the book that neither of these drugs (and also mescalin and peyote) is to be compared with opiates like heroin and cocaine, since the first group is deemed to be innocuous, and the latter personally and socially deleterious—an opinion that is supported, in "Cannabis and Opiates," by no less an authority than Mr. William Burroughs. In this sense, the volume has a curiously —and unexpectedly—moral flavour, as might a treatise on the joys of alcohol that roundly condemns the ill effects of absinthe.

On the topic of alcohol many writers adopt a hostile attitude almost as virulent as that of a prohibitionist. Mr. Paul Bowles, for example, is scathing about the intolerance of alcohol-consuming societies towards hemp addicts, and makes out what seems to me a good case for alcohol being more dangerous socially and physically. The conventional acceptance of alcohol, he (and others) believes, is due to factors beyond that of mere historical custom. There is an immense vested interest in the sale of alcohol and conversely, yet with similar effects, an immense criminal vested interest in the prohibition of all drugs, and even such an interest among the burgeoning personnel of the narcotics bureaux. Whereas alcohol induces aggression,

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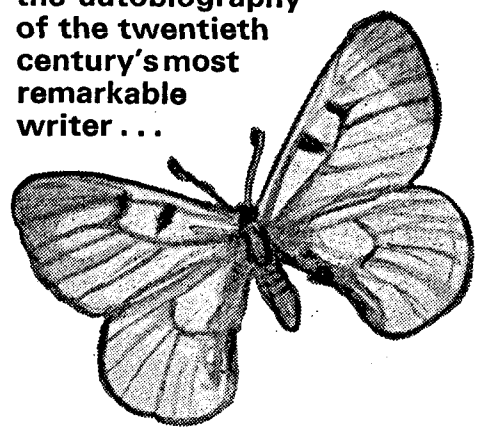

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hemp invites to withdrawal, and this "positive" personal attitude is more acceptable to Protestant Anglo-Saxon societies than is the "negative" effect of hemp, which they deem decadent and "oriental." Most of all, those in authority fear the extended use of hallucinogenic drugs because their users tend to withdraw from the hurly-burly of polemical dispute, making pot- and acid-heads unsuitable material for political control and manipulation. (This diagnosis may seem accurate if one can judge by the trend among U.S. campus addicts away from politics of protest into a private psychedelic paradise.)

The section about whose conclusions most readers will probably agree (or at any rate, far more than will about the value of pot and *LSD*) is "The Scene Today and the Law," in which Mr. Andrews quotes hair-raising instances, from different lands, of the penalties meted out to addicts. The best known of these, of course, is Dr. Timothy Leary's sentence to 30 years and a $30,000 fine for carrying a small quantity of marijuana, and however sceptical one may be of Dr. Leary's pseudo-religious pretensions (which seem to me, from what I have read of them, both spurious and fanatical), this penalty is clearly monstrous. Even in this country, I know several hemp smokers of otherwise impeccable character who have been jailed for long periods for doing what I myself believe to be harmless both to themselves and others, and none of the business of the state anyway.

Concluding on this personal note, I would offer tentative answers to the four questions posed at the beginning. There seems no doubt to me that hallucinogenic drugs can differ enormously in their effects, the distinction, for instance, between taking cannabis and cocaine, being almost total; and if this be so, to lump both together as identical drugs seems to me medically, socially, and legally grotesque. (The argument that hemp is the inevitable first step to heroin is, in my experience, baseless.) As for the "beneficent" effects of hemp, unless one excludes the validity of intoxication of any kind (which our society, permissive to alcohol, does not), I cannot see any objection to each making his individual choice in the matter—I mean moral choice, not legal, for so far as the law goes, the pot-head has no choice. It would be a relief, on the other hand, if those who are simply out for "kicks" when they take hemp would frankly admit it, and not go on at such pretentious length about the pseudo-religious value of their "mystical" experiences: for I am sure that many a merely self-indulgent pot-head would be amazed were he to read the metaphysical claims that are made for his activities by some of the contributors to Mr. Andrews' book. In the matter of malignancy, this unquestionably exists with opiates like heroin and cocaine, possibly with *LSD* (about whose long-term effects I do not think we yet know enough), and marginally, if at all, with cannabis. The reasons authority advances to prohibit the use of non-addictive drugs (excluding, that is, the compulsive opiates) seem to me extremely suspect, being based on a mixture of ignorance, prejudice, and moralising malice.

As to the final question as to whether these prohibitions can really be enforced, I would say this is henceforth impossible. The ancillary consequences of trying to do so, in the form of a vast increase in criminal drug-pushing (comparable to that of liquor at the time of prohibition in America), and of a massive counter-espionage by narcotics agents, have already been suggested. But the real difficulty is a practical one. A bootlegger, to satisfy one client, must import clandestinely at least a bottle. But one bottle of *LSD* solution of equivalent size would be more than adequate to "turn on" tens of thousands of persons since a single drop works the magic; and as this precious fluid has no taste, smell, or colour, and can be marketed simply by sending someone a letter impregnated with a drop, I do not see how it can be effectively prevented. As in the case of homosexual prosecutions, this will result in a lottery by which, for every "criminal" arrested, hundreds will remain invisible. Even in the case of hemp, slightly more recognisable and bulky, the difficulties of prohibition are already considerable. Mr. Andrews tells us of a resourceful pusher who produced an anti-marijuana tract printed on marijuana paper, and handed it out with the whispered injunction, "After digesting the medical information, the informed may roll up the last chapter and smoke it."

Colin MacInnes

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Alun Lewis & his Place

Alun Lewis: Selected Poetry and Prose. With a Biographical Introduction by IAN HAMILTON. *Allen and Unwin*, 30s.

MR. HAMILTON, himself a poet, and editor of the indispensable magazine *The Review*, proved in his anthology *The Poetry of War* (1965) to be one of the very few critics who have been able to evaluate the poetry written by servicemen during 1939–1945. What he did in the anthology seems very simple; just to apply sound standards of judgment to the muddled reputations and mass of material that came out of the Second World War; but that for most critics the issues are still bedevilled by extraneous considerations is shown by notices and by other collections that have appeared since. The introduction to the present book demonstrates a perhaps even greater imaginative sympathy. It does not claim to achieve a critical "placing" of Lewis, but for the reader that is precisely what has happened when he has finished the discreet biographical detail, the sharp ideological investigation, of Mr. Hamilton's extended essay. It uses Lewis' unpublished as well as published work, particularly an unpublished journal; and such fugitive things as an anonymously-published article (in the *New Statesman*) which Lewis wrote about his experience at Battle School: again, obviously germane when produced but needing a true critic to uncover.

TO MANY like myself, whose roots were in the '30s, the main point about Lewis was the sense that his last Indian poems were an abdication from the responsibility of making a poetic statement about oppression and hope, about the soldier's life and the issues of the War:

... we who dream beside this jungle pool
Prefer the instinctive rightness of the poised
Pied kingfisher deep darting for a fish
To all the banal rectitude of states
The dew-bright diamonds on a viper's back
To the slow poison of a meaning lost
And the vituperations of the just.

(Lewis' death in 1944 seemed part of the same process, for there were rumours that it was self-inflicted.) This responsibility was all the heavier for the poet of 1939–1945 because of his feeling that in trying to follow Owen and Sassoon he was merely a *farceur*—being well apprised of Marx's apophthegm about history repeating itself! Lewis himself began with an acute and uneasy awareness of his larger and more innocent ancestors (particularly Edward Thomas), and the best of his earlier poems (such as "Odi et Amo") are a brave attempt to make something universal out of the training and camp life of the "phoney war."

My body does not seem my own
Now. These hands are not my own
That touch the hair-spring trigger, nor my eyes

Fixed on a human target, nor my cheek
Stroking the rifle butt; my loins
Are flat and closed like a child's.

One of the virtues of Mr. Hamilton's introduction is its demonstration that Lewis' development towards an interior poetry was not merely a result of taking a commission or the confusion of war aims and wartime alliances or a failure of nerve (though such crudities no doubt played their part). It arose from his essential poetic personality; indeed it arose from an essential need (which it was an evidence of talent in Lewis to find objective correlatives for in the physical circumstances in which he was placed) to deepen and strengthen his verse. His turning (on the voyage to India) to Rilke is a crucial example of this. Probably most wartime poets got hold of the little Leishman-translated selected Rilke which came out in the New Hogarth Library in 1941 (and one guesses that this was Lewis' immediate source) but few or none save Lewis were then able to make use of it. Before coming to the key lines of Lewis' poem, "To Rilke," Mr. Hamilton quotes two passages from the journal of the time about a strange dream, and then about Lewis' reading of Rilke: "He approached me as we were lying off India and I asked him about *silence*, and what price one paid for going my way—through the panzer divisions of the century—and whether he would have found his silence there...." This kind of procedure (it is paralleled several times in the introduction) is especially illuminating with a writer like Lewis, partly because of his immaturities—the prose needs reinforcing with the verse, and sometimes the other way about—and partly because the tone of the verse is so quiet that we are apt to miss its reverberation:

Rilke, if you had known that I was trying
To speak to you perhaps you would have said
"Humanity has her darlings to whom she's entrusted
A farthing maybe, or a jewel, at least a perception
Of what can develop and what must be always endured
And what the live may answer to the dead.
Such ones are known by their faces,
At least their absence is noted;
And they never lack an occasion,
They, the devoted."

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Besides, even his best pieces often have off-putting titles, lead-ins, awkwardnesses. He didn't rhyme well, nor are his stanza forms, when he contrives them, very convincing. On the whole he was most successful with iambic pentameters, copiously end-stopped. That this side of things could have been greatly improved by leisure for more working-up is shown by most of the group of previously uncollected poems printed here, which are not so much bad in themselves as bad in the manner of some poets' early drafts. Mr. Hamilton by no means glosses over Lewis' weaknesses as a poet: indeed, as in his analysis of "Finale" and the Edward Thomas poem, he is subtly and properly ruthless in demonstrating where Lewis is strained or imprecise.

Would Lewis ever have found a style to match his poetic ambitions? (The trouble was not entirely a matter of form: even in a late piece like the second "In Hospital" poem there is a certain feebleness of imagery: *"Where darkness crowds its dark piratic sail"*—hough, to be sure, this trope may well have been determined by the rhyme-word.) In any case, his talent had, fortunately, a strong second string. The present book does not print any of his letters, but he was an excellent letter-writer. It does give us the best of his stories, and though these, like the poems, are occasionally weak, they are weak in the right way, in the pursuit of greater scope. There is still an aroma about them of the *Argosy* magazine story of the previous epoch—bits of mock-pastoral, of unconvincing romantic intensity—but they contain much knowledge, many thoroughly worked-for effects, and an irony and ear for conversation rather surprising in the light of the general solemnity of the verse.

Probably Mr. Hamilton is not exaggerating when he says that Lewis has been "shamefully neglected in the twenty-odd years since his death." Certainly, even on one who read his work as it appeared, this book has made a fresh and moving effect, and a selection was obviously required and appropriate at this time. It is a bonus that Lewis deserved that he should have stimulated Mr. Hamilton to make and introduce it.

Roy Fuller

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

European Pigmies, American Giant

The Consequences of U.S. Economic Strength

"Some Europeans watch industry falling into American hands with the same alarm as, twenty years ago, the growth of communist parties in France and Italy was watched." THE TIMES

IS THE Briton, who shaves with a Gillette razor blade, eats Heinz beans for breakfast, drives to work in a Ford on Esso fuel, and runs his office with Remington typewriters and IBM computers, while his wife Hoovers the house and shops in Woolworths, aware that all these products are made by American-owned firms? Probably not, for all these items have been an accepted part of British life for more than thirty years. A hundred years ago European capital built much of the industry and railways which developed North America. Today the reverse flow of American capital and technology plays a growing part in the life of industrial Europe. Especially in the last ten years, the magic of the Common Market and Europe's growing political stability and economic strength have attracted a growing transatlantic flow of new American capital. The horizon of many American businessmen, once bounded by the Western hemisphere, has widened. They have realised that a Europe, entering the age of affluence, offers a unique opportunity to sell the products and apply the mass-production techniques developed at home. A tenth of the annual investment by American manufacturing industry, at home and abroad, now takes place in Europe. America's direct investments in Europe, worth $4 billion in 1951, were worth $14 billion by 1965.

The world's giant corporations are still responsible for the bulk of American direct investment in Europe. Forty per cent of American direct investment in France, Germany and Britain is accounted for by Esso, Ford, and General Motors. By 1965, 700 of America's 1,000 largest corporations had established some kind of business in Europe. But they have been followed by a growing stream of medium and small concerns, anxious to follow the new fashion and get their share of the new European El Dorado. Electronic component-makers from California as well as food businesses from the Middle West have bought French food firms or Belgian engineering works, or built plants of their own, helped by local tax facilities, in Scottish development areas or the Italian *mezzogiorno*. And industry has been followed by a growing stream of banks, lawyers, advertising agents, consultants, the camp-followers of this beneficent invasion. The American accents on the *Europa-Express*, like the advertising signs on the road to London Airport, are a reminder of the growing place of American firms in Europe.

Today, American direct investors are responsible for about 5 per cent of the annual investment in industrial equipment in western Europe. The share is far larger in the new industries where America has often pioneered the way. In the oil industry, for instance, American firms have some 25–30% of the market in Britain and the Common Market; in automobiles, 30%. In tyres, sewing machines, razor blades, earth-moving equipment, tractors, and many other fields of engineering these shares are even larger, and in some industries (*e.g.* carbon black) there is no European-owned production at all.

Above all, there is a range of new science-based industries (boosted, sometimes, by U.S. defence expenditure) in which American industry now has a commanding lead. In aircraft and computers, and in much of the electronics and communications industry, where whole industries have been spawned by the space effort in California and Texas, American firms not only have huge shares of the European market (two-thirds of computers, half of aircraft) but seem to have the future in their hands.

THE SHORT-TERM BENEFITS of this influx for Europe are indisputable. On one hand, American direct investment has introduced new industries, products and methods, raised productivity, increased exports and galvanised whole sectors of the European economy with the spur of competition. In old and sluggish economies (in particular, the British), there is no doubt that the fresh ideas and dynamic

CHRISTOPHER LAYTON, *a former leader-writer on* The Economist, *is the author of a study for the Atlantic Institute on "Transatlantic Investments" (1966).*

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approach of American management and capital have been an invaluable catalyst of change. American firms introduced the sewing machine, the vacuum cleaner, and the washing machine to the British housewife; North American firms pioneered mass-production in the European tractor industry, and introduced automatic transmissions for vehicles, earth-moving equipment and a vast range of other industrial machines and products. Selling techniques have been transformed by the impact of American detergent manufacturers. So have some management methods, as European producers at last come to realise how amateurish their own methods of training for management have often been.

There have been social benefits too. Woolworths pioneered low-margin mass retailing in the early years of this century, and thus opened up higher living standards to a vast new section of the European population. At Fawley refinery, in Britain, the Esso company pioneered "plant productivity bargaining" which is proving to be the one effective method of removing systematically the restrictive practices which paralyse British industry. American direct investment brings to European industry some of the social mobility, democratic spirit, and vitality of the New World.

European Doubts

"Americans with stuffed briefcases and a business-like gleam in their eyes are crossing the Atlantic daily. They are the modern invaders of Europe, the cheque-book Conquistadores, moving in from the New World to correct the balance of the Old. The Germans welcome them, the French tolerate them. But both countries share the same uneasy thought: How far can the dollar invasion be allowed to go without getting out of hand?"

DAILY MAIL

IN THE FIRST fifteen post-war years every European government, including the French, recognised these benefits and all made efforts to attract American firms. In the last five years, however, the very vigour of the American "invasion" has aroused resentments. Many Europeans have begun to feel that American investment is becoming too much of a good thing. Competitors, in tractors or soap, object when the market is upset by vigorous newcomers. French and British aircraft and computer manufacturers, struggling to survive, lobby their governments fiercely to persuade them to "Buy European."

Then there has been controversy over American take-over bids (equivalent to about a quarter of American direct investment in Europe in 1964). Proprietors of small family-firms, forced

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by the Common Market to "expand or bust," have welcomed this opportunity to capitalise on their efforts at an excellent price and acquire liquid capital and know-how at the same time. Competitors, on the other hand, or other European firms, who cannot match the take-over price, do not share their enthusiasm.

Some American firms in Europe have harmonised skilfully with their surroundings. Some have not. If General Motors' Vauxhall was once a by-word for good labour relations, Ford (until recently) symbolised strife. And invariably, if there is poor consultation or unrest in an American-owned subsidiary, it is attributed, rightly or wrongly, to "remote control" from New York or Detroit. In Germany there was a wave of press criticism of American investors, mainly social in character, during 1963–64. A particularly tough detergent advertising war between Procter & Gamble (American) and Unilever (Anglo-Dutch) caused eyebrows to be raised, and gave the old-established German family firm of Henkel (*Persil*) a thin time. In the summer of 1963 General Motors sacked the German directors of Opel and put in Americans. Newspapers commented that some Americans were all too unaware of the feelings of their hosts, and lived in a world of their own. In 1964 Socony Mobil's bid to acquire a share of Aral, the last remaining independent German petrol distributor (90% of German oil refining is foreign-owned) became a new *cause célèbre*.

European criticisms have been a remarkable blend of economic, social, and political considerations. "Brash" advertising, "pushing" managements, and "loud" American accents in the corridors of the best hotels are seen by some as a threat to Europe's "way of life." Competitors shiver in the blast of competition. Just as Canadians have been gradually roused to a fury of debate by America's massive stake in the Canadian economy ($14 billion or nearly half Canadian industry), so Europeans have become aware of the size of America's stake in Europe ($13 billion or 6 per cent of industry) and have realised that it too has significance in terms of economic power.

Lessons from France

> *"American investors—all but banned a year ago—are finding a new welcome in France. For the Government has realised that industrial chauvinism is no way to win the battle of giants which world trade has become."*
>
> DAILY MAIL

It is not surprising that this wave of European questioning found its most cogent expression in France. A whole literature has discussed the "hegemony" and "neo-colonialism" of American capital. And since 1962 President de Gaulle has mounted a campaign against the economic domination of American capital as vigorous and skilful as his efforts in politics and defence.

The French criticisms first came to the surface in 1962–3 when the influx of new American investment, attracted by the Common Market, sparked off a series of incidents. In September 1962 Remington Rand dismissed 800 workers from its refrigerator plant near Lyons. The press erupted. The Minister for Industry declared that he would not permit "certain isolated enterprises to practice an irresponsible policy that does not respect the social contract linking a financially powerful enterprise to the labour it employs." The Government, he explained, was preparing new regulations covering major investment in France, including compulsory consultation in case of redundancy. In the future, foreign investment programmes, particularly from U.S. firms, must be scrutinised with the greatest care.

In January 1963, Chrysler's purchase of control of the Simca car firm—and Libby's plan to invest $10 million per year for several years in succession in food processing and canning in the Rhône basin—brought another outburst of criticism. Giscard d'Estaing, the Finance Minister, who was at that time manoeuvring for the succession to de Gaulle, declared that "it is not desirable that important sections of the economy depend on outside decisions." Coming just after the French veto on the British negotiations with the Common Market, criticisms of American investment dovetailed neatly with de Gaulle's

U.S. Direct Investment Abroad ($ Million)

	1950	*1957*	*1961*	*1962*	*1963*	*1964*	1965
Total	11,788	25,394	34,667	37,225	40,686	44,386	49,217
Canada	3,579	8,769	11,602	12,133	13,044	13,789	15,172
Latin America	4,445	7,434	8,236	8,424	8,662	8,894	9,371
Europe	1,733	4,151	7,742	8,930	10,340	12,109	13,894
Common Market	637	1,680	3,104	3,722	4,490	5,426	6,254
UK	847	1,974	3,554	3,824	4,172	4,547	5,119

Source: *U.S. Department of Commerce Survey of Current Business*

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thesis that a Britain inside the walls of Europe would be "an Anglo-Saxon Trojan Horse." Baiting American investors made a useful distraction for an uneasy electorate.

The debate reached a climax when General Electric offered to buy 20% of the shares in Machines Bull, France's largest manufacturer of computers and data-processing machines. In February 1964 the French Government announced that it "could not agree to the prospective acquistion of a part of the firm's capital by a foreign company." One reason for the refusal was not made public. Shortly before, IBM, whose French subsidiary has operated harmoniously with the French Government for years, was forbidden by the U.S. government to provide a large computer for the French nuclear programme. The decision seemed a startling justification of Gaullist attitudes. Here was a powerful political reason for seeking to keep a part of this key industry in French hands.

Yet when it came to the point, the facts of economic and technical life compelled even President de Gaulle to allow Machines Bull to go into partnership with General Electric. An abortive attempt was made to bail out the company with French capital. But could French banks supply the know-how which General Electric could? In July 1964 the French Government agreed to what was, essentially, a 50–50 partnership between General Electric and Machines Bull, with the firm's defence work kept separate, in French hands.

French policy towards American investment generally became increasingly restrictive during 1964, and by the end of the year the Finance Ministry was blocking virtually all applications for new direct investment. Economic realities, however, continued to make themselves felt. General Motors, at first discouraged from building a new plant in Strasbourg, built one in hospitable Antwerp instead. A major petrochemical plant, originally planned for Bordeaux, also went to Belgium. Inside the Common Market, French competitors will still have to face the competition of these new plants; but France will not benefit from the capital, scientific research, and jobs they provide. It seemed a self-defeating policy.

In 1965, indeed, recognising the damage its own policy was inflicting, the French Government began to modify its stand. Take-overs of existing French firms would continue to be blocked unless they bring new technologies and help regional development. But new factories would continue to be allowed. Bit-by-bit permissions have been given for the blocked applications. Today American direct investment is slowly flowing once more into France.

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THE FRENCH EXPERIENCE carried several lessons for Europe. First, it was plain that no single member of the Common Market could possibly operate a restrictive policy on its own. The spurned investor simply goes somewhere else. The French have also had to recognise the economic value of the new technologies and capital American firms bring. Libby's massive project to process and can fruits and vegetables from the Rhône basin has brought new economic vitality to a backward region, and raised productivity in French agriculture itself. Machines Bull was compelled to accept an American partner, not merely because of lack of capital, but because it was several years behind in vital research and simply had no way of rapidly closing the gap.

Nonetheless French objections to American direct investment have not been set at rest. Some critics argue that decisions taken by remote corporations fall outside the scope of "European planning"; others that the monopoly power of giant American corporations crushes their small European rivals.

General de Gaulle linked the argument to a grander issue in February 1964—that of the gold-exchange standard. The key currency system gave the United States a massive and unfair privilege, he argued. It was simply printing dollars and buying up European companies with them, without having to pay the bill in gold—"a sort of expropriation of certain enterprises." No wonder American firms were able to offer exorbitant prices for European companies.

Some of the arguments against American investment were obviously exaggerated, and some of them absurd. Though a decision taken in Detroit by a parent company may well be outside the scope of "European planning," the subsidiary in Europe is not. And there are many American firms in Europe which have made major contributions to what should be the aim of any sensible European plan—higher exports, productivity, regional development.

The possession of a key currency certainly facilitated American capital exports; but without them, the world's economic growth would long since have ground to a halt.

YET THERE ARE MORE valid arguments. European competitors often stress that in the struggle for world markets, the vast size of American corporations loads the dice in their favour. General Motors, it is pointed out, "could give away its entire annual production of Opels and still make a profit of a billion dollars. . . ." The twenty-

THE WORLD'S GIANTS

(In order of turnover, $ million, 1965)

CHEMICALS		OIL		AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY	
		USA		**USA**	
Unilever (UK-Neth.)	5,101	*Standard Oil* (NJ) (US)	11,471	*General Motors* (US)	20,734
Dupont (US)	3,021	*Socony Mobil* (US)	4,907	*Ford Motors* (US)	11,573
I.C.I. (UK)	2,285	*Texaco* (US)	3,779	*Chrysler* (US)	5,300
Union Carbide (US)	2,064	*Gulf Oil* (US)	3,385	*American Motors* (US)	990
Procter & Gamble (US)	2,059	*Shell Oil*	2,562		
Farbenfabriken Bayer (G)	1,575	*Standard Oil* (Ind) (US)	2,472	**EUROPE**	
Monsanto (US)	1,468	*Standard Oil* (Cal) (US)	2,442	*Volkswagen* (G)	2,316
Farbwerke Hoescht (G)	1,309	*Philips Petroleum* (US)	1,451	*Ford Europe*	1,876
Dow Chemical (US)	1,176	*Continental Oil*	1,449	*GM Europe*	1,584
Allied Chemical	1,121			*Fiat*	1,528
Rhone-Poulenc (F)	1,014	**EUROPE**		*BMC* (UK)	1,354
B.A.S.F. (G)	1,012	*Royal Dutch Shell*	7,180	*Daimler-Benz* (G)	1,298
Courtaulds (UK)	953	*Esso Europe*	3,600e	*Renault*	1,100
Olin Mathieson (US)	874	*B.P.*	2,408	*Citroen*	788
American Cyanamid (US)	862	*Cie Française des Pétroles*	911	*Chrysler Europe*	741
		ERAP (F)	691	*Leyland*	602
		Gelsenkirchener Bergwerks (G)	675	*Volvo*	540
		Petrofina (B)	639		
		E.N.I. (I)	938		
		Deutsche Erdol AG (G)	362		

e *estimate*

SOURCE: *Fortune Magazine*
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five largest American corporations have roughly double the turnover of the twenty-five largest Europeans.

The more extreme European fears—*viz.*, that American corporations will use their massive resources to run at a loss for long periods—are generally unfounded. General Motors is in Europe to make profits, not a loss. But massive financial resources do carry certain advantages. They make companies more credit-worthy. They make possible the kind of massive advertising which can change market shares. Above all they make possible a greater effort in research and development and this, in turn, is contributing to the most alarming phenomenon of all, a widening "technological gap" between Europe and America.

As Europeans watch America's lead in space, communications, computers and aircraft grow more pronounced, they inevitably ask whether it is right for the seeds of technological change and growth to be concentrated in one great continent. Whereas, in 1938, Europe and America each spent between $50 and $80 million on research and development, by 1962, America was spending some $16 billion to Europe's $6 billion. The massive American effort was reflected in the flow of knowledge. In 1963 even Germany, with a great technological tradition, spent four times as much ($42 million) on American patents in chemicals, engineering and metals as it earned from selling knowhow in these industries to America ($10·9 million). Though in the short run it is plainly valuable for Europe to buy the results of American research and development, the predominance of American firms in key new industries carries the danger of a growing dependence on bought knowledge, and a possible long-term threat to the balance of payments. And America's lead could grow wider: the most adventurous minds in Europe are being drawn to America, where they have the best chance to realise their ideas.

European Weakness

"A survey ordered by the National Economic Development Office has come to the conclusion that American firms in Britain are more efficient than their British competitors.

In the same period, American investment in British industry and commerce increased from $847 million (£320·5 million) in 1950 to $4,550 million (£1,803·9 million) in 1964.

Against this, Ford showed a higher productivity, producing 670,455 vehicles with 60,000

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Alex Comfort, *The Guardian*

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A. J. Ayer, *New Statesman* 25s

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workers, an average of 10 per man, compared with B.M.C.'s output of 846,000 vehicles from some 200,000 workers, just over four per man."
SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

"Luton, England. About 2,000 workers demonstrated outside the American-owned Vauxhall car factory here today, shouting 'bloody Americans' and demanding that the plant be nationalised." N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

TWO YEARS AFTER the Machines Bull case, a British Labour government found itself confronted with similar problems in computers and aviation, where the British national industries were proving hopelessly unviable. In aviation it took the decision to cancel certain national projects and to "buy American." Within weeks, a massive advertising campaign in the British press was inviting the members of the slashed design teams to emigrate to the U.S.A. One ingenious American firm set up an office near London Airport to employ redundant draftsmen and designers who had been working on a cancelled British aircraft on the American aircraft which was to replace it. Here is an example, not of the benefits brought by American technology, but of the sheer exploitation of European skills.

In the 1950s it seemed that Europe was the growth continent. In the '60s, America's technological advance has changed the picture. Once more the economic gap between Europe and America has begun to widen.

The truth is that the problems posed by American investments illustrate a wider proposition. Europe has great need of its American partner. Yet the partnership can never be a balanced one so long as the European partners are so weak. Just as, in defence, Europeans both depend on American might and chafe uneasily against the monolithic power of decision it implies, so, in industrial matters, the partnership is a restless one.

The weakness of Europe stems essentially from its continuing divisions. Indeed, almost every criticism and objection to American investment in Europe corresponds to a European weakness of this kind.

Aviation. The low productivity of the European industry stems directly from the division into national markets and national-governmental buying policies. The average U.S. Government order for fighter aircraft is for some 2,000 aircraft. Two hundred is a large order in a European country. No wonder output-per-head in the American industry is some *seven times* the European figure.

Capital markets. The complaint of European firms that their American competitors can raise finance more easily and cheaply springs essentially from the divisions and weaknesses of the European capital market. European capital markets are still separated from each other by innumerable barriers. Issue costs are higher, because of the small size of national markets. Secrecy by companies ensnares the investor. Except in Britain, the equivalents of the institutional investors which supply much of the capital for American industry are hedged about with restrictions. Little wonder that European firms have often found it easier to turn to an American partner for capital than to try to raise money on the *bourse*.

Size. How could the small national markets of Europe be expected to produce giants comparable to General Motors? It is true that in some sectors of industry, the high degree of concentration, even monopoly, in Europe, has in fact produced firms as large as their rivals in America, where several giants compete together in a continental market. Thus, in chemicals, the nine largest European companies (if Unilever is included in chemicals) have, in fact, a turnover marginally larger than the nine largest American firms, and employ many more persons. In oil, Royal Dutch Shell and B.P. are both in the world's top six. The fact remains that in many bread-and-butter branches of industry—*e.g.*, engineering and the food industry—the industry of Western Europe, rooted in the past of 18 protected independent states, is badly in need of further concentration if it is to be competitive in the markets of the world.

ONE OF THE MOST disconcerting characteristics of the American industrial challenge within Europe is that the subsidiaries of American companies have often proved *more* "European" than the "Europeans." An American tyre, chemical, or car company, with a subsidiary in several countries, already has a sales network covering the Continent. Though its subsidiaries may be operated by local nationals and to some extent merge with their surroundings, it is far easier for it to adapt itself to the single Continental market, than a group of small European firms of separate nationalities, seeking to cooperate, or work together. A common accounting system, or common standards, can be introduced in the American subsidiary by pressure from the parent. The Europeans have to try to reach agreement on their own. And whereas, in the U.S.A., the large corporation operates under a common tax system and a common company law, in Europe, despite the progress of the Common Market, rules of competition, taxes, patent law, trade unions, and languages are still divided nationally. In consequence, though there have been takeovers and many cooperative agreements, only *one* merger

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across frontiers has taken place since the Common Market began.

European Solutions

"General Motors plans to build a major plant at Strasbourg, its first manufacturing facility in France. The plant will produce automatic transmissions for GM's Opel, which is made in Germany, and GM's Vauxhall, which is made in Britain.

The venture, which was welcomed by both the French government and Strasbourg authorities, served to underline that France is no longer hostile to U.S. investment in the French economy." N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

THE INDUSTRIAL CHALLENGE from America, which President de Gaulle was the first to discern and diagnose, can thus be met only by the completion, in the industrial field, of the European union which the French President has been so reluctant to accept. A European company law has to be thrashed out and agreed. Today, if a French and German firm combine, one or other has to take on the alien nationality. Small wonder mergers are few and far between.

Rules of competition (foreshadowed in the Rome Treaty) have to be filled out, enforced, and complemented by a full-blooded strategy on industrial structure and concentration. This does not mean watering down the Rome Treaty's rules of competition to permit cosy European get-togethers. Quite the reverse. America's giant corporations grew up in a vigorous competitive climate. In Europe, too, viable and dynamic giants must be the children of competition, not cartels.

At the same time obstacles to mergers must be removed and concentration fostered in cer-

High Technology

U.S. Shares of the Europe Computer Market

(*An Estimate of Company Shares in New European Installations in 1964*)

	%
I.B.M. (U.S.A.)	62
I.C.T. (U.K.)	9
Bull (France)	7
Olivetti (Italy)	2
Univac (U.S.A.)	2
English Electric (U.K.)	3
Elliott N.C.R. (U.K.)	3
Zux (Germany)	1
Others	5

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tain sectors of industry: *e.g.*, steel, where the creation of perhaps some dozen strong producers in Europe would provide both optimum production facilities and a more competitive set-up than in the United States. The same holds for food in France and Germany and heavy machinery in France.

The European Community will have to get on with the job of bringing down barriers between the national capital markets. There is a strong case for embodying in a European company law the equivalent of the American S.E.C. (Securities and Exchange Commission), *i.e.*, a watchdog to ensure that markets are not rigged and that companies disclose more information than they do today.

Even in the field of currency, the problems posed by American investment may only be resolved by completing the European union. The advantages enjoyed by the dollar are inherent in a reserve currency. They will only be counterbalanced, on this side of the Atlantic, by the emergence of a new reserve unit, perhaps a European currency.

YET EVEN UNITED, the Common Market will not find it easy to redress the economic balance without Britain. In capital markets, British membership would mean the marriage of London's highly-developed institutions with the savings of the Continent; in currency the marriage of an existing reserve currency, sterling, with the wealth of Europe. In industrial structure, while 306 of the world's 500 largest companies are American, 66 are based in EFTA compared to 74 in the Common Market. The income of the Common Market today is less than half America's; with the rest of western Europe added the gap is almost closed.

British participation is essential, above all in technology and science, where America's growing lead offers the biggest threat of all to the balance of the West's economy, and where Europe is so far merely on the threshold of a proper pooling of resources. For Britain, despite the debility of its economy, and the weakness of some of its bread-and-butter industries, has far the largest European stake in the high technologies. It spends almost 3% of its national income each year on research and development, proportionately almost as much as America, and far more than France or Germany. It has more nuclear electric power in operation than the rest of the world combined. It has the only substantial computer industry in Europe, and easily the largest aircraft industry. In high technology and science Britain has something to give to Europe. Yet it has learnt, rather brutally in the last five years, that it cannot go it alone.

Closing the Gap

"A new word has come into vogue in European affairs, technology. Nato Ministers have the subject on their agenda. The Common Market has arranged a special meeting on it. And Mr. Wilson has gone so far as to call for a European technological community.

In ten years the six Common Market countries will produce only two-thirds of the production of the U.S.S.R. and one-third of the United States." THE TIMES

IN TECHNOLOGY, indeed, America's industrial challenge forces Europe to go much further down the road of integration that it has yet envisaged. Joint Franco-British projects in the aircraft industry are all very well, but if they are to prove viable, they will have to be matched by a much closer political cohesion. Many new projects (the swing-wing fighter, for instance) may never get off the ground without a common defence policy, which could mean that the armed forces of Europe would have similar requirements. Nor can the vital German market, the strategic key to the commercial struggle between the European and American aircraft industries, be assured for Europe without a measure of political union. For military aircraft are bought in part for political reasons, and today Germany has no political reason for giving aircraft orders to de Gaulle's France or Harold Wilson's off-shore island in preference to America.

ELDO has shown that a space programme for Europe is absurd if it is conceived as a once-for-all project to be settled under a single agreement. Circumstances change; the costs of one scheme escalate; another suddenly becomes possible as technology advances. It is absurd for governments to be strait-jacketed by a choice between continuing an obsolete and expensive programme and ditching space cooperation altogether. What is needed is a much wider and more flexible programme, with some kind of central management institution capable of adjusting policy to events.

The pooling of European resources in the new technologies cannot be confined to aerospace. In computers, it is too late; and it would be wrong-headed to seek to build up some kind of wholly independent European industry. But there is a great need to build up strong European partners who can bargain effectively with the American firms (*e.g.* Siemens—with RCA). At the same time, individual European governments, who are giving a trickle of aid-and-development contracts to their own computer industries, might really achieve something if this backing were coordinated in a single programme.

America's lead in computers and aerospace

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owes much to the massive Government resources put into these sectors of industry. It would be folly for Europe to consume its limited resources in trying to repeat the work already done in the U.S.A. But a concerted European effort in new fields (*viz.*, agricultural chemicals, surface transport) might bring massive benefits, not only to Europe but ultimately, through investment, exports, and the sale of knowledge, to America as well.

The need for a concerted effort is as acute in pure science as in technology. Every European government faces a series of painful choices today, as it tries to parcel out its limited funds between an ever-growing list of necessary projects. Indeed, costs are so escalating that even highly successful existing research centres (*e.g.*, Culham in Britain) are in grave danger of being cut in a period of financial stringency. Europe can only avoid slipping further and further behind America in science and technology (and hence in economic strength) if it can develop a common science policy, under which resources are rationally distributed to "centres of excellence" in a range of countries, and the results are shared.

The challenge from America, in short, must be answered by the creation of some kind of Science and Technology Community, guided by a permanent institution, similar to the Commission of the Economic Community, with powers of decision and central management machinery able to take continuous decisions and to adapt the programme to realities. Only a radical pooling of this kind can realise the full potentialities of the Common Market and enable Europe to match America in the new industrial revolution.

IF EUROPE CAN UNITE economically and thus make full use of its brains and resources, many of the problems and irritations caused by American investment would be gone. European industry would command sufficient capital resources to invest more in the United States. Transatlantic trade in knowledge would become more balanced, with a richer return flow from Europe to America. If Europe was making a larger contribution to the new technologies, it might even become easier to solve the problems in defence and politics which are still an irritant between Europe and the U.S.A.

Atlantic Anti-Trust Policy

"Secretary of the Treasury Fowler, while praising the record of these U.S. multi-national companies, has recognised that what is best for General Motors is not necessarily always best for Britain, Germany and France. He has called on them to adopt what he calls a code of Good Corporate Citizenship, and urged them to adapt their commercial interests to the national interests of both the United States and the countries where they are operating."
NEW YORK TIMES

A BALANCED ECONOMIC partnership between Europe and America would make it easier to develop effective joint action at Atlantic level on many of the problems American investment in Europe has opened up: *e.g.*, in disciplining the giant international corporations which are developing in both Continents. European countries need the cooperation of the American anti-trust authorities if, for instance, a take-over bid in Europe by a world monopolist is to be stopped. (Razor blades provide an obvious example.) On the other hand the U.S. anti-trust authorities have every reason to encourage the survival of vigorous European firms, which (in automobiles, for instance) have provided the main competitive challenge in the past ten years to America's over-mighty giants. Both sides have an interest in developing Atlantic anti-trust rules—on price competition, discrimination, dumping, take-overs, and mergers—to ensure, in the age of the world-wide corporation, that genuine competition is preserved, and that there would be collective discipline on these massive concentrations of economic power.

President de Gaulle has played an ironic role in the debate on American investment in Europe. The sharp knife of his nationalism has dissected and exposed latent problems which others had ignored. But, as in defence and politics, the logic of his own exposure led inexorably to solutions sharply at variance with his own nationalist premise.

The giant corporations, which figure as bogeymen in the literature of European protest against American investment, can only be disciplined within an Atlantic order.

If the troublesome and humiliating economic imbalance with America is to be redressed, Europe must accelerate its economic and indeed political unity.

Christopher Layton

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

14 Points on "Wilson"

"Only when the doctor has been deeply touched by the illness, infected by it, excited, frightened, shaken, only when it has been transferred to him, continues in him and is referred to himself by his own consciousness—only then and to that extent can he deal with it successfully."

VIKTOR VON WEIZSÄCKER

1. WHAT MAKES this book important? Diagnostic revelations about the 28th President of the United States? Nothing new here. Woodrow Wilson is almost too obviously an Oedipal case. Indeed, so obvious a case that the authors, in their zeal to denigrate him, distort the sense in which the unresolved remnants of Wilson's early ambivalence to his father facilitate, as well as limit, his achievement. In the Preacher, the Reverend Professor Joseph Ruggles Wilson, his son possessed from the beginning a figure of what he might become. Freud would have it otherwise. It is not at all clear that he had much knowledge of Wilson's American-Presbyterian (Scotch-Irish) culture. The perfunctory and insensitive treatment of Wilson's Presbyterian origins reminds me rather of Ernest Jones' treatment of Freud's Jewish origins.

Probably this book will acquire an importance beyond its merit: as yet another symptom of the decline of idealisation—bad, good, but never indifferent—in modernising societies. Freud, not Marx, may be considered the presiding genius of modernity; and it is Freud, not Wilson, who is the significant presence in this book. We cannot be certain what is Freud's and what is Bullitt's; there are crudities here that are most unlike Freud. But he gave his name to the book; more important, he shaped its diagnostic intention. In this "Psychological Study," the doctor performs a deep operation: he divests of his authority that rare but native American type, the preacher as politician. In effect, at least upon the educated classes, Wilson is likely to be further imprisoned within a reductive psychological portrait. This portrait is all warts, sharp nose, too often out of joint, and asses' ears. The diagnosis of Wilson's unresolved Oedipal relation to the figure of authority in his life, his preacher-father, is at once a posthumous arraignment and punishment. It is also an arraignment of a Presbyterian style in American politics: the style of "moral crusades." (How can one help, nowadays, but put such styles inside quotation marks?) Under the impact of the drumfire of which this book is only one shot, there is developing, in advanced societies, a new cultural type: the anti-leader. Without Freud, the type (as it is developing in the U.S.) is inconceivable.

PHILIP RIEFF *is the author of* Freud: the Mind of the Moralist (*1960*) *and* The Triumph of the Therapeutic (*1966*). He is *the University Professor of Sociology at the University of Pennsylvania. The psychological study of President Wilson by Sigmund Freud and W. C. Bullitt* (ENCOUNTER, *January and February*) *will be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson next month.*

2. THE BOOK IS ablaze with contempt for Wilson, not merely in the "Digest of Data" on Wilson's life (for which Bullitt is explicitly responsible) but throughout the long diagnosis of Wilson's career, which reads like a parody of an analysis. Wilson becomes a standard case of an unconscious ambivalent transference: his acts and illnesses are the precipitate of hostile feelings to his father, unknown to him and inadmissible into consciousness.

But there are two sides to every analytic situation, the patient's and the analyst's. Bullitt-Freud tell their readers that they have overcome their negative counter-transference to their subject. The evidence, as I read it throughout this book, is to the contrary. So far as it is hostile, even contemptuous, the mood of the book abrogates Freud's own methodological canon. In his own view, such contempt would ruin the therapeutic relation between analyst and patient, and distort the analyst's insight. Of course, Wilson is not a patient. Yet the essential devices of this psychological study are psycho-analytic. Freudian knowledge is never so impersonal that the mood of the knower becomes irrelevant.

What happens when it is not the patient who achieves the negative phase of the transference but the analyst? The result here is polemical psychologising.

3. HOW SHALL WE account for the appeal of psychologising, in both the post-Wilsonian and post-Marxist period? Psychologising organises the modern convulsion of belief. The doctor supplies a basis for treating those who dare to preach to us. Viewed in the psycho-analytic style, the Communist, too, as revolutionary, is neurotic.

> Theoretical Marxism [Freud wrote, in his *New Introductory Lectures*] as realised in Russian Bolshevism, has acquired the energy and the self-contained and exclusive character of a *Weltanschauung*, but at the same time an uncanny likeness to what it is fighting against.

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> Though originally a portion of science and built up, in its implementation, upon science and technology, it has created a prohibition of thought which is just as ruthless as was that of the religion of the past.... And although practical Marxism has mercilessly cleared away all idealistic systems and illusions, it has itself developed illusions which are no less questionable and unprovable than the earlier ones.

As a new political idealism, Marxism earned Freud's grudging respect: at least it did succeed in shifting away from the property system the instinctual restrictions which Freud considered essential and necessary for the working of any social order. Wilsonian idealism, in his view, accomplished nothing—worse than nothing. For a brief while this miserable neurotic, who could not enjoy his victories (did Calvin enjoy his victories?), became another false Messiah, a focus for popular illusions of a radically new order of social life—peace on earth. For his self-idealisation, in which Wilson finally identified himself with God and the Son of God, Wilson earned Freud's contempt.

4. THE BOOK REINFORCES the already widespread credibility of discounting "idealistic" and "oratorical" politics. The word "neurotic" might have excused Wilson as a private man; as a public man, and the subject of a book about his character and action, Wilson is denigrated by the relentless display of his neurosis. The study of Wilson may be read as an assault upon all our inherited political styles, including the Communist. Lenin would have done as well as Wilson, though Gladstone makes a more familiar candidate. Between the Presbyterian gentleman and the psychological doctor there is implicit one of those struggles of credibility by which entire societies are empowered to change their sense of what they are really about. Wilson loses: not surprisingly because the terms of the struggle are entirely psycho-analytic. Can anyone imagine a religious analysis of Freud, not to mention a persuasive Calvinist attack on his therapy as a precipitate of his lack of faith?

5. BULLITT AND FREUD may have overplayed their hand. Wilson is too obviously the enemy; not simply those twin enemies of psychological man, id drives and super-ego demands, but Wilson's ego is the enemy as well. The whole man, in the integrity of his neurosis, is too consistently reconstructed. The analysis is too tidy, the quotes out of Wilson's own mouth too neat. The young academic Wilson is even denied his real interest in sport. Moreover, their zeal outstrips their purpose. In one characteristic passage, Wilson's "excessive uncertainty" about bringing America into war is laid mainly to his "identification of him-

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self with Christ." That Wilson wept openly, on the Cabinet table, when he reflected what his message of war to the Congress meant ("Think what they are applauding. My message today was a message of death for our young men. How strange it seems to applaud that. . . ."), becomes an expression of his immaturity, of his dependence upon his father. They must nail Wilson to his neurosis in his best as well as his worst moments. Did Harry S. Truman act "like a man" rather than as a child when he lost not a single moment of sleep over Hiroshima?

The crudity of such an assault may be Bullitt's, but the intellectual responsibility is Freud's; it is Freud's *doctrine* that can so easily be translated into a form of contempt, and personal rejection. How Freud must have had to struggle against his own excesses: after all, contempt is the readiest emotion of one intellectual confronting another.

That contempt, that unresolved and only grudgingly admitted hostility against Wilson, is what interests me, as a sociologist, about this book. Wilson's unresolved and unadmitted hostility to his father is more obvious. It is also less interesting, less vital to an understanding of conditions inside those readers who are the true objects of this final fragment of Freud's grand assault on the conscientious moralising of social order. Freud, not Lodge, is Wilson's final antagonist, no petty role in a world to which "Meester Veelson" once appeared as an earthly Messiah. Dos Passos once summed up the Freudian thesis in a sentence: "Woodrow Wilson believed in his father's God. . . ." This is very different from saying, however, that the properties of Wilson's life and conduct were ordered by instinctual determinants. "Father" is not a usable middle term between instincts and gods, except as one or the other polar term is collapsed into the middle one. It is not at all clear why the term "instinct" should not be equally subject to such collapses toward the sociological middle. When "instincts" are seen as gods now are, the analysis of Wilson's life (or any other) will involve us in answers that take us beyond Freud.

6. THE THERAPEUTIC RELATION demands a worthy patient. Wilson remains forever unworthy, for he can never admit the sources that at once flawed and facilitated his idealism. The historical patient emerges as an enemy, as the actual patient is always in danger of becoming. Both as a branch of medicine and as an intellectual discipline, psycho-analysis must struggle constantly, and sometimes unsuccessfully, against contempt. As part of the medical subculture, doctors of psycho-analysis, too, grow callous about their patients. More important: as closely related antagonists in the post-religious culture of modernity, analyst and patient are engaged in a struggle of competing interpretations. The patient's interpretative system must be utterly routed. That is the cure: a conversion to the point of view implicit in the analysis. Wilson can never be converted; he can never be cured. His self-interpretation can only be exhibited to a third party, the reader. It is the reader who is the real object of the therapeutic thrust hidden inside this book.

7. FREUD WROTE OTHER studies of historical figures: Moses, Dostoevsky. In both cases, he admired the man who was his subject. Moses is to him a creedal personality: a moral hero, enforcing, by the destiny of his character, a new symbolic of renunciation upon recalcitrant and distraught individuals, successfully forging them into a cultural, if not political, identity. Dostoevsky was creative in a narrower sense, a supreme figure of the modern artist, representing in the power of his art the true individuality of men who had to live on the verge of madness. In Freud's version, Woodrow Wilson was not a great man, but merely a neurotic who may have just managed to avoid slipping away into psychosis. His temporary greatness, the adulation he received upon reaching Europe, as the "Saviour" of mankind, exemplified that larger enemy against which Freud set himself: the established process of idealisation. In attacking Wilson, Bullitt-Freud are continuing an intellectually elaborate assault on a culture that depends, for its motivating energies, not simply upon the renunciation of drives but upon an idealising of those renunciations. Can renunciation work without idealisation? Or does Freud misunderstand what it is that must be renounced? For in the great systems of conduct preceding that of modernity, it is precisely ego that had to be renounced. Such a renunciation is so difficult that our gods have killed themselves in the effort.

8. MOSES TOO IDEALISED his necessary renunciations. But in *Moses and Monotheism*, the polemical thrust, or counter-transference, is positive, in Wilson negative. Compare Erikson's superior book *Young Man Luther* (1958). Here again the polemical thrust is positive, mainly because

> Luther accepted for his life work the unconquered frontier of tragic conscience, defined as it was by his personal needs and his superlative gifts: "*Locus noster*," he said in the lectures on the Psalms, "*in quo nos cum Deo, sponsas cum sponsa, habitare debet . . . est conscientia.*" Conscience is that inner ground where we and God have to learn to live with each other

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as man and wife. Psychologically speaking, it is where the ego meets the super-ego; that is, where our self can either live in wedded harmony with a positive conscience or is estranged from a negative one. Luther comes nowhere closer to formulating the auditory threat, the voice of wrath, which is internalised in a negative conscience than when he speaks of the "false Christ" as one whom we hear expostulate *"Hoc non fecisti,"* "Again, you have not done what I told you"—a statement of the kind which identifies negatively, and burns itself into the soul as a black and hopeless mark: *conscientia cauterisata.*

[Luther] was made for a job on this frontier. But he did not create the job; it orginated in the hypertrophy of the negative conscience inherent in our whole Judaeo-Christian heritage in which, as Luther put it: "Christ becomes more formidable a tyrant and a judge than was Moses."

Freud is a great man, too, in the sense that he again moved the frontier of the tragic conscience, and appeared for a time to have supplied a new hope of conquering that frontier.

9. In attacking the mandate under which Wilson lived, Freud's explanations must themselves try to take the place of the defeated mandate; that is the law-like nature of the confrontation between explanatory modes, "neurotic" and "realistic." But the Freudian mandate carries us back to the Father-Mother polarity from which it is the task of men, if they would be "normal," to emancipate themselves. Elaborating the analysis of this polarity, Freud's achievement constitutes a rebellion against that very polarity. We are now so impressed by the Father-Mother polarity that it has become one negative principle around which the present internal world is organised, giving its own cast to social and personal reality. Wilson's culture is not quite dead; it lives on as the Devil-term in the present anti-theology of Freud and his epigones.

10. The demands of the super-ego (culture) have a structure far more complex than the instinctual demands of the id. In Bullitt-Freud, this historical complexity is reduced to Father-Mother, in Joseph Ruggles Wilson and Jessie Woodrow. In a period of history in which other institutions of Wilson's culture were undergoing rapid disintegration, Freud assimilated all other historical contents to a particular image of the family as a Father-Mother polarity. But the Father-Mother polarity is itself part of a complex structure in which the meanings cannot be held as stable as Freud held them, for reasons that have to do, in part, with the generalisation of Freud's own assault on a particular Father-Mother image. Freud takes that image for an

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ordained, supra-historical reality, when in fact his own analysis signals a change in its cultural potential as authority. At a distance, Freud's rebellion appears ambivalent: an effort to teach a new respect for the power of the dominant imagery and yet lay the ground for a true rejection.

11. FREUD HAS IT BOTH ways: he appeals to external reality as if it were something more than family, yet in his own time he understands that reality is dominated by the internal world of the family. The playing-off of the less definable external world against the defined internal world constitutes Freud's therapeutic effort against the dominance of a particular internal world. Both the drives of the id and the demands of the super-ego are enemies. The only acceptable ally of the therapist in the structure of the internal world is the ego, *i.e.* the representative and agent of Reality. But what reality could Wilson's ego represent that would not have been mediated through yet another internal world, objective and external to the will of this particular actor-patient? *"Nichts ist drinnen, nichts ist draussen/Denn was ist innen, das ist aussen."* In the light Freud casts on his inner life, Wilson was not a free man. Suppose we could grant him his freedom from the authority that constituted his deepest being. In what would Wilson's freedom consist, except the freedom from this inmost authority? To say that Wilson could have lived this nearer reality is to say he would have lived nearer the surfaces of life. There is a sense in which freedom is superficiality. On Freudian terms, the structure of character is built up out of depths and surfaces. It is in this sense that rational freedom, when and if it can be achieved, carries an implication of superficiality. The very assertion of such freedom, less in the arts than in the social sciences, signals a most important movement in and against our inherited culture: a lost emotional content, taking the form of an effort to destroy the creative sense of guilt (and the "inexorable psychological law of ambivalence") from which culture—as religion, art, and moral judgment—has always taken its energies. In the arts there is a movement no less calculated to destroy the creative sense of guilt. But here the assertion is of irrational depth, as instinct against super-ego, with ego in the service of instinct.

12. BULLITT-FREUD DO NOT even try to put Wilson in his time and place, except in the most perfunctory, camera-eye, way. Wilson breaks with the tradition of his fathers, and goes into politics. This means more, in the America of Wilson's time, than Bullitt-Freud make of it. There is no real history in this book. Instead, the conflict between the instinctual demands of the Woodrow id and the conscientious demands of the Wilson super-ego becomes the timeless Freudian family romance turned inside out, the romance rendered as analysis.

But Wilson's passive-aggressive reactions are animated by the special moralising demands of his paternal Presbyterian culture. The intensities are specific to his internal-external world, and very realistic. Freud himself put the point (for Wilson and every other child born into any culture) in his essay "On Female Sexuality":

> It is easy to observe how, in every field of psychical experience . . . an impression passively received evokes in children a tendency to an active response. They try to do themselves what has just been done to them. This is part of their task of mastering the outside world and may even lead to their endeavouring to repeat impressions which they have good reason to avoid because of their disagreeable content.

The "impressions" of the Presbyterian culture that Bullitt-Freud find so disagreeable are precisely what facilitated the Wilsonian activity. The psychological study of Wilson constitutes another example of a new myth attacking an old one. One ministry of the word displaces another. It remains to be seen whether such a ministry, become therapeutic, can abolish itself.

13. IN WILSON, Bullitt-Freud argue, idealisations have become mere words. Wilson is a rhetorician, in the pejorative sense of the term; and he is the son of an even more pious rhetorician. Wilson's idealisations become mere words for reasons of which Bullitt-Freud seem unaware. It is true that Wilson meant, and did not really mean, what he said. Idealisations can lead to self-idealisations. But the neurotic style is not his own. It is a powerful remnant of Protestant evangelical culture that Bullitt-Freud attack in Wilson. In attacking him as an orator, they assault his strongest point. But they do not know, *I* think, why it is also his weakest. Wilson was a lover of words, but words are not "mere words," or so much hot air. Such a prejudice against words is itself a product of our commercial culture, where only money really talks, and of a materialist-positivist ideology in which facts are like things, with an apparent authority beyond the words attached to them.

14. BULLITT-FREUD EXPLAIN Wilson's "intensity" along the usual line. Prohibition (of thought and activity against the Father) involves frustration, which leads to a particular kind of submissive facility: in this case, oratory and inclinations to "moral" crusades. The Presbyterian intensity is still to be found among some Americans: in the

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search, for example, for a cause serious enough to merit the investment of moral aggression. (The civil rights movement was the most recent focus for Protestant self-justification.)

But after Wilson came Harding. Immediately after Wilson's time, I think, American Protestant intensity, the tenacity and ambition with which a man could consider himself the chosen instrument of a higher and sovereign authority, ceased to be a portent of the working of that higher authority. Rather, with a vengeance that betrays its origin, intensity was reserved for precisely the unportentous: for trivia, hobbies, leisure-time "activities," gardening, edifying lectures, cheap entertainments, crossword puzzles, whatever passes the time without having to be taken as a sign of surpassing importance. In short, intensity passed to what is now called "Culture," which is without authority. The American whirligig of art, fashion (in dress and in doctrine), and hobbyism—the entire "Culture Boom"—is a post-Protestant phenomenon. Intensity no longer represents an ego mobilising energies for the service of authority, some deeply installed will, but the new freedom of man, disabused of such sovereignties, to be himself rather than an agent of God. Americans continue to demonstrate abundant tenacity and ambition, but as men of Power rather than as delegates of Authority. I wonder if Freud would have liked the 36th President of the United States better than he liked the 28th?

Philip Rieff

The Collector

Let loose at five in a wood loud with bluebells
I thought "How fine if I could grab the lot",
And set about picking them—did nothing else
For half the morning; but the sun was hot
And the greenwood still alive with bluebells;
By the time they called me home
I saw how much I would have to do without.

So the next time they put me out to grass
The plan was simpler: I would pick one flower
Of every kind. Soon my hands were full;
I looked around, and there were plenty more—
Far more then I could carry in my head;
But glancing down at those which I had gathered,
I noticed some were dead.

So again there was something I must do without!
It seemed I should confine myself to the names
And leave the plants when next a frenzy
Goaded me to collect; but of all games
This was the craziest: there were always more
Than I could gather, and others beyond reach;
And the more I had, the less I knew of each.

A lifetime brought this new collector's itch:
In a world of flowers, names, necessities—
To see how many I could do without:
And at last the distant shout
"Come home" finds me exulting in a wealth
Of unpossessions—all of it, perhaps,
A practice-run for doing without myself.

Edward Lowbury

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LETTERS

Osborne's Source?

THE SPECULATIONS and cheery guesswork written in articles by people hired to write articles in which they are encouraged to be self-important about the honest work of others, is astonishing sometimes. Still, if they can't find a decent or useful job to do, I suppose it isn't very surprising.

About three years ago I was given (by John Dexter, a Director of the National Theatre) an unreadable nonsense called the *Tulane Drama Review*. In it was a translation of *La Fianza Satisfecha*. I read it and forgot it immediately without any effort at all.

JOHN OSBORNE

London

Albert Camus

MAURICE CRANSTON's generally accurate introduction to Camus' life and thought [ENCOUNTER, February] calls for one or two comments.

Mr. Cranston says of Camus' football career that "the team was the one form of collective to which his intensely individualistic nature responded." Camus felt the same *"sensation puissante d'espoir et de solidarité"* for the theatre: *"Pour moi, en tout cas, le théâtre m'offre la communauté dont j'ai besoin."*

Mr. Cranston translates *"il n'y a qu'un problème philosophique vraiment sérieux: c'est le suicide"* as "there is only one truly serious philosophical reform: suicide." But this may be a printer's error. [ED. NOTE: *It was.*] As it stands, it sounds like the latest Red Guards' dictum.

Mr. Cranston says that "In a broadcast on Radio Algiers in 1956 [Camus] made an eloquent appeal for a 'truce' in what had already become a bloody civil war. When this plea was ignored, Camus made no more political speeches on the Algerian question. He was in many ways a disappointed man." This, while technically correct, does not do full justice to Camus' perseverance. His "broadcast" was in fact a public meeting he convened in Algiers at considerable personal risk. Moreover, he continued afterwards to make his position clear in public, notably in his letter to ENCOUNTER, June 1957; in his comments at Stockholm on 13 December 1957 (reported in *Le Monde* the next day and clarified by Camus' letter to that paper written on the 17th); and especially in "Algérie 1958" (*Actuelles III*). Between 1956 and his death Camus also wrote letters to *Le Monde*, and, privately, to the government, interceding for condemned Algerians.

In the same issue of ENCOUNTER Dr. Weightman ascribes Genet's *Les Paravents* to the *Comédie Française*: it was actually produced at the *Odéon*.

P. J. COLLIER

Ecole Normale Supérieure,
Paris

Freud-Bullitt, "Wilson"

YOUR February number contains this statement (by, apparently, Mr. Lasky) on page 96:

> "And a Princeton spokesman was quoted as pooh-poohing Oedipus and all that on the grounds that 'I cannot imagine a more ideal father-son relationship.' "

And then you add:

> "From this point on the intellectual level of the discussion can only go up."

Perhaps. But the "Princeton spokesman" to whom you attribute that appallingly juvenile statement was Arthur S. Link, the Princeton editor of the Wilson Papers and the author of a soon-to-be-published review of the Freud-Bullitt work. The review will appear in a major American magazine and it will attack the Freud-Bullitt collaboration. Professor Link's preview statement appeared in *The Washington Post* and I was present in his office when he made it, as a correspondent for *Newsweek*.

For your sake, I do hope that the Freud-Bullitt effort, to which you have devoted so much space, is accorded, in the end, more validity than the Penkovsky papers.

T. GORDON PLATE

The Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs,
Princeton University,
Princeton, New Jersey

I NOTE that your editorial comment [ENCOUNTER, February] refers to the efforts of the late William C. Bullitt, then U.S. Ambassador in Paris, on behalf of the Freud family in Nazi-occupied Vienna. It seems to me that any intervention on the part of President Roosevelt would at the time hardly have met with a favourable response by Hitler. To my knowledge it was H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece—a close friend of Freud and a gifted pupil (she wrote under her maiden name, Marie Bonaparte)—who succeeded in getting the Nazis to let Freud go. Her historical name helped and her efforts were tireless; her negotiations vehement and skilful.

JOHN J. STONBOROUGH

Wimborne, Dorset

[It was, doubtless, a combined achievement. According to Ernest Jones' account in Vol. III of his Freud biography, Bullitt not only pressed F.D.R. into action (a member of the U.S. legation was assigned to accompany Freud), but also Graf von Welczeck, the German Ambassador to France. Mussolini is also thought by some to have played a helpful role. Marie Bonaparte was able to assist with the good offices of the King of Greece.

The Nazis had invaded Austria on 11 March 1938 (at the time Freud had asked, as Jones recalls: "Do you really think the Germans are unkind to the Jews?..."). After a number of frightening incidents (arrests, confiscations, book burnings) the Freuds were able to depart for London in May. Before the necessary *Unbedenklichkeitserklärung* was granted, the Nazis demanded Sigmund Freud's signature to

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the following document: "I, Professor Freud, hereby confirm that after the *Anschluss* of Austria to the German *Reich* I have been treated by the German authorities and particularly by the *Gestapo* with all the respect and consideration due to my scientific reputation, that I could live and work in full freedom, that I could continue to pursue my activities in every way I desired, that I found full support from all concerned in this respect, and that I have not the slightest reason for any complaint."

Freud signed, but asked to be allowed to add an additional sentence—"I can heartily recommend the *Gestapo* to anyone."—M.J.L.]

Asian Balance?

FROM Alastair Buchan's "An Asian Balance of Power," [ENCOUNTER, December] I gather that it would be nice to have "a treaty of mutual co-operation between India, Australia and Japan," which "should eventually embrace Pakistan and Indonesia." Presumably such a system would constitute an effective "countervailing" power to that of China. The only argument Mr. Buchan anticipates against his design is that its implementation may not be easy.

Besides the problem of implementation, I find basically three things wrong with this vision.

1. What Mr. Buchan seems to have in mind when he speaks of a balance of power system is not what is ordinarily meant by that much misused term. Balance of power is a system composed of at least three main actors with more or less equal power, whereas Mr. Buchan would like to see Asia divided into two camps, China and others grouped against her. Apparently Mr. Buchan confuses balance of power with bipolarity.

2. The lesson of history is that, other things being equal, a bipolar system tends to be inherently less stable than a multipolar balance of power system (see the pre-1914 period). With multiple centres of power, there is at least the possibility of managing conflicts through marginal adjustments, while any conflict threatens to involve the entire system in a bipolar world. Particularly if the balance between two major powers happens to become unbalanced at any time, regardless of whether such disequilibrium is real or imagined, there exists by definition no third power in a bipolar system to tip the scale in favour of the original equilibrium. In short, the main source of instability in any bipolar system, which is what Mr. Buchan really means by a balance of power, is that it lacks the kind of flexibility which characterised much of Europe's classical balance-of-power operation during the 18th and 19th centuries.

3. Mr. Buchan's analysis of Asia's security dilemma leaves out what is probably the most crucial element in the whole picture, namely the historical sources of Asia's instability. Had he considered these, he would surely have had second thoughts before suggesting that as a means of increasing stability in Asia, "Britain should deliberately expand emigration to Australia by generous direct assistance." For the real sources of Asia's instability have little to do with the size of Australia's military establishment, just as they are not eliminated by the increasing magnitude of America's military involvement in Viet Nam. They rather have to do with the fact that Asia is still in the process of evolving from a hierarchical inter-state system to an international system based on the myth of national equality. This historical evolution is complicated by ideological convictions on all sides.

I would suggest that stability in Asia is more likely to result from the existence of multiple centres of power and from reduction in ideological politics, than any polarisation of Asia into China and an anti-China league.

K. W. KIM

Department of Government,
New York University

Torture

I AGREE with George Steiner ["Postscript to a Tragedy," ENCOUNTER, February] that it is still impossible for us, the living, to imagine the tortures of the concentration camps, or to "understand" how "the land of Goethe and Beethoven" could have perpetrated them.

But I am disturbed by an even more grisly realisation. Since those unimaginable tortures, what others have taken place! In Algeria, in Angola, in the Hola camp in East Africa, in Viet Nam, and most recently, in the prisons of Arkansas. No nation, "civilised" or "underdeveloped," seems immune, no partisans of any ideology. And "we"? Don't we still sit by, read about them, gaze at them on television, in films, photographs, in newspapers—and do—what? We "take sides"—or we shrug our shoulders—"what can I do?"—we shudder—but we still eat, and keep warm, and live more or less comfortably.

It is not on the scale of the Nazi concentration camps, perhaps, not such wholesale extermination—but is not this a difference of degree rather than kind?

Why don't we have Commissions and Studies and Research Projects devoted to the prevalence of torture?

ELLA WINTER

London

The Munich Agreement

WHILE WELCOMING the sound views on the Munich Agreement presented by Mr. Terence Prittie ["Germany and Her Eastern Neighbours," ENCOUNTER, February], I would like to correct a misunderstanding. The present Western German Government does not insist that the Munich Agreement of 1938 was "ostensibly freely negotiated by the four Great Powers of Western Europe." In the programmatic declaration of the Kiesinger-Brandt Government it was expressly stated for the first time that this agreement had been brought about by "the threat of force."

This is a most important admission, showing the way out of an impasse. Any threat of force was inconsistent not only with the general obligations Germany had as a partner of the Kellogg Pact, but meant in this special case a violation of the arbitration agreement between Germany and Czechoslovakia, signed at Locarno in October 1925 and

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Life & Letters Today

London

THE ASSOCIATION *of Assistant Mistresses in Secondary Schools still want to be known as "mistresses", they decided at a weekend conference in Nottingham.*

One branch protested that the title was open to "grave misinterpretation." DAILY MIRROR

London

AFTER SATURDAY'S EPISODE *of "Dr. Who" on BBC television—which was liberal in its use of corpses—an educationist's daughter, aged three, went to bed repeating the word "Exterminate." Yesterday she became a Dalek and spent a contented afternoon pointing a lethal arm at her playmates and chanting: "I will exterminate, I will exterminate."*

Her father, Mr. Brian Jackson, director of the Advisory Centre for Education, commended the programme as "marvellous," although he agreed that it should be disturbing that an infant retires with the word "exterminate" in her mind. But, he added, the word was new to the child: it was now added to her vocabulary.

He had watched Saturday's episode—during which the camera lingered over heaps of corpses—with his daughter, his son, aged five, and two other children of the same age. "They were enthralled from beginning to end...." With its undefined echoes of Hiroshima, concentration camps and Kafkaesque corridors, it was "very much out of the stuff of our time."

THE GUARDIAN

Paris

IN REPLY TO *Giscard d'Estaing's "Yes, but..." attitude, President Charles de Gaulle smartly snapped: "On ne gouverne pas avec des mais." But the snap seemed almost sorrowful by the time "Le Nouvel Observateur" got around to reporting it. In a classic Gallic "typo," the quote came out: "On ne gouverne pas avec des amis." Or maybe it wasn't a mistake.*

N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

London

A NEW CARTOON *film called* "The Rise of Parnassus Needy" *illustrates one of the most important functions of a banker—lending money. The principal character is Parnassus Needy, a poet looking for success and the wherewithal to secure it. Aided and abetted by an extremely friendly and understanding bank manager, he proposes to market poetic supplies for every occasion in the form of pre-packed kits of suitable words.*

Success is short-lived because of competition from a chain store; but through the good offices of the bank manager our hero joins an attractive female in selling homemade folk music to such good effect that he is praised by the "Prime Minister." Finally Parnassus gains the bank's help in entering the film world. THE TIMES

Milan

"KILLING" *went on trial here yesterday and his evil companions—Kriminal, Demoniak, Sadik and Satanik—were called before the Italian court today. There was a chance they would beat the law as usual.*

The defendants are the villainous "heroes" of weekly comic books which reverse the old saying that crime never pays. The heroes of these widely circulated shockers commit the ghastliest of crimes and beat the law every time.

Publishers and authors of "Killing" are accused of "obsessive repetition of scenes of sadism and criminality, photographically presented and accompanied by captions deriding the law and apt to cause the spread of murders and crimes."

They are sometimes called the "K" books because all the villains have a K *in their names. That adds a spicy foreign flavour. There is no* K *in the Italian alphabet.* N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

London

UNDER "JESUIT" *in the* Shorter Oxford Dictionary *you will find what must surely be the only entry in that admirable work that might conceivably be actionable under the Race Relations Act: "Its [the Order's] secret power, and the casuistical principles maintained by many of its representatives, and generally ascribed to the body as a whole, have rendered its name odious not only in English, but in French and other languages...."*

If that's not incitement, I don't know what is.

"JESUIT" *is not alone in provoking the* Shorter Oxford Dictionary *to a racially inflammatory definition. Under "American" the Dictionary records: "Native of America of European descent."* THE SPECTATOR

Houston, Texas

CHILDREN *who grow up in bilingual families generally have lower IQs and more personality problems than youngsters who learn only one language as toddlers, a California social scientist said yesterday. Dr. Richard Diebold, an anthropological linguist from Stanford University, believes the primary cause is the continual conflicts caused by two cultures "fighting" each other. He cited his own field research in Greek-American communities in Boston and in American Indian settlements in northern Mexico to support his theory.*

"I am convinced they are due to the melting-pot type of environment and not to the children having 'too much language in their brains.'... Early bilingual children in this country can expect to have more personality and IQ troubles 'because of the way Americans always say everyone, no matter of what other culture, should become like us.'" This attitude puts an extra strain or conflict on the bicultural families who want to preserve some of their historical culture.

N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

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binding both partners to submit all disputes to arbitration. The validity of this agreement was still confirmed by Berlin in 1938. The Western German Government could declare now that the Germany of 1938 never had the right to threaten the use of force.

J. W. BRUEGEL

London

Reassessing H. G. Wells

DAVID LODGE's assessment of H. G. Wells [ENCOUNTER, January] is sympathetic, but may still underestimate him. Wells' strength, as Mr. Lodge says, was as a propagandist. Here are six key themes covering fifty years' work:—

1. The production of a universal history—a world history of the human species from the beginning of time to the present day.
2. The damage done to human development by nationalism and racism, and the need to supersede these by world authorities.
3. The need for a great expansion of education, and particularly supersession of classical education by scientific education.
4. The "lack of purpose" in a competitive economy, leading to the idea of a "Plan"... but the criticism is against small property rights, which inhibit large and imaginative development, rather than large corporations, which he treats not dissimilarly from Galbraith.
5. Planned application of science to economic and social problems.
6. Equality between men and women in sexual matters.

These are themes which are widely accepted in our present society, much more so than at the time of Wells' death. It would be difficult to find another writer or propagandist of Wells' generation whose impact has been comparable. His long-range extrapolations of the social trends which he perceives are no longer convincing or indeed very interesting; and the conflict between optimism and pessimism in his personality and speculation made him an easy target; and his personal forays into public affairs were not often successful. But he helped a great many ideas to take root in our society that are now thought to be important.

He was also the first *SF* writer with a wide circulation; an acute reporter of aspects of late-Victorian and Edwardian life in England which few others have described; and the provider of millions of man-hours of enjoyment over a period of 50 years and since.

The revival detected by Mr. Lodge could go quite a long way.

RICHARD CLARKE

London

SIR RICHARD CLARKE makes a good case for saying that "Wells' strength... was as a propagandist," but it is his case, not mine. I would agree that Wells helped a great many ideas now thought to be important to take root in our society, and perhaps I did not give him sufficient credit for that. But in my view his "strength" was in his imagination, which so often challenges the assumptions behind his own propaganda.

Birmingham DAVID LODGE

Beardsley

I DO NOT INTEND to argue at length with Mr. LeMire [ENCOUNTER, February] but I can offer him some information.

Iconographical evidence apart, the information that Beardsley intended his design "The Mysterious Rose Garden" (*The Yellow Book*, IV, January, 1895) as a version of the Annunciation goes back to his friends and associates, and is well-founded. See Aymer Vallance, *List of Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley*, no. 89, XXV (in Robert Ross, *Aubrey Beardsley*, London, John Lane, 1909, p. 93); and Haldane Macfall, *Aubrey Beardsley*, London, John Lane, 1928, p. 65. Brian Reade and Frank Dickinson, *Aubrey Beardsley: Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum*, 1966, no. 422, accept this: "... the design called at first *The Annunciation*, and later, for publication, *The Mysterious Rose Garden*...." However we are to proceed with our "reading" of the drawing—and I still profess no certainty about what this "reading" should be—we must start from the Annunciation reference. In *his* interpretation (*Fortnightly*, May, 1898) Arthur Symons took this for granted: "... in that terrible annunciation of evil which he called 'The Mysterious Rose-Garden,' the lantern-bearing angel...."

I should have expected anyone interested in Beardsley to be familiar with such embarrassingly obvious sources. But it turns out that Mr. LeMire has not even read my essay very attentively. He objects to my "opening assertion" that Beardsley is a *phenomenon*. *Phenomenon* is a good word but I did not use it. At one point, in a very special context, I used the word *epiphenomenon* (misprinted, it is true, but easily recognisable). I advise a good dictionary, more especially as Mr. LeMire's grasp of the senses of *phenomenon* is insecure.

University of Reading D. J. GORDON

T.L.S. Replies

THREE POINTS in Mr. Frank Kermode's article "Pathetic Maundy Money" [ENCOUNTER, March] need clarification, if only for the sake of accuracy.

1. The three leading articles in *The Times Literary Supplement* on the Arts Council were *not* written by the same hand.

2. The letter signed by the young Oxford dons was no less spontaneous than Mr. Kermode's own brief contribution to the debate—I would be surprised if they themselves do not put you right on this.

3. The decision to discuss the Arts Council report in the *T.L.S.* was made at an editorial conference over which I presided; responsibility for the line adopted (and the terms in which it was expressed) is mine alone.

ARTHUR CROOK
Editor

The Times Literary Supplement, London

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AM I DOTTY? *For some fifteen years now Mr. David Jones has made me ask myself this question. When* In Parenthesis *came out in 1938, I thought it—I think so still—the greatest book about the First World War that I had read. But nobody seemed to notice or write about it. Having lived with* The Anathemata *for the last ten months, I feel as certain as one can feel of anything that it is one of the most important poems of our time. But where are the bells? Where are the cannon? I have given it to friends whose literary taste I have always found reliable (true, they are Americans), and they seem to be completely baffled by it.*

I can only conclude by reiterating my profound admiration for this work and expressing the hope that many others will come to share it.

W. H. AUDEN

EVERY AGE HAS A KEYHOLE *to which its eye is pasted. Spicy court-memoirs, the lives of gallant ladies, recollections of an ex-nun, a monk's confession, an atheist's repentance, true-to-life accounts of prostitution and bastardy gave our ancestors a penny peep into the forbidden room. In our own day, this type of sensational fact-fiction is being produced largely by ex-Communists. Public curiosity shows an almost prurient avidity for the details of political defloration, and the memoirs of ex-Communists have an odd resemblance to the confessions of a white slave. Two shuddering climaxes, two rendezvous with destiny, form the poles between which the narratives vibrate: the first describes the occasion when the subject was seduced by Communism: the second shows him wresting himself from the demon embrace.*

MARY MCCARTHY

HISTORY IS NOT *a suitable subject for children. There, rather than in the biased statements of text-books, lies its real danger. The propagation of views disturbing to international understanding in history text books and by history lessons is only one of the many unfortunate results which arise when a complex subject has to be presented in a very short time to very young minds.*

C. V. WEDGWOOD

MIGHT IT NOT BE A GOOD IDEA *to convene an academic Sanhedrin and, like the rabbis of old, put a fence around esoteric wisdom? Cannot the study of history—whether "elementary" or "advanced"—be completely reserved, like the Cabala, for the happy few? To be sure, that would mean fewer teachers of history, and we should miss them—but, oh, how fewer opportunities for* les terribles simplificateurs! *And if it is objected that, under such a system, someone like Winston Churchill might never get a chance to study history in school, it could be pointed out that, as a matter of fact, he didn't.*

IRVING KRISTOL

AMONG TALL STORIES, *surely one of the tallest is the history of Mormonism. A founder whose obviously home-made revelations were accepted as more than gospel truth by thousands of followers; a lieutenant and successor who was "for daring a Cromwell, for intrigue a Machiavelli, for executive force a Moses, and for utter lack of conscience a Bonaparte"; a body of doctrine combining the most penetrating psychological insights with preposterous history and absurd metaphysics; a society of puritanical but theatre-going and music-loving polygamists; a church once condemned by the Supreme Court as an organised rebellion, but now a monolith of respectability; a passionately loyal membership distinguished, even in these middle years of the 20th century, by the old-fashioned Protestant and pioneering virtues of self-reliance and mutual aid—together, these make up a tale which no self-respecting reader, even of Science Fiction, should be asked to swallow. And yet, in spite of its total lack of plausibility, the tale happens to be true.*

ALDOUS HUXLEY

WHAT WESTERN EUROPE *hardly dares to believe any more is obvious here in Berlin: that the concept of freedom still has its old explosive power, if only one knows what one means by it, and that the people who know that most are precisely those who have lost it. It means not so much voting and parliamentary machinery but those primary, uncomplicated things from which all democratic processes are derived, and for whose safeguarding they exist: a minimum of private existence uncontrolled and unco-ordinated by the state; and even those poor, unpresentable things like the right to change jobs or to be unemployed without being deported. Berlin is the only German city in which the Third Reich is really over and done with, and the ghosts of the past no longer haunt the living. Since the end of the war and the collapse of the illusions of victory, neither Western Europe nor Western Germany, has experienced a storm that might have cleared the air, and so they have been left in their stale worlds of having-had and having-been. Berlin gives the uncommonly refreshing sensation of living in the present—and of not being afraid of it.*

HERBERT LUETHY

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AUTHORS

Henry Miller is Dean of Medicine and Professor of Neurology in the University of Newcastle upon Tyne. His professional career on Tyneside has been punctuated by postgraduate training at the Johns Hopkins University, war-time service in the R.A.F., appointments at various London hospitals, and Visiting Professorships in Australia and the United States.... He has written extensively on nervous diseases and their epidemiology, but his entry into the field of medico-political controversy has been both "recent and reluctant." A long and outspoken article in *The Lancet*—on the serious effects of the low priority accorded to medicine in national expenditure—attracted widespread interest. It evoked the unusual response of a letter signed by 89 national leaders in medical education and research, expressing agreement with his observations and drawing the attention of the Royal Commission on Medical Education to them.... He contributed "Political Medicine Man," a critique of Enoch Powell's views, to the January ENCOUNTER....

Henry Gifford, who is Professor of Modern English Literature at Bristol University, *writes*: "Sinyavsky had written this searching account of a new long poem by Evtushenko for *Novy Mir*. His arrest intervened and the essay has not been published in the Soviet Union. It follows naturally on the preface to Pasternak's poems which came out, a good deal shortened, in ENCOUNTER for April 1966. Here Sinyavsky looks for the courage and artistic conscience of Pasternak in the young poet who has won most favour with the new generation. His analysis rests on a work as yet unknown to the English reader. "Bratsk Hydro-electric Station" was too late to be included in either of the two volumes of translation from Evtushenko that were published last year. (*The Poetry of Yevgeny Yevtushenko 1953–1965*, tr. George Reavey, Calder and Boyars. Yevgeny Yevtushenko, *Poems*, tr. Peter Levi and Robin Milner-Gulland. Collins and Harvill Press.) However, its main lineaments emerge from Sinyavsky's piece and he quotes amply. The superficiality and lack of nerve that he reveals in Evtushenko are more than personal failings: they bear witness to a culture still in difficulties....

"Sinyavsky's essay though acute and often entertaining has some stylistic difficulties. He can be wordy almost beyond endurance, in the tradition of so much radical Russian criticism from Belinsky onwards. But perhaps like Dobrolyubov a century ago he would plead that the conditions make it necessary to paraphrase inordinately what might be said elsewhere in a few plain words. The purport of what he writes is however unmistakable. Evtushenko has not lived up to his own ideals, and the poetry of compromise is no poetry at all...."

Richard Lowenthal's recent articles in ENCOUNTER include: (1) "Has the Revolution a Future?" (January and February, 1965), (2) "America's Asian Commitment" (October 1965), and (3) "The Vietnamese Agony" (January 1966)....

Gideon Hausner's *Justice in Jerusalem*, discussed by *R* in his COLUMN this month, is published by Nelson at 45s....

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ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (25 Haymarket S.W.1), in association with the International Publishing Corporation (33 Holborn, E.C.1).

ENCOUNTER BOOKS are published in association with Weidenfeld & Nicolson (5 Winsley Street, W.1).

MANUSCRIPTS for ENCOUNTER should be sent to 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details see page 1.

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES

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